

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE LIBRARY



3 1761 02873 6601













# Hymn Music

SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO

THE HYMNAL

OF THE

AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY

JAMES PEARCE, MUS. BAC., OXON.



NEW YORK:

POND & CO., 547, BROADWAY, AND 39, UNION SQUARE.

Bv  
372  
p20  
12740

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by JAMES PEARCE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress,  
at Washington.

45206069 ✓

## REMARKS.

---

**I**N the absence of an arranged accompaniment, those notes in the Tenor part (on the Bass staff), when beyond reach, have been separated by curved lines so as to be taken by the right hand, in order to facilitate correct playing on the part of those who are unaccustomed to play from short score.

The Hymns already made popular being here included, it should be borne in mind that though these were written out in semibreves and minims (a Church custom now being cast aside) they are not on that account to be taken slower.

The Author follows Dr. Tucker's book in the arrangement of the Index, where, by inserting the number of the Hymn to the alphabetical list of first lines, a Numerical Index is not required.

The names of gentlemen to whom he is indebted for much courtesy with reference to the use of their compositions, with those of publishing firms, he does not think it necessary to give; for, while musical interest is satisfied by the appearance of the composers' names, the public can hardly feel concerned as to his relations with owners of copyrights—in many cases one of business only.

Many Hymns are omitted from the Hymnal which, it is thought, will not hinder the success of this book. Suitable tunes for them have been, however, carefully chosen and indicated.



# Alphabetical Index to the Hymnal.

NO. OF HYMN.	FIRST WORDS.	METRE.	COMPOSER OF TUNE, AND NAME, IF ANY.
474	A charge to keep I have ... ..	S. ... ..	sung to tune of 413.
28	A few more years shall roll ... ..	D.S. ... ..	(S. Augustine).
	Second tune by (Lambertville).		
365	A glory gilds the sacred page... ..	C. ... ..	sung to 372.
397	A mountain fastness is our God ... ..	Peculiar ... ..	printed at Wittenberg, 1529. (Ein' feste Burg).
335	Abide with me; fast falls the eventide ... ..	4 tens ... ..	E. G. Monk.
	Second tune by W. H. Monk (Eventide).		
211	According to Thy gracious Word ... ..	C. ... ..	sung to 280.
421	Adored for ever be the Lord ... ..	C. ... ..	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (S. Fullert).
156	Again the Lord of life and light ... ..	C. ... ..	sung to 203.
382	Ah, how shall fallen man ... ..	S. ... ..	sung to 479.
379	Ah, not like erring man is God ... ..	L. ... ..	sung to 343.
371	All glorious God, what hymns of praise ... ..	L. ... ..	sung to 427.
72	All glory, laud, and honour ... ..	7.6.7.6. D. ... ..	sung to 175.
424	All hail the power of Jesus' Name ... ..	C. ... ..	O. Holden; har. by Pearce. (Coronation).
92	All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow ... ..	8.7.8.7.7.7 ... ..	German. (Cassel).
405	All people that on earth do dwell ... ..	L. ... ..	sung to 277.
333	All praise to Thee, my God, this night ... ..	L. ... ..	(Quebec).
378	All ye who seek for sure relief ... ..	C. ... ..	sung to 326.
430	Alleluia, song of sweetness ... ..	8.7.8.7.8.7. ... ..	E. J. Hopkins, of London.
166	Almighty Father, bless the Word ... ..	L. ... ..	sung to 325.
511	Almighty God, I call to Thee ... ..	8.7.8.7.8.8.7. ... ..	har. by Mendelssohn. (Attolle paulum).
311	Almighty Lord, before Thy Throne ... ..	C. ... ..	sung to 56.
442	Although the vine its fruit deny ... ..	8.8.6. D. ... ..	har. by J. S. Bach. ("In allen, &c.").
471	Am I a Soldier of the Cross ... ..	C. ... ..	sung to 40.
206	And are we now brought near to God ... ..	C. ... ..	sung to 203.
291	And is the time approaching ... ..	7.6.7.6. D. ... ..	sung to 283.
433	Angel bands, in strains sweet sounding ... ..	8.7.8.7. ... ..	sung to 20.
24	Angels, from the realms of glory ... ..	8.7.8.7.4.7. ... ..	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.
101	Angels, roll the rock away ... ..	7.7.7.7.8.7. ... ..	Rev. J. B. Dykes. (Resurrection).
153	Another six days' work is done ... ..	L. ... ..	sung to 139.
399	Approach, my soul, the mercy seat ... ..	C. ... ..	sung to 438.
328	Arise, my soul, with rapture rise ... ..	L. ... ..	sung to 332.
287	Arm of the Lord, awake, awake, ... ..	L. ... ..	sung to 407.
242	Arm these, Thy soldiers, mighty Lord ... ..	D.L. ... ..	Sir R. P. Stewart, Mus. D.
514	Art thou weary, art thou languid ... ..	8.5.8.3. ... ..	J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 10).
358	As now the sun's declining rays ... ..	C. ... ..	J. Barnby. (S. Andrew).
61	As o'er the past my memory strays ... ..	C. ... ..	sung to 48.
452	As, panting in the sultry beam ... ..	6 eights ... ..	sung to 515.
451	As pants the hart for cooling streams ... ..	C. ... ..	J. Clarke, 1707. (Bishopthorpe).
155	As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs ... ..	4 tens ... ..	J. G. Barnard.
450	As, when the weary traveller gains ... ..	L. ... ..	C. Green, 1700. (Devonshire).

NO. OF HYMN.	FIRST WORDS.	METRE.	COMPOSER OF TUNE, AND NAME, IF ANY
45	As with gladness men of old ...	6 sevens	German. (Osnaburg).
260	Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep ...	L. ...	derived from L. Spohr.
100	At the Lamb's High Feast we sing ...	8 sevens	... sung to 42.
463	Awake, and sing the song ...	S. ...	... sung to 216.
332	Awake, my soul, and with the sun ...	L. ...	... T. Tallis, 1585. (In canon form).
	Second tune by F. H. Barthelemon.		
476	Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve ...	C. ...	... J. Clarke, 1707. (S. Magnus).
429	Awake, my soul, to joyful lays ...	L. ...	... sung to 427.
148	Awake, ye saints, awake ...	6.6.6.6.8.8.	... W. Croft, Mus. D. (Minster).
409	Before Jehovah's awful throne ...	L. ...	... sung to 407.
359	Before the ending of the day ...	L. ...	... Ancient Melody. (Te lucis).
307	Before the Lord we bow ...	6.6.6.6.8.8.	... G. F. Handel. (Gopsal).
419	Begin, my soul, the exalted lay ...	8.8.6. D.	... sung to 102.
180	Behold a humble train ...	S. ...	... S. Wesley. (Bethlehem).
123	Behold the glories of the Lamb ...	C. ...	... sung to 372.
80	Behold the Lamb of God! ...	Peculiar	... J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 6).
364	Behold the morning sun ...	S. ...	... sung to 44.
410	Bless God, my soul; Thou, Lord, alone ...	L. ...	... sung to 133.
315	Blest be the tie that binds ...	S. ...	... A. R. Reinagle. (Moccas).
149	Blest Day of God! most calm, most bright ..	C. ...	... sung to 126.
82	Bound upon the accursed tree... ..	10 sevens	... J. Turle.
209	Bread of Heaven, on thee we feed ...	6 sevens	... har. by Dr. Hiles. (Spain).
207	Bread of the world, in mercy broken ...	9.8.9.8...	... Italian Chorale.
	Second tune by Ch. Gounod. (A Motett).		
472	Breast the wave, Christian ...	5.5. and 6.5.	... J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 19).
491	Brief life is here our portion ...	7.6.7.6. D.	... S. S. Wesley, Mus. D. (Aurelia).
37	Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	11.10.11.10.	... From Mercer's Hymn Book.
224	By cool Siloam's shady rill ...	C. ...	... sung to 172.
26	Calm on the listening ear of night ...	C. ...	... sung to 40.
449	Children of the heavenly King ...	4 sevens	... (Canonbury).
282	Christ is made the sure foundation ...	8.7.8.7.8.7.	... Haydn.
279	Christ is our corner-stone ...	6.6. and 4.4.	... sung to 118.
486	Christ leads me through no darker rooms ...	C. ...	... sung to 316.
106	Christ the Lord is risen again... ..	4 sevens	... with Alleluia; sung to 99.
98	Christ the Lord is risen to-day ...	4 sevens	... Strattnr, 1691.
331	Christ, Whose glory fills the skies ...	6 sevens	... sung to 140.
68	Christian! dost thou see them ...	6.5.6.5. D.	... Rev. J. B. Dykes. (S. Andrew, of Crete).
21	Christians, awake, salute the happy Morn ...	6 tens	... J. Wainwright.
131	Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove ...	L. ...	... J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 12).
25	Come hither, ye faithful ...	Peculiar	... sung to 19.
127	Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come ...	C. ...	... A. R. Reinagle. (S. Peter).
137	Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire ...	6 eights	... T. Attwood, Mus. D.
355	Come, Holy Ghost, with God the Son ...	L. ...	... G. Cooper, of London. (S. Sepulchre).
135	Come, Holy Spirit, come ...	S. ...	... Rev. J. West. (Moravia).
128	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove ...	C. ...	... sung to 127.
208	Come, let us join our cheerful songs ...	C. ...	... H. Wilson. (Martyrdom).
188	Come, let us join our friends above ...	C. ...	... sung to 176.



NO. OF HYMN	FIRST WORDS.	METRE.	COMPOSER OF TUNE, AND NAME, IF ANY.
330	Come, my soul, thou must be waking ...	8.4.7. D.	E. G. Monk, Mus. D.
401	Come, my soul, thy suit prepare ...	4 sevens	sung to 154.
272	Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures ...	8.8.7. D.	J. B. Calkin. (Bonar).
	Second tune by W. Macfarren.		
9	Come, quickly come, dread Judge of all ...	6 eights	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (Veni cito).
102	Come, see the place where Jesus lay...	8.8.6. D.	W. Macfarren.
428	Come, Thou Almighty King ...	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	Braun, 1675.
462	Come, we that love the Lord...	S.	sung to 179.
381	Come, ye sinners, poor and needy ...	8.7.8.7.4.7.	sung to 481.
306	Come, ye thankful people, come ...	8 sevens	Rev. A. Whishaw.
129	Creator Spirit, by Whose aid...	6 eights	W. H. Monk. (S. Matthias).
116	Crown Him with many crowns ...	D. S.	Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. D.
354	Dawn purples all the East with light ...	L.	E. J. Hopkins.
481	Day of judgment, day of wonders ...	8.7.8.7.4.7.	E. G. Monk, Mus. D.
483	Day of wrath ! oh, day of mourning...	3 eights	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.
215	Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray ...	L.	sung to 325.
247	Deign this union to approve ...	6 sevens	sung to 209.
240	Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy seven-fold veil ...	L.	sung to 2.
310	Dread Jehovah, God of nations ...	8.7.8.7....	sung to 309.
167	Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord ...	L.	sung to 2.
267	Eternal Father ! strong to save ...	6 eights	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (Melita).
520	Far from my heavenly Home...	S.	J. B. Wilkes, A.R.A. (Lyte).
161	Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone ...	L.	sung to 12.
142	Father of heaven, Whose love profound ...	L.	har. by J. S. Bach. (Eisenach).
271	Father of mercies, bow Thine ear ...	L.	A. Troyte. (Chant).
360	Father of mercies ! in Thy word ...	C.	sung to 316.
440	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss ...	C.	sung to 126
265	Fierce was the wild billow ...	6.4.6.4. D.	(S. Nicholas).
187	For all the saints who from their labours rest ...	10.10.10.4.	J. Barnby.
396	For ever here my rest shall be ...	C.	sung to 372.
489	For ever with the Lord ...	S.	sung to 44.
186	For the Apostles' glorious company ...	10.10.10.4.	J. Barnby.
492	For thee, O dear, dear country ...	7.6.7.6. D.	J. Barnby.
407	For Thee, O God, our constant praise ...	L.	C. Green, 1700. (Devonshire).
201	Forth from the dark and stormy sky ...	6 eights	sung to 375.
318	Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go ...	L.	sung to 120.
49	Forty days and forty nights ...	4 sevens	M. Heinlein, 1677.
296	Fountain of good, to own Thy love ...	C.	sung to 326.
289	From all that dwell below the skies ...	L.	sung to 284.
175	From all Thy saints in warfare, etc. ...	7.6.7.6. D.	M. Teschner. (S. Theodulf).
403	From every stormy wind that blows...	L.	sung to 205.
283	From Greenland's icy mountains ...	7.6.7.6. D.	L. Mason. (Missionary Hymn).
190	Glorious things of Thee are spoken ...	8.7.8.7. D.	M. Haydn.
74	Glory be to Jesus ...	6.5.6.5. D.	E. G. Monk, Mus. D., 1870.
220	Glory to the Father give ...	4 sevens	har. by Dr. Hiles. (German Hymn).
179	Glory to Thee, O Lord ...	S.	S. Wesley. (Bethlehem).

NO. OF HYMN.	FIRST WORDS.	METRE.	COMPOSER OF TUNE, AND NAME, IF ANY.
273	Go forth, ye heralds, in My Name ...	L. ...	sung to 133.
86	Go to dark Gethsemane ...	6 sevens ...	J. Schop, 1641.
309	God bless our native land ...	6.6.4.6.6.6.4 ...	har. by Pearce. (International).
194	God is our refuge in distress ...	6 eights ...	sung to 320.
502	God moves in a mysterious way ...	C. ...	sung to 501.
423	God, my King, Thy might confessing ...	8.7.8.7. ...	The late Prince Consort. (Goths).
94	God of my life, O Lord most high ...	L. ...	sung to 62.
446	God of my life, to Thee I call ...	L. ...	sung to 2.
326	God of our fathers, by Whose hand ...	C. ...	Este's Psalter, 1592. (Canterbury).
469	God shall charge His angel legions ...	8.7.8.7. ...	R. Redhead. (No. 46).
344	God that madest earth and heaven ...	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4 ...	J. Crüger, 1649.
363	God's perfect law converts the soul ...	C. ...	sung to 438.
193	God's Temple crowns the holy mount ...	6 eights ...	sung to 151.
376	Grace! 'tis a charming sound ...	S. ...	sung to 216.
151	Great God, this sacred Day of Thine ...	6 eights ...	E. J. Hopkins.
343	Great God, to Thee my evening song ...	L. ...	G. M. Garrett, Mus. D.
484	Great God, what do I see and hear ...	8.7.8.7.8.8.7. ...	Luther's Hymn, 1524
174	Great is our guilt, our fears are great ...	C. ...	Day's Psalter, 1562. (Old 132nd).
505	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah ...	8.7.8.7.4.7. ...	S. S. Wesley, Mus. D. (Ashburton).
348	Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glory pour'd	Peculiar ...	J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 23).
114	Hail the day that sees Him rise ...	{ 4 sevens, with } Alleluia ...	W. H. Monk. (Ascension).
16	Hail! Thou long-expected Jesus ...	8.7.8.7. ...	W. H. Monk. (Merton).
76	Hail! Thou once despised Jesus ...	8.7.8.7. D. ...	Sir J. Goss.
34	Hail to the Lord's Anointed ...	7.6.7.6. D. ...	J. Crüger, 1640.
503	Happy, thrice happy, they who hear ...	L. ...	sung to 407.
485	Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling	Peculiar ...	
	Second tune (Vox Angelica) by Rev. J. B. Dykes.		
15	Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes...	C. ...	J. Hampton. (Tenbury).
17	Hark! the herald angels sing ...	10 sevens ...	adapted from Mendelssohn.
42	Hark! the song of jubilee ...	8 sevens ...	Prof. Walmisley. (Westminster).
189	Hark! the sound of holy voices ...	8.7.8.7. D. ...	adapted from H. Purcell.
88	Hark! the voice of love and mercy ...	8.7.8.7.4.7. ...	E. J. Hopkins. (S. Raphael).
20	Hark! what mean those holy voices ...	8.7.8.7. ...	Lutheran. (Stuttgart).
58	Hasten, sinner! to be wise ...	4 sevens ...	C. Latrobe, 1795. (S. Francis).
60	Have mercy, Lord, on me ...	S. ...	S. Howard, Mus. D., 1782. (S. Bride).
107	He is risen! He is risen ...	8.7.8.7.7.7. ...	E. G. Monk, Mus. D., 1867.
319	He that has God his guardian made ...	6 eights ...	sung to 420.
198	Head of the hosts in glory ...	Peculiar ...	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B. (Caput).
259	Hear what the voice from heaven declares ...	C. ...	sung to 421.
479	Heirs of unending life ...	S. ...	J. B. Wilkes, A.R.A. (Loyte).
377	He's blest, whose sins have pardon gained ...	L. ...	sung to 355.
125	He's come, let every knee be bent ...	C. ...	sung to 27.
295	High on the bending willows hung ...	L. ...	sung to 12.
243	His mercy and His truth ...	S. ...	sung to 55.
145	Holy Father, great Creator ...	8.7.8.7.4.7. ...	sung to 188.
140	Holy, holy, holy Lord ...	6 sevens ...	J. Rosenmüller, 1685.
144	Holy, holy, holy Lord ...	8 sevens ...	{ sung to 140, by repeating the music of the first two lines.

NO. OF HYMN.	FIRST WORDS.	METRE.	COMPOSER OF TUNE, AND NAME, IF ANY.
138	Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty	... 11.12.12.10. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (Nicaea).
4	Hosanna to the living Lord ... ..	L. with Chorus...	
44	How beauteous are their feet ... ..	S. ... ..	Day's Psalter, 1588. (S. Michael).
274	How beautiful the feet that bring ... ..	D.C. ... ..	sung to 22.
221	How bless'd are they who always keep ... ..	C. ... ..	sung to 172.
177	How bright these glorious spirits shine ... ..	D.C. ... ..	sung to 22.
398	How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord	4 eevens ... ..	sung to 93.
487	How long shall earth's alluring toys ... ..	C. ... ..	sung to 56.
56	How oft alas! this wretched heart ... ..	C. ... ..	G. Kirby. (Windsor).
395	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds ... ..	C. ... ..	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (S. Agnes).
185	How vast must their advantage be ... ..	C. ... ..	Rev. W. Jones, 1799. (S. Stephen).
246	How welcome was the call ... ..	S. ... ..	sung to 179.
482	How will my heart endure ... ..	S. ... ..	sung to 50.
35	How wondrous and great ... ..	5.5. and 6.5. ... ..	W. Croft, Mus. D. (Hanover).
	Second tune (Houghton), by Dr. Gauntlett		
457	I love my God, but with no love of mine ... ..	10.6. and 10.10. ... ..	J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 22).
191	I love Thy kingdom, Lord... ..	S. ... ..	sung to 413.
226	I think when I read that sweet story of old ... ..	Peculiar ... ..	J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 20).
93	I would not live away; I ask not to stay ... ..	4 eevens ... ..	Stanley. (Montgomery).
420	I'll praise my Maker with my breath ... ..	6 eights ... ..	S. Reay. (Stamford).
278	I'll wash my hands in innocence ... ..	C. ... ..	O. Gibbons, Mus. D. (S. Matthias).
152	In loud exalted strains ... ..	6.6.6.6.8.8. ... ..	sung to 148.
50	In mercy, not in wrath ... ..	S. ... ..	S. Howard, Mus. D., 1782. (S. Bride).
443	In the hour of trial ... ..	6.5.6.5. D. ... ..	E. G. Monk, Mus. D.
227	In the vineyard of our Father ... ..	8.7.8.7.4.7. ... ..	sung to 165.
510	In Thee I put my steadfast trust ... ..	C. ... ..	sung to 372.
214	In token that thou shalt not fear ... ..	C. ... ..	sung to 316.
339	Inspirer and Hearer of prayer ... ..	4 eights ... ..	J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 1).
368	Instruct me in Thy statutes, Lord ... ..	C. ... ..	sung to 326.
444	Is there a lone and dreary hour? ... ..	L. ... ..	sung to 353.
22	It came upon the midnight clear ... ..	D.C. ... ..	adapted from Spohr.
97	It is not death to die ... ..	S. ... ..	sung to 285.
418	Jehovah reigns, let all the earth ... ..	L. ... ..	sung to 284.
497	Jerusalem! high tow'r thy glorious walls ... ..	10.6. and 7.6....	J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 18).
496	Jerusalem, my happy Home ... ..	C. ... ..	sung to 495.
493	Jerusalem, the golden ... ..	7.6.7.6. D. ... ..	Bishop Ewing.
393	Jesu, lover of my soul ... ..	8 sevens ... ..	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (Hollingside).
225	Jesu, meek and gentle... ..	6.5.6.5. ... ..	W. H. Monk. (S. Constantine).
455	Jesu, the very thought of Thee ... ..	C. ... ..	J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 17).
218	Jesus, and shall it ever be ... ..	L. ... ..	sung to 343.
99	Jesus Christ is risen to-day ... ..	{ 4 sevens with Alleluia ... }	W. H. Monk. (Easter Hymn).
236	Jesus, I my cross have taken ... ..	8.7.8.7. D. ... ..	sung to 76.
104	Jesus lives: no longer now ... ..	7.8.7.8.4. ... ..	J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 16).
394	Jesus, my Saviour, look on me ... ..	8.8.8.4. ... ..	H. Hiles, Mus. D. (Amesbury).
	Second tune by W. Macfarren.		
434	Jesus, my strength, my hope ... ..	D.S. .. ..	Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. D. (Cleavey).



NO. OF HYMN.	FIRST WORDS.	METRE.	COMPOSER OF TUNE, AND NAME, IF ANY.
33	Jesus! Name of wondrous love ... ..	4 sevens	.. sung to 449.
284	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun ... ..	L. ..	.. S. A. Pearce, Mus. D.
352	Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me ... ..	8.7.8.7.	.. sung to 469.
480	Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness ... ..	L. ...	.. sung to 437.
112	Joy fills the dwelling of the just ... ..	C. ...	.. sung to 40.
40	Joy to the world! the Lord is come... ..	C. ...	.. H. Laker. (Nativity).
392	Just as I am,—without one plea ... ..	8.8.8.6.	.. H. Hiles, Mus. D.
	Second tune (chant) by Reynolds		
512	Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom ... ..	10.4.10.4.10.10.	J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 8).
	Second tune by Joseph Barnby.		
506	Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us ... ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.	.. { from "Laudi Spirituali." (Alla Trinita Beata).
162	Let me with light and truth be bless'd ... ..	L. ...	.. Lutheran. (Bavaria).
121	Lift up your heads, eternal gates ... ..	C. ...	.. sung to 476.
108	Lift your glad voices in triumph on high ... ..	Peculiar	.. (Avison).
39	Light of those whose dreary dwelling ... ..	8.7.8.7.	.. Rev. J. Neander, of Bremen, 1680.
195	Like Noah's weary dove ... ..	S. ...	.. sung to 55.
1	Lo, He comes, with clouds descending ... ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.	.. Störl, 1744.
38	Lo! hills and mountains shall bring forth ... ..	C. ...	.. sung to 172.
183	Lo! what a cloud of witnesses ... ..	C. ...	.. sung to 281.
115	Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious ... ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.	.. sung to 1.
251	Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee ... ..	C. ...	.. sung to 172.
165	Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing ... ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.	.. G. A. Macfarren.
466	Lord, for ever at Thy side ... ..	4 sevens	.. har. by Dr. Hiles. (German Hymn).
269	Lord, for the just Thou dost prepare ... ..	C. ...	.. sung to 479.
130	Lord God, the Holy Ghost ... ..	D.S. ...	.. P. Latrobe. (Fairfield).
308	Lord God, we worship Thee ... ..	Peculiar	.. har. by W. H. Monk. (Nun danket).
154	Lord! in the morning Thou shalt hear ... ..	C. ...	.. sung to 326.
63	Lord, in this Thy mercy's day ... ..	3 sevens	.. G. F. Reynolds, 1867.
172	Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead ... ..	C. ...	.. Day's Psalter, 1562. (Old 132nd).
300	Lord, lead the way the Saviour went ... ..	D.C. ...	.. sung to 230.
258	Lord, let me know my term of days ... ..	C. ...	.. sung to 56.
170	Lord of the harvest, hear ... ..	S. ...	.. sung to 315.
157	Lord of the worlds above ... ..	6.6.6.6.8.8.	.. sung to 411.
270	Lord, pour Thy spirit from on high ... ..	L. ...	.. sung to 271.
241	Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee ... ..	6 eights	.. sung to 375.
173	Lord, spare and save our sinful race ... ..	C. ...	.. Day's Psalter, 1562. (Old 132nd).
400	Lord, teach us how to pray aright ... ..	C. ...	.. sung to 326.
351	Lord, when this holy morning broke ... ..	L. ...	.. sung to 353.
69	Lord, when we bend before Thy throne ... ..	C. ...	.. sung to 56.
454	Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee ... ..	8.7.8.7. D.	.. H. Smart. (Rex gloriæ).
456	Love divine, all love excelling ... ..	8.7.8.7. D.	.. A. S. Sullivan. (Formosa).
408	Magnify Jehovah's name ... ..	4 sevens	.. sung to
244	May God accept our vow ... ..	S. ...	.. sung to 55.
168	May the grace of Christ our Saviour... ..	8.7.8.7....	.. sung to 84.
237	My faith looks up to Thee ... ..	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	.. J. R. Fairlamb.
	Second tune (Westerdale) by Dr. H. Hiles.		

NO. OF HYMN.	FIRST WORDS.	METRE.	COMPOSER OF TUNE, AND NAME, IF ANY.
234	My God, accept my heart this day ...	... C. ...	(O Jesu decus).
205	My God, and is Thy Table spread ...	... L. ...	Pieracini. (Trinity).
324	My God, how endless is Thy love ...	... L. ...	sung to 205.
460	My God, how wonderful Thou art ...	... C. ...	sung to 176.
458	My God, I love Thee, not because ...	... C. ...	sung to 326.
256	My God, my Father, while I stray ...	... 8.8.8.4. ...	W. Horsley, Mus. B.
	Second tune by J. Tilleard.		
57	My God, permit me not to be ...	... L. ...	sung to 78.
217	My God! the covenant of Thy love ...	... C. ...	sung to 208.
95	My grateful soul shall bless the Lord	... C. ...	R. Redhead. (No 66).
518	My hope, my steadfast trust ...	... S. ...	sung to 179.
158	My opening eyes with rapture see ...	... L. ...	sung to 139.
64	My sins, my sins, my Saviour ...	... 7.6.7.6. D. ...	sung to 87.
470	My soul be on thy guard ...	... S. ...	sung to 279.
439	My soul, for help on God rely ...	... L. ...	sung to 12.
499	My soul, inspired with sacred love ...	... L. ...	sung to 355.
264	My soul with grateful thoughts of love ...	... C. ...	sung to 203.
55	My soul with patience waits ...	... S. ...	Lutheran, 1720. (Franconia).
507	Nearer my God to Thee ...	... 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. ...	F. N. Lühr.
	Second tune by Rev. J. B. Dykes.		
329	New every morning is the love ...	... L. ...	sung to 355.
437	No change of time shall ever shock ...	... L. ...	German. (Erfurt).
261	Not for the dead in Christ we weep ...	... C. ...	sung to 326.
184	Not to the terrors of the Lord ...	... C. ...	sung to 281.
347	Now from the altar of our hearts ...	... C. ...	sung to 280.
164	Now may He who from the dead ...	... 4 sevens ...	Lutheran. (S. Philip).
313	Now may the God of grace and power	... L. ...	sung to 353.
75	Now, my soul, thy voice upraising ...	... 8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	The Abbé Vogler.
303	Now thank we all our God ...	... Peculiar ...	sung to 308.
385	Now to the Lamb that once was slain	... C. ...	sung to 203.
120	O all ye people, clap your hands ...	... L. ...	S. Webbe. (Melcombe).
413	O bless the Lord, my soul ...	... S. ...	Rev. J. West, 1800. (Moravia).
19	O come, all ye faithful ...	... Peculiar ...	J. Reading, 1692. (Adeste Fideles).
89	O come and mourn with me awhile ...	... L. ...	J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 9).
301	O come, loud anthems let us sing ...	... L. ...	H. Hiles, Mus. D. (Lindfield).
13	O come, O come, Emmanuel... ..	... 6 eights ...	H. Hiles, Mus. D. (Kinnorsley).
	Second tune (Veni Emmanuel) from French Missal at Lisbon.		
374	O could I speak the matchless worth	... 8.8.6. D. ...	sung to 199.
160	O Day of rest and gladness ...	... 7.6.7.6. D. ...	J. Stainer, Mus. D. (Magdalena).
435	O for a closer walk with God ...	... C. ...	sung to 421.
467	O for a heart to praise my God ...	... C. ...	sung to 438.
417	O for a thousand tongues to sing ...	... C. ...	sung to 27.
357	O God! creation's secret force ...	... L. ...	G. Cooper. (S. Sepulchre).
320	O God, my gracious God, to Thee ...	... 6 eights ...	H. Hiles, Mus. D. (Somerset).
414	O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent ...	... L. ...	G. A. Macfarren.
473	O God of Bethel, by Whose hand ...	... C. ...	sung to 438.
245	O God of hosts, the mighty Lord ...	... C. ...	sung to 281.

NO. OF HYMN.	FIRST WORDS.	METRE.	COMPOSER OF TUNE, AND NAME, IF ANY.
312	O God of love, O King of peace ...	L. ...	... sung to 2.
356	O God of truth, O Lord of might ...	L. ...	... G. Cooper. (S. Sepulchre).
29	O God, our help in ages past ...	C. ...	... sung to 316.
66	O gracious God, in whom I live ...	C. ...	... sung to 48.
235	O happy day, that stays my choice ...	L. ...	... S. Webbe. (Melcombe).
222	O happy is the man who hears ...	C. ...	... sung to 316.
139	O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord ...	L. ...	... har. by J. S. Bach. (Eisenach).
10	O Jesu, Thou art standing ...	7.6.7.6. D. ...	... sung to 160.
388	O Jesus, Saviour of the lost ...	C. ...	... sung to 51.
390	O let triumphant faith dispel ...	C. ...	... sung to 27.
276	O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills ...	L. ...	... sung to 120.
178	O Lord, the Holy Innocents ...	L. ...	... sung to 325.
498	O Lord, Thy mercy, my sure hope ...	L. ...	... sung to 12.
495	O Mother dear, Jerusalem ...	C. ...	... har. by Pearce.
509	O Paradise, O Paradise ...	Peculiar ...	... J. Bamby.
Second tune by Rev. J. B. Dykes.			
412	O praise the Lord in that blest place ...	L. ...	... sung to 133.
406	O praise ye the Lord ...	5.5. and 6.5. ...	... sung to 35.
416	O render thanks to God above ...	L. ...	... sung to 120.
87	O sacred Head, once wounded ...	7.6.7.6. D. ...	... H. G. Hassler, 1613.
126	O Spirit of the living God ...	L. ...	... sung to 120.
389	O that my load of sin were gone ...	L. ...	... sung to 62.
65	O Thou from whom all goodness flows ...	D.C. ...	... E. J. Hopkins.
386	O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry ...	L. ...	... sung to 78.
517	O Thou to whom all creatures bow ...	C. ...	... Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621. (S. David).
62	O Thou to whose all-searching sight ...	L. ...	... G. Neumark. (Bremen).
268	O Thou who didst prepare ...	S. ...	... sung to 50.
281	O 'twas a joyful sound to hear ...	C. ...	... Rev. W. Jones. (S. Stephen).
513	O where shall rest be found ...	S. ...	... sung to 479.
294	O why should Israel's sons, once bless'd ...	L. ...	... sung to 355.
280	O with due reverence let us all ...	C. ...	... Scotch Psalter, 1615. (Dundee).
14	<div> <div> O Wisdom ! spreading mightily,  O Root of Jesse ! Ensign Thou,  O Israel's Sceptre ! David's Key,  O Day-Spring and Eternal Light,  O King ! Desire of nations ! come,  O Lawgiver ! Emmanuel ! King, </div> <div> Advent  Anthems </div> </div>	6 eights.	... Lutheran, 1540. (Old 112th).
362	O Word of God Incarnate ...	7.6.7.6. D. ...	... J. Crüger, 1640. (Prague).
519	O worship the King ...	5.5. and 6.5. ...	... sung to 35.
228	O write upon my memory, Lord ...	L. ...	... sung to 2.
288	O'er the gloomy hills of darkness ...	8.7.8.7.4.7. ...	... sung to 481.
477	Oft in danger, oft in woe ...	4 sevens ...	... H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.
12	On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry ...	L. ...	... Lutheran, har. by Mendelssohn.
286	On Sion and on Lebanon ...	C. ...	... sung to 27.
197	One sole baptismal sign ...	6.6.6.6.8.8. ...	... sung to 148.
233	Once in royal David's city ...	8.7.8.7.8.8. ...	... H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.
8	Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be ...	D.C. ...	... F. Hervey. (Castle Rising).
48	Once more the solemn season calls ...	C. ...	... Scotch Psalter, 1615. (Abbey).
111	Once the angel started back ...	6 sevens ...	... sung to 45.



NO. OF HYMN.	FIRST WORDS.	METRE.	COMPOSER OF TUNE, AND NAME, IF ANY.
232	Cnward, Christian soldiers ... ..	6.5.6.5. D.	A. S. Sullivan.
132	Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed ...	8.6.8.4.	J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 13).
249	Our hearts to Thee in prayer we bow ...	L. ...	derived from R. Banks, of Rochester, 1841.
117	Our Lord is risen from the dead ... ..	L. ...	derived from Dr. T. Attwood.
91	Pain and toil are over now ... ..	4 sevens	... sung to
375	Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan...	6 eights	... H. Hiles, Mus. D. (Ashchurch).
200	Pleasant are Thy courts above ... ..	8 sevens	... sung to 494.
305	Praise, O praise our God and King ... ..	4 sevens	... J. Battishill, 1801.
302	Praise to God, immortal praise ... ..	6 sevens	... German. (Cassel).
182	Praise to God who reigns above ... ..	4 sevens	... (Canonbury).
181	Praise we the Lord this day ... ..	S. ..	... S. Wesley. (Bethlehem).
404	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire ... ..	C. ...	... sung to 395.
465	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart ... ..	6 sevens	... sung to 391.
5	Rejoice, rejoice, believers ... ..	7.6.7.6. D.	... German. (Munich).
90	Resting from His work to-day ... ..	6 sevens	... sung to 86.
297	Rich are the joys which cannot die ... ..	C. ..	... sung to 316.
73	Ride on! ride on in majesty ... ..	L. ...	... sung to 12.
36	Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise	4 tens	... W. T. Best, of Liverpool.
447	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings ...	7.6.7.6. D.	... Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.
391	Rock of Ages, cleft for me ... ..	6 sevens	... R. Redhead.
431	Round the Lord in glory seated ... ..	8.7.8.7. D.	... W. A. Macfarren.
14	Ruler of Israel, Lord of might. Advent Anthem	6 eights	... Lutheran, 1540. (Old 112th).
262	Safe Home, safe Home in port ... ..	6.6.6.6.8.8.	... sung to 118.
350	Safely through another week ... ..	6 sevens	... German. (Dix).
304	Salvation doth to God belong ... ..	L. ...	... H. S. Irons. (Hope).
369	Salvation, O the joyful sound ... ..	C. with Chorus	H. Hiles, Mus. D.
169	Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise ...	4 tens ...	... E. J. Hopkins.
	Second tune (Pax Dei) by Rev. Dr. Dykes.	Third tune (Adoro Te) an ancient melody.	
229	Saviour, like a shepherd lead us ... ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.	... sung to 165.
370	Saviour, source of every blessing ... ..	8.7.8.7....	... W. Boyce, Mus. D. (Sharon).
53	Saviour, when in dust to Thee ... ..	8 sevens	... derived from W. Morley.
	Second tune by J. B. Calkin.		
325	Saviour, when night involves the skies ...	L. ...	... J. Tilleard. (Evening Hymn).
213	Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding ..	8.7.8.7.	... Rev. S. M. Barkworth. (Tranby).
81	See the destined day arise ... ..	4 sevens	... J. Antes. (Delaware).
402	Shepherd divine, our wants relieve ... ..	C. ...	... sung to 280.
210	Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless ...	C. ...	... sung to 280.
23	Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ...	Peculiar	... J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 4).
478	Since I've known a Saviour's name ... ..	Peculiar	... Sir W. S. Bennett, Mus. D. (Russell Place).
432	Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise...	Peculiar	... W. H. Monk. (Alleluia Peren).
373	Sing, my soul, His wondrous love ... ..	4 sevens	... Lutheran. (Culbach).
59	Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep ... ..	4 sevens	... C. Latrobe, 1795. (S. Francis).
54	Sinners! turn, why will ye die ... ..	8 sevens	... J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 5).
340	Softly now the light of day ... ..	4 sevens	... O. Gibbons, Mus. D.
216	Soldiers of Christ, arise ... ..	S. ...	... E. G. Monk, Mus. D.

NO. OF HYMN.	FIRST WORDS.	METRE.	COMPOSER OF TUNE, AND NAME, IF ANY
422	Songs of praise the angels sang ...	4 sevens	German. (Vienna).
47	Sons of men, behold from far ...	4 sevens	sung to 422.
292	Souls in heathen darkness lying ...	8'7.8.7.4.7.	sung to 505.
298	Sow in the morn thy seed ...	S.	sung to 216.
133	Spirit of mercy, truth, and love ...	L.	German. (S. Aidan).
124	Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears ...	L.	sung to 427.
387	Stay, Thou long-suffering Spirit, stay ...	L.	sung to 78.
336	Son of my soti, Thou Saviour dear ...	L.	H. Hiles, Mus. D. (Sweden).
	Second tune by J. Tilleard.		
475	Supreme in wisdom as in power ...	C.	sung to 176.
150	Sweet is the work, my God, my King ...	L.	sung to 304.
338	Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go ...	6 eights	J. Barnby. (Adapted).
84	Sweet the moments, rich in blessing...	8.7.8.7.	Gnadau's Choralbuch. (Turnau).
263	Tender Shepherd, Thou hast still'd ...	7.8.7.8.7.7.	German. (Meinhold).
3	That Day of wrath, that dreadful Day ...	L.	(Westminster).
32	The ancient law departs ...	S.	J. Hullah. (Selling).
118	The atoning work is done ...	6.6.6.6.8.8.	J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 11).
202	The Church's one foundation... ..	7.6.7.6. D.	sung to 175.
349	The day is gently sinking to a close ...	4 tens	H. S. Irons.
334	The day is past and gone ...	S.	sung to 285.
341	The day is past and over ...	7.6.7.6.8.8.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.
	Second tune by A. H. Brown.		
346	The day of praise is done ...	S.	sung to 135.
105	The day of resurrection ...	7.6.7.6. D.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (Dies Dominica).
212	The gentle Saviour calls ...	S.	sung to 135.
141	The God of Abraham praise ...	6.6.8.4. D.	Hebrew Melody.
30	The God of life, whose constant care ...	L.	sung to 335.
361	The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord ...	L.	sung to 407.
464	The King of love my Shepherd is ...	8.7.8.7.	Rev. R. B. Borthwick. (Aberdeen).
500	The Lord descended from above ...	C.	sung to 501.
11	The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God ...	8.8.8. D.	sung to 6.
438	The Lord himself, the mighty Lord ...	C.	Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621. (S. David).
504	The Lord my pasture shall prepare ..	6 eights	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (Dura).
516	The Lord our God is clothed with might ...	C.	sung to 501.
6	The Lord, the only God, is great ...	C.	sung to 176.
6	The Lord unto my Lord thus spake...	8.8.8. D.	Genevan Psalter, 1562. (Old 113th).
2	The Lord will come ; the earth shall quake	L.	(Westminster).
41	The Name of our God ...	5.5. and 6.5.	sung to 35.
119	The rising God forsakes the tomb ...	L.	sung to 139.
79	The Royal Banners forward go ...	L.	Sir R. P. Stewart, Mus. D.
122	The servants of Jehovah's will ...	L.	sung to 139.
337	The shadows of the evening hours ...	D.C.	H. Hiles, Mus. D. (S. Leonard's).
176	The Son of God goes forth to war ...	C.	W. Croft, Mus. D. (S. Ann).
508	The spacious firmament on high ...	D.L.	sung to 242.
134	The Spirit in our hearts ...	S.	sung to 135.
425	The strain upraise of joy and praise ...	Peculiar	A. Troyte. (Derived from Dr. W. Haye's)
103	The strife is o'er, the battle done ..	8.8.8.4.	J. Turle.
345	The sun is sinking fast ...	6.4.6.6.	H. S. Irons. (S. Columba).
	Second tune by Dr. E. G. Monk.		



NO. OF HYMN.	FIRST WORDS.	METRE.	COMPOSER OF TUNE, AND NAME, IF ANY.
384	The voice of free grace ... ..	Peculiar	... J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 24).
248	The voice that breathed o'er Eden ... ..	7.6.7.6.	... German. (Kocker).
353	The wingèd herald of the day ... ..	L. ...	... E. J. Hopkins.
490	The world is very evil ... ..	7.6.7.6. D.	... (Seabrook).
461	Thee will I love, my strength, my tower ... ..	6 eights	... Rev. H. L. Jenner. (Preston).
317	There is a blessèd home ... ..	8 sixes ...	... J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 21).
367	There is a book, who runs may read ... ..	C. ...	... sung to 203.
468	There is a fold whence none can stray ... ..	C. ...	... sung to 172.
383	There is a fountain fill'd with blood ... ..	C. ...	... sung to 281.
231	There is a green hill far away ... ..	C. ...	... sung to 127.
488	There is a land of pure delight ... ..	C. ...	... sung to 281.
238	Thine for ever :—God of love ... ..	4 sevens	...
159	This is the day of light . . . . .	S. ...	... sung to 216.
96	This life's a dream, an empty show ... ..	L. ...	... O. Gibbons, Mus. D. (Angels' Song).
275	This stone to Thee in faith we lay ... ..	L. ...	... sung to 427.
113	Thou art gone up on high ... ..	D.S. ...	... J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 14).
253	Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord ... ..	D.C. ...	... W. Croft, Mus. D., 1727. (S. Matthew).
501	Thou art the Way, to Thee alone ... ..	C. ...	... W. Horsley, Mus. B. (Belgrave).
203	Thou, God, all glory, honour, power ... ..	C. ...	... W. Wheal, 1745. (Bedford).
515	Thou hidden love of God whose height ... ..	6 eights	... H. Kuglemann. (Halle).
52	Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known... ..	L. ...	... sung to 62.
459	Thou, Whom my soul admires above ... ..	L. ...	... sung to 120.
146	Thou, Whose Almighty Word ... ..	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	... H. Hiles, Mus. D. (Westerdale).
415	Through all the changing scenes of life ... ..	C. ...	... sung to 281.
342	Through the day Thy love has spared us ... ..	8.7.8.7.7.7.	... A. H. Brown. (S. Austel).
110	Thus God declares His sovereign will ... ..	C. ...	... sung to 476.
51	Thy chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain ... ..	C. ...	... H. Purcell, 1695. (Burford).
7	Thy kingdom come, O God ... ..	4 sixes ...	... Rev. H. L. Jenner. (Quam dilecta).
448	Thy presence, Lord, hath me supplied ... ..	L. ...	... Bishop Turton. (S. Edward).
254	Thy way, not mine, O Lord ... ..	8 sixes ...	... From "La Feillée." (Annue Christe).
366	Thy word is to my feet a lamp ... ..	C. ...	... sung to 281.
85	'Tis finished : so the Saviour cried ... ..	L. ...	... sung to 62.
445	'Tis my happiness below ... ..	4 sevens	... sung to 81.
285	To bless Thy chosen race ... ..	S. ...	... Lockhart, 1816. (Carlisle).
27	To hail Thy rising, Sun of life ... ..	C. ...	... Scotch Psalter, 1615. (London New).
109	To Him who for our sins was slain ... ..	Peculiar	... Henry Wilson. (Alleluia).
204	To Jesus, our exalted Lord ... ..	L. ...	... Lutheran. (S. Bernard).
372	To our Redeemer's glorious Name ... ..	C. ...	... German. (S. Nicomede).
316	To Sion's hill I lift my eyes ... ..	C. ...	... H. S. Irons. (Southwell).
163	To Thy Temple I repair ... ..	4 sevens	... adapted from Beethoven.
327	To-morrow, Lord, is Thine ... ..	S. ...	... sung to 179.
192	Triumphant Sion ! lift thy head ... ..	L. ...	... sung to 139.
321	Up to the hills I lift mine eyes ... ..	L. ...	... sung to 437.
43	Watchman ! tell us of the night ... ..	8 sevens	... W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B. (Watchman).
322	We build with fruitless cost, unless ... ..	C. ...	... sung to 280.
1 3	We give immortal praise ... ..	6 6.6.6.8.8.	... R. R. Ross, of Manchester.
299	We give Thee but Thine own ... ..	S. ...	... sung to 179.
78	We sing the praise of Him Who died ... ..	L. ...	... E. Miller, Mus. D. (Rockingham).

NO. OF HYMN	FIRST WORDS.	METRE.	COMPOSER OF TUNE, AND NAME, IF ANY.
67	Weary of earth, and laden with my sin Second tune (Toulon) by C. Goudimel.	... 4 tens ...	... J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 7).
70	Weary of wandering from my God ...	... 6 eights ...	... R. King. (Lambeth).
147	Welcome, sweet day of rest ...	... 8. ...	... sung to 413.
223	What a strange and wondrous story ...	... 8.7.8.7....	... sung to 213.
494	What are these in bright array ...	... 8 sevens ...	... C. Steggall, Mus. D. (S. Edmund).
257	Whate'er my God ordains is right ...	... 8.6.8.6.8.8.8.	... E. J. Hopkins. (Adapted).
426	When all Thy mercies, O my God ...	... C. ..	... sung to 476.
250	When gathering clouds around I view ...	... 6 eights ...	... H. Carey.
136	When God of old came down from heaven ...	... C. ...	... sung to 421.
219	When His salvation bringing... ..	... 7.6.7.6. D. ...	... J. Steboth, Mus. D. (Salvation).
453	When I can read my title clear ...	... C. ...	... sung to 421.
323	When I can trust my all with God ...	... 8.6.8.6.8.8.	... sung to 257.
83	When I survey the wondrous Cross ...	... L. ...	... E. Miller, Mus. D. (Rockingham).
230	When Jesus left his Father's throne ...	... D.C. ...	... Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621. (Old 81st).
293	When, Lord, to this our western land ...	... 8.8.6. D. ...	... sung to 442.
46	When, marshall'd on the nightly plain ...	... L. ...	... sung to 407.
255	When musing sorrow weeps the past ...	... C. ...	... sung to 172.
252	When our heads are bowed with woe ...	... 4 sevens ...	... R. Redhead. (No. 47).
314	When streaming from the eastern skies ...	... 6 eights ...	... sung to 504.
266	When through the torn sail the wild tempest, etc.	4 twelves	... A. S. Sullivan.
380	When wounded sore, the stricken soul ...	... C. ...	... sung to 126.
18	While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night	C. ...	... sung to 421.
441	While Thee I seek, protecting Power ...	... C. ...	... derived from Pleyel. (Brattle Street).
31	While with ceaseless course the sun ...	... 8 sevens ...	... H. S. Irons. (Manifestation).
77	Who is this that comes from Edom ...	... 8.7.8.7.7.7.	... German. (All Saints).
436	Who place on Sion's God their trust ...	... C. ...	... sung to 176.
71	With broken heart and contrite sigh ...	... L. ...	... sung to 62.
427	With glory clad, with strength arrayed ...	... L. ...	... Crassellius, 1650.
199	With joy shall I behold the day ...	... 8.8.6. D. ...	... A. Troyte. (Bridehead, Adapted).
277	With one consent let all the earth ...	... L. ...	... Day's Psalter, 1562. (Old 100th).
239	Witness, ye men and angels, now ...	... C. ...	... Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621. (Chichester).
411	Ye boundless realms of joy ...	... 6.6.6.6.8.8.	... E. Howard, Mus. D., 1770.
290	Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim ...	... L. ...	... sung to 427.
171	Ye servants of the Lord ...	... S. ...	... sung to 315.

GLORIA PATRI.

### Additional Hymns.

A	At the Cross her station keeping ...	... 8.8.7. D. ...	... Ancient Melody. (Stabat Mater).
B	Brightly gleams our banner ...	... { 6.5.6.5. D. with } Chorus ...	... J. Barnby.
C	Eternity! Eternity! ...	... 7 eights ...	... J. Pearce, Mus. B. (No. 2).
D	Father of Life! confessing ...	... 7.6.7.6. D. ...	... J. Turle. (Marriage Chorale).
E	Jesus, Lord, we kneel before Thee ...	... 8.7.8.7.4.7. ...	... S. S. Wesley, Mus. D. (Ashburton).
F	Jesus, the very thought is sweet ...	... L. ...	... Ancient Melody. (Jam lucis).
G	Light's abode, celestial Salem ...	... 8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	... Rev. H. G. Batterson, D.D. (S. Clement's).
H	Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven ...	... 8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	... Sir John Goss.
I	The roseate hues of early dawn ...	... D.C. ...	... F. Hervey. (Castle Rising).
J	We march to victory ...	... Peculiar ...	... G. F. Cobb.

# Lo! He comes with clouds descending.

## Hymn 1.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

*mf* Lo! He comes with clouds de - scend-ing, Once for fa - vour'd sin - ners slain:

Thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri - umph of His train.

*f* Hal - le - lu - jah! JE - SUS CHRIST shall e - ver reign. A - men.

### II.

Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced, and nail'd Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

### III.

Every island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth, shall flee away:  
All who hate Him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day;  
Come to judgment,  
Come to judgment, come away.

### IV.

Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear:  
All His saints, by men rejected,  
Now shall meet Him in the air:  
Hallelujah!  
See the day of God appear.

### V.

Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal throne:  
Saviour, take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.  
O come quickly!  
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!



# The Lord will come, the earth shall quake.

## Hymn 2.

*Sung to Hymn 3.*

**I.**  
**T**HE Lord will come, the earth shall quake,  
 The hills their fixed seat forsake;  
 And withering from the vault of night,  
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.

**II.**  
 The Lord will come, but not the same  
 As once in lowly form He came;  
 A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead!

**III.**  
 The Lord will come: a dreadful form,  
 With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
 Anointed Judge of human-kind.

**IV.**  
 Can this be He who wont to stray  
 A pilgrim on the world's highway;  
 By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride,  
 O God! is this the Crucified?

**V.**  
 Go, tryants, to the rocks complain;  
 Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;  
 But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,  
 (*rall.*) Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come.

# That day of wrath, that dreadful day.

## Hymn 3.

**L.**

*mf* That day of wrath, that dread-ful day, When Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way,

What pow'r shall be the sin-ner's stay? How shall he meet that dread-ful day? A - men.

**II.**  
*mf* When, shriv'ling like a parch'd scroll,  
 The flaming Heav'ns together roll,  
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

**III.**  
 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,  
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
 Be Thou, O CHRIST, the sinner's stay,  
 Though Heaven and earth shall pass away.

# Hosanna, Lord.

## Hymn 4.

L. with Cho.

Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th'In - car - nate Word!

To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sa - viour, King, Let earth, let heav'n Ho -

- san - na sing, Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - est!

II.

Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry :  
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply ;  
Above, beneath us, and around,  
The dead and living swell the sound ;  
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest !

III.

*p* O Saviour, with protecting care,  
Return to this Thy House of prayer :  
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,  
Where we Thy parting promise claim :  
*f* Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest !

IV.

*p* But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,  
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest ;  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.  
*f* Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest !

V.

*mf* So in the last and dreadful Day,  
When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again.  
*f* Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest !

# Rejoice, believers.

## Hymn 5.

7.6.

Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear; The

eve - ning is ad - van - cing, And dark - er night is near.

The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh; Up,

pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At mid - night comes the cry. A - men.

ii.  
*mf* See that your lamps are burning,  
Replenish them with oil;  
Look now for your salvation,  
The end of sin and toil.  
The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,  
Go meet Him as He cometh,  
With hallelujahs clear.

iii.  
*f* O wise and holy virgins,  
Now raise your voices higher,  
Till, in your jubilations  
Ye meet the angel choir.  
The marriage-feast is waiting,  
The gates wide open stand;  
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!  
The Bridegroom is at hand.

iv.  
*f* Our hope and expectation,  
O Jesu, now appear;  
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,  
O'er this benighted sphere  
With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption,  
And ever be with thee! Amen.



# The Lord unto my Lord.

Hymn 6.

8.8.8. D.

The Lord un - to my Lord thus spake: "Till I Thy

foes Thy foot - stool make, Sit Thou in state at My right hand:

Su - preme in Si - on shalt Thou be, And all Thy

proud op - po - sers see Sub - ject - ed to Thy just com - mand. A - men.

ii.

"Thee in Thy power's triumphant day,  
The willing people shall obey;  
And, when Thy rising beams they view,  
Shall all (redeem'd from error's night)  
Appear more numerous and bright  
Than crystal drops of morning dew."

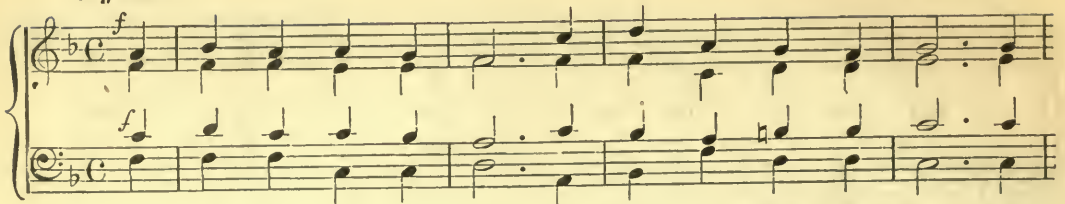
iii.

The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,  
That, like Melchizedek's, Thy reign  
And priesthood shall no period see:  
Anointed Prince! Thou bending low,  
Shalt drink where darkest torrents flow,  
*rall.* Then raise Thy Head in victory!

# Thy Kingdom Come.

## Hymn 7.

6s.



*f* Thy king - dom come, O God, Thy reign, O Christ, be - gin; Break  
 II. Where is Thy rule of peace, And pu - ri - ty, and love? When



with Thine i - ron rod The ty - ran - nies of sin. A - men.  
 shall all ha - tred cease, As in the Realms a - bove?

III.

*mf* When comes the promised time  
 That war shall be no more,  
 Oppression, lust, and crime  
 Shall flee Thy face before?

IV.

We pray Thee, Lord, arise,  
 And come in Thy great might;  
 Revive our longing eyes,  
 Which languish for Thy sight.

V.

Men scorn Thy sacred Name,  
 And wolves devour Thy fold;  
 By many deeds of shame  
 We learn that love grows cold.

VI.

O'er heathen lands afar  
 Thick darkness broodeth yet:  
*f* Arise, O morning Star,  
 Arise, and never set. Amen.



# Once more, O Lord.

Hymn 8.

D.C.

*p*

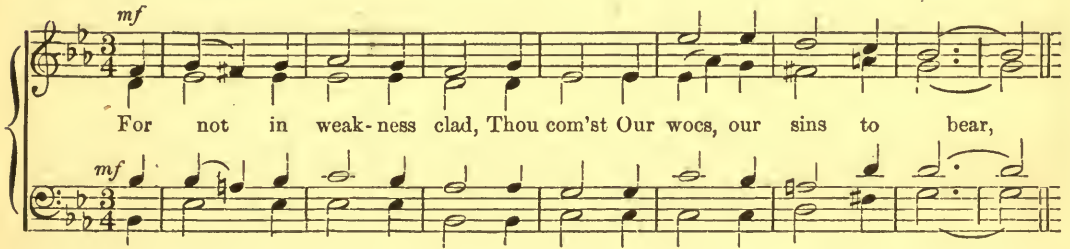


Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be, Up - on the heav'ns dis - played,



And earth and its in - ha - bi - tants Be ter - ri - bly a - - - fraid :

*mf*



For not in weak - ness clad, Thou com'st Our wocs, our sins to bear,



But girt with all thy Fa - ther's might His judg - ment to - - de - clare.

II.

The terrors of that awful day,  
O who can understand ?  
Or who abide, when Thou in wrath  
Shall lift Thy Holy Hand ?  
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,  
The sun in heaven grow pale ;  
But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,  
Thy faithful shall not fail.

III.

Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass  
Our time in trembling here,  
That when upon the clouds of heaven  
Thy glory shall appear,  
Uplifting high our joyful heads,  
In triumph we may rise,  
And enter, with Thine angel train,  
Thy Palace in the skies. AMEN.

# Come, quickly come, dread Judge of all.

Hymn 9.

83.

Come, quick - ly come, dread Judge of all, For, aw - ful though Thine  
ad - vent be, All sha - dows from the truth will fall, And  
false - hood die, in sight of Thee: Come quick - ly come: for  
doubt and fear Like clouds dis - solve when Thou art near. A - men.

II.

Come, quickly come, great King of all;  
Reign all around us, and within;  
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,  
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:  
Come, quickly come: for Thou alone  
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

III.

Come, quickly come, true Life of all;  
The curse of death is on the ground;  
On every home his shadows fall  
On every heart his mark is found:  
Come, quickly come: for grief and pain,  
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

IV.

Come, quickly come, sure Light of all,  
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;  
And fainting souls begin to fall  
With weary watching for the day:  
Come, quickly come: for round Thy throne  
No eye is blind, no night is known. Amen

## Hymn 12.

## On Jordan's bank.

L.

On Jor - dan's bank the Bap - tist's cry An - noun - ces that the Lord is nigh;  
A - wake and hearken, for he brings Glad ti - dings of the King of kings. A - men.

II.  
*mf* Then cleansed be every breast from sin;  
Make straight the way for God within;  
Prepare we in our hearts a home,  
Where such a mighty Guest may come.

III.  
*f* For Thou art our salvation, Lord,  
Our refuge and our great reward;  
Without Thy grace we waste away,  
Like flowers that wither and decay.

IV.  
*f* To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,  
And bid the fallen sinner stand;  
Shine forth, and let Thy light restore  
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

In unison.  
V.  
*f* All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,  
Whose advent doth Thy people free;  
Whom with the Father we adore,  
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

## Hymn 13. FIRST SETTING.

## O come, O come

8s.

O come, O come, Em - ma - nu - el, And ransom cap - tive Is - ra - el, That  
mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.  
Re - joice! re - joice! Em - ma - nu - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!

The other verses are on the next page.



# O come, O come.

Hymn 13. SECOND SETTING.

8.

O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive

Is - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un -

- til the Son of God... ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -

- man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A - men.

II.

O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell thy people save,  
And give them victory o'er the grave.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

III.

O come, thou Day-Spring, come and cheer  
Our spirits by thine advent here;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to flight.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

IV.

O come, thou Key of David, come,  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

V.

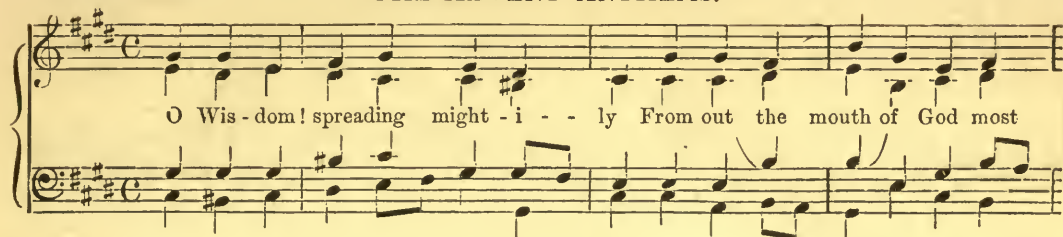
O come, O come, thou Lord of might;  
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,  
In ancient times didst give the law,  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel! Amen.

# O Sapientia.

Hymn 14.

THE ADVENT ANTHEMS.

8a.



O Wis - dom! spreading night - i - - ly From out the mouth of God most



high, All nature sweet - ly or - der - ing, With - in Thy paths Thy children bring. Draw near, O



Christ, with us to dwell, In mer - cy save Thine Is - ra - - el. A - - - men.

*O Adonai.*

**R**ULER of Israel, Lord of might,  
Who gavest the law from Sinai's height;  
Once in the fiery bush revealed,  
With outstretched arm Thy chosen shield;  
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,  
In mercy save Thine Israel.

*O Radix Jesse.*

**O** ROOT of Jesse! Ensign Thou!  
To whom all Gentile kings shall bow,  
From depths of hell Thy people save,  
And give them victory o'er the grave.  
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,  
In mercy save Thine Israel.

*O Clavis David.*

**O** ISRAEL'S Sceptre! David's Key!  
Come Thou, and set death's captives free,  
Unlock the gate that bars their road,  
And lead them to the throne of God.  
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,  
In mercy save Thine Israel.

*O Oriens.*

**O** DAY-SPRING and Eternal Light!  
Pierce through the gloom of error's  
night;  
Predestined Sun of Righteousness!  
Haste with Thy rising beams to bless.  
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,  
In mercy save Thine Israel.

*O Rex Gentium.*

**O** KING! Desire of nations! come,  
Lead sons of earth to heaven's high  
home;  
Thou chief and precious Corner-stone,  
Binding the sever'd into one.  
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,  
In mercy save Thine Israel.

*O Emmanuel.*

**O** LAWGIVER! Emmanuel! King!  
Thy praises we would ever sing;  
The Gentiles' hope, the Saviour blest,  
Take us to Thine eternal rest.  
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,  
In mercy save Thine Israel.

# Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes.

## Hymn 15.

C.

1. Hark! the glad sound! the Sa - vour comes, The Sa - vour pro - mis'd long:  
 ii. On Him the Spi - rit, large - ly pour'd, Ex - erts His Sac - red fire;

Let ev'-ry heart pre-pare a throne, And ev'-ry voice a song.  
 Wis-dom and might and zeal and love, His ho - ly breast in - spire.

iii.  
 He comes, the prisoners to release,  
 In Satan's bondage held;  
 The gates of brass before Him burst,  
 The iron fetters yield.

iv.  
 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
 To clear the mental ray;  
 And on the eyes oppress'd with night  
 To pour celestial day.

v.  
 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure,  
 And with the treasures of His grace  
 T' enrich the humble poor.

vi.  
 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
 And heaven's eternal arches ring  
 With Thy belovèd Name.

# Hail! Thou long expected Jesus.

## Hymn 16.

8 7.8.7.

Hail! thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free:

From our sins and fears re-lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee. A - men.

ii.  
 Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
 Long desired of every nation,  
 Joy of every waiting heart.

iii.  
 Born Thy people to deliver,  
 Born a child, yet God our King,  
 Born to reign in us for ever,  
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

iv.  
 By Thine own eternal Spirit.  
 Rule in all our hearts alone:  
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.



# Hark! the herald-angels sing.

Hymn 17.

7s.

*f* Hark! the he - rald-an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on

*f* *Sung in unison.*

earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - cil - ed. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions,

rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With th'ange-lic host proclaim Christ is born in Bethle -

*ff* - hem. Hark! the he - rald-an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King. *rall.* *In parts.*

*ff* *rall.* A - men.

II.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail the Incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,  
Jesus our Emmanuel.

Hark! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

III.

Risen with healing in His wings,  
Light and life to all He brings.  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness;  
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in one!  
Glory, as of old, to Thee,  
Now and evermore shall be!

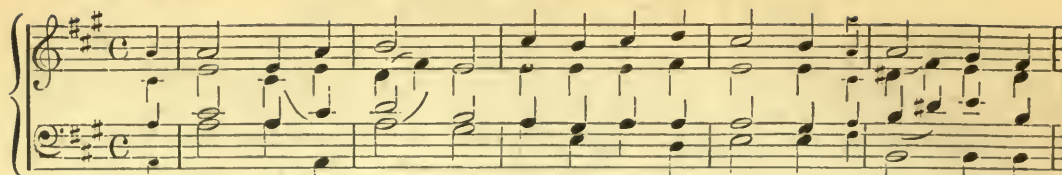
Hark! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King. Amen.

\* The Alto and Bass voices may take the lower notes.

## Hymn 19.

## O come! all ye faithful.

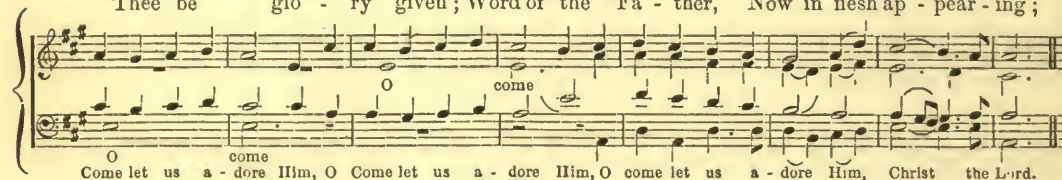
P.



- i. O Come all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant; O Come ye, O  
 ii. God . . . of God, . . . Light . . . of Light, . . . Lo! He ab -  
 iii. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing all ye  
 iv. Yea, Lord we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing Je - su, to



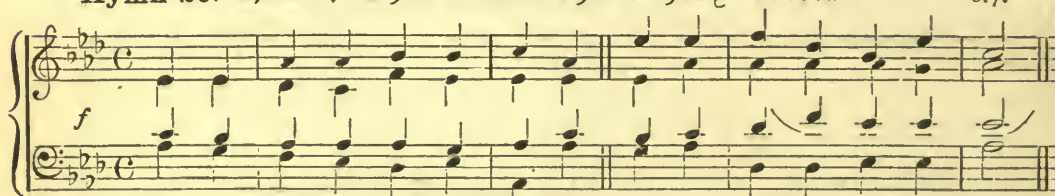
- come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him Born the King of an - gels:  
 - - hors not the Vir - gin's womb; Ve - - ry God, Be - got - ten not cre - at - ed,  
 ci - ti - zens of heav'n a - bove, Glo - ry to God, To God in the high - est;  
 Thee be glo - ry given; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;



- O Come let us a - dore Him, O Come let us a - dore Him, O come let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

## Hymn 20. Hark! what mean those holy voices?

8.7.



- i. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet - ly sound - ing through the skies?  
 ii. List - en to the won - drous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy -



- Lo! th'an - gel - ic host re - joic - es; Heav'n - ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise,  
 "Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry," Glo - ry be to God most high!

iii.  
 Peace on earth, good-will from  
 heaven,  
 Reaching far as man is found;  
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,  
 Loud our golden harps shall  
 sound.

iv.  
 Christ is born; the great Anoint-  
 ed!  
 Heaven and earth His praises  
 sing?  
 O receive whom God appointed  
 For your Prophet, Priest, and  
 King!

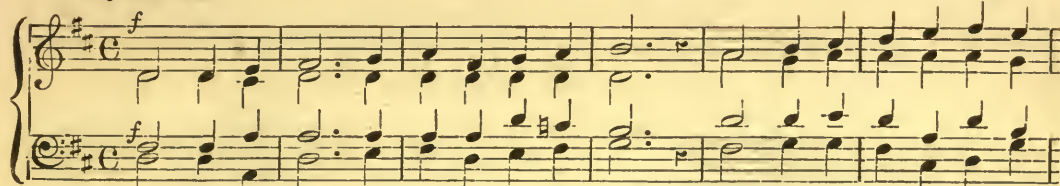
v.  
 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;  
 Learn His name to magnify,  
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,  
 Glory be to God Most High!"



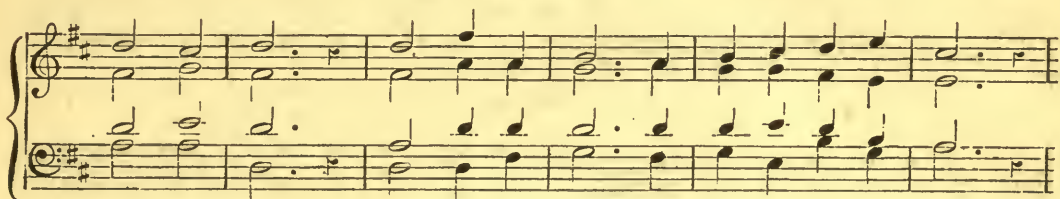
# Christians, awake.

## Hymn 21.

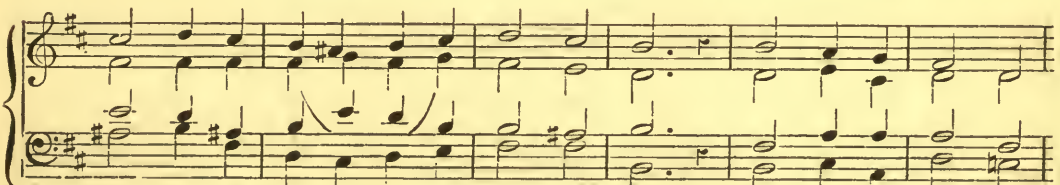
108.



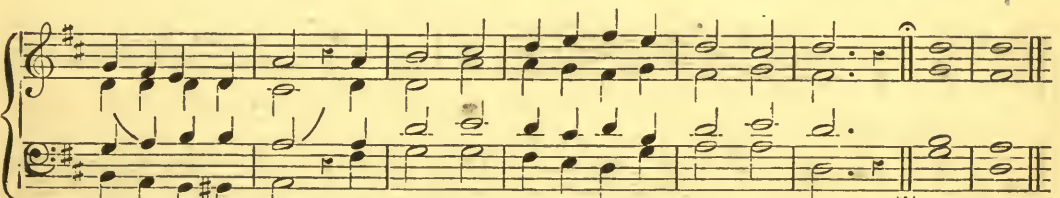
I. Chris-tians, a - wake, sa - lute the hap-py morn, Where-on the Saviour of man-  
II. Then to the watch - ful shepherds it was told, Who heard th'an-gel - ic he - rald's



- kind was born; Rise to a - dore the mys - te - ry of love,  
voice, "Be - hold, I bring good ti - dings of a Sa-viour's birth



Which hosts of an - gels chant-ed from a - bove; With them the joy - ful  
To you and all the na - tions up - on earth; This day hath God ful



tidings first be - gun Of God In - car-nate and the Vir - gin's Son. A - men.  
- fill'd His promis'd word, This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

III.

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang:  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and unto men goodwill.

IV

To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,  
To see the Wonder God had wrought for man:  
And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid,  
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;  
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,  
The earliest heralds of a Saviour's name.

V.

Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ  
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;  
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,  
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;  
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

VI.

Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among  
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song:  
He that was born upon this joyful day  
Around us all His glory shall display;  
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing  
Of angels and of angel-men the King. Amen.

# SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS—continued.

*mf*

*mf*

I. Zion! the marvellous story be tell - ing, The SON of the HIGHEST, how low -  
 II. Tell how He cometh, from nation to na - tion, The heart-cheering news let the earth  
 III. Mortals! your homage be gratefully bring - ing, And sweet let the gladsome hosan -

- - ly His birth! The brightest archangel in glory ex - cel - - - ling,  
 ec - ho round; How free to the faithful He offers sal - va - - - tion,  
 - - na a - rise; Ye angels! the full hallelujah be sing - - - ing;

*f*

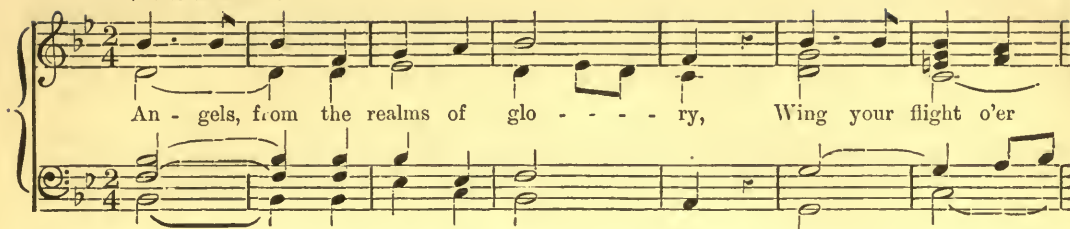
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns up - on earth: }  
 How His people with joy everlast - ing are crown'd: } Shout . . . the glad . .  
 One chorus resound through the earth and the skies: }

# Angels from the realms.

## Hymn 24.

Voices in unison.

8.7.8 7.4.7.



An - gels, from the realms of glo - - - ry, Wing your flight o'er



all the earth; Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - - - ry,



Now pro - claim Mes - - si - ah's birth: Come and wor - ship,



Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - - - born King!

ii.  
Shepherds in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night;  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

iii.  
Sages, leave your contemplations;  
Brighter visions beam afar:  
Seek the great Desire of nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

iv.  
Saints before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear:  
Come and worship,  
(rall.) Worship Christ, the new-born King.



## Hymn 27.

## To hail Thy rising.

C.

To hail Thy ris - - ing, Sun of life, The

gath' - ring na - tions come; Joy - ous as when the

reap - ers bear Their har - vest trea - sures home. A - men.

II.

For Thou our burden hast removed;  
 The oppressor's reign is broke;  
 Thy fiery conflict with the foe  
 Has burst his cruel yoke.

III.

To us the promised Child is born;  
 To us the Son is given;  
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
 And all the hosts of heaven.

IV.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
 For evermore adored;  
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
 The mighty God and Lord.

V.

His power increasing still shall spread,  
 His reign no end shall know;  
 Justice shall guard His Throne above,  
 (*rall.*) And peace abound below.

# A few more years shall roll.

Hymn 28.

D.S.

*f* A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And we shall be with those that rest

A - sleep with-in the tomb: Then, O my LORD, pre-pare My soul for that great day; *p*

O wash me in Thy pre-cious Blood, And take my sins a - way. A - men. *p*

II.

*f* A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time,  
And we shall be where suns are not,  
A far serener clime,  
*p* Then, O my LORD, prepare  
My soul for that blest day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away.

III.

*f* A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more;  
*p* Then, O my LORD, prepare  
My soul for that calm day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away.

IV.

*f* A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more;  
*p* Then, O my LORD, prepare  
My soul for that bright day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away.

V.

*f* 'Tis but a little while  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, Who lives  
That we with Him may reign;  
Then, O my LORD, prepare  
My soul for that glad day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away.



# A few more years shall roll.

Hymn 28. SECOND TUNE.

D.S

A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And  
we shall be with those that rest A-sleep with-in the tomb:  
Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that great day; O  
wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins a-way. A-men.

II.

*mf* A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time,  
And we shall be where suns are not,  
A far serener clime:  
*p* Then, O my Lord, prepare,  
My soul for that blest day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away.

III.

*mf* A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more:  
*p* Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away.

IV.

*mf* A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more:  
*p* Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that bright day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away.

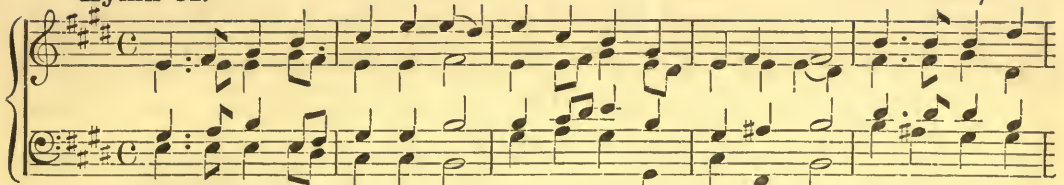
V.

*f* 'Tis but a little while  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, Who lives  
That we with Him may reign:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away. Amen.

# While with ceaseless.

## Hymn 31.

7s.



i. While with cease-less course the sun Hast-ed through the for-mer year, Ma-ny souls their  
 ii. As the wing-ed ar-row flies Speed-i-ly the mark to find; As the light-ning  
 iii. Thanks for mer-cies past re-ceived; Par-don of our sins re-new; Teach us henceforth



race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here. Fix'd in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with  
 from the skies Darts and leaves no trace be-hind; Swift-ly thus our fleet-ing days Bear us down life's  
 how to live With e-ter-ni-ty in view. Bless Thy Word to young and old, Fill us with a



all be-low; We a lit-tle long-er wait, But how lit-tle none can know. A-men.  
 ra-pid stream; Up-ward, Lord, our Spi-rits raise, All be-low is but a dream.  
 Sa-viour's love; And when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with Thee a-bove.

# The ancient law departs.

## Hymn 32.

S.



i. The an-cient law de-parts, And all its ter-rors cease;  
 mf ii. The Light of light di-vine, True bright-ness un-de-fil'd,  
 f iii. To-day the Name is Thine, At which we bend the knee;



For Je-sus makes with faith-ful hearts A co-ve-nant of peace.  
 He bears for us the shame of sin, A ho-ly, spot-less Child.  
 They call Thee Je-sus, Child di-vine! Our Je-sus deign to be.  
 (rall.)

# Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

Hymn 34.

7.6.

Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son! Hail  
in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!  
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive  
free;..... To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.

ii.  
*mf* He comes with succour speedy  
To those who suffer wrong,  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

iii.  
He shall descend like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth;  
And love and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth:  
Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

iv.  
*f* To Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His Name shall stand for ever,  
(*rall.*) That Name to us is Love.



# How wondrous and great.

Hymn 35. FIRST TUNE.

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.



I. How wond-rous and great Thy works, God of praise! How just, King of  
II. To na-tions long dark Thy light shall be shown; Their wor-ship and



saints, And true are Thy ways! O who shall not fear Thee And  
vows Shall come to Thy throne: Thy truth and Thy judg-ments Shall



ho-nour Thy name? Thou on-ly art ho-ly, Thou on-ly su-preme.  
spread all a-broad, 'Till earth's ev'-ry peo-ple Con-fess Thee their God.

Hymn 35. SECOND TUNE.





# Rise, Crown'd with light.

Hymn 36.

103.

*f* Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise, Ex - alt thy tow'r - ing

*Con moto.*

*Acc. f*

head and lift thine eyes: See heav'n its sparkling por - tals wide dis - play, And break up - on thee

in a flood of day. A - men.

II.

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,  
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

III.

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:  
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

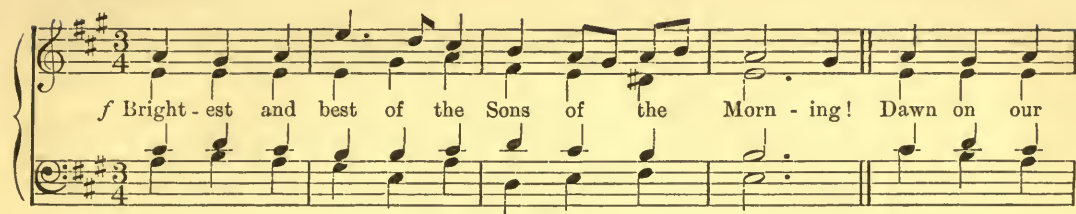
*in unison.* IV.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains;  
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.  
(*rall.*)

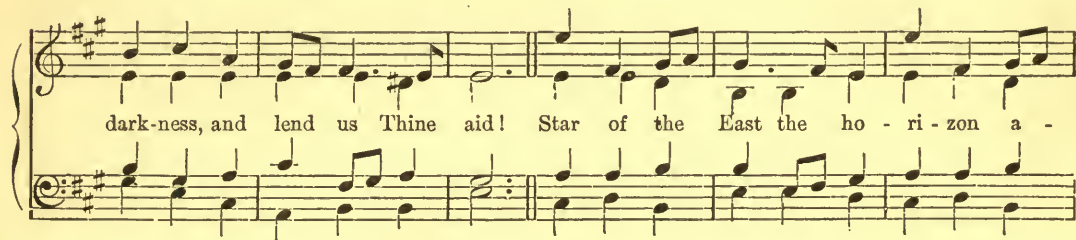
# Brightest and best of the Sons.

Hymn 37.

11.10.11.10.



*f* Bright - est and best of the Sons of the Morn - ing! Dawn on our



dark-ness, and lend us Thine aid! Star of the East the ho - ri - zon a -



- dorn - - ing, Guide where our In - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

II.

*mf* Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:  
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

III.

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,  
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

IV.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

V.

*f* Brightest and best of the Sons of the Morning!  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!  
Star of the East the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

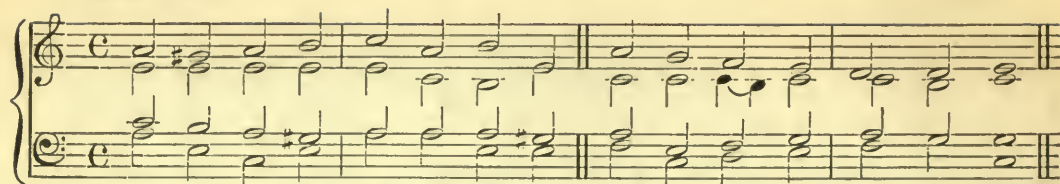


A - men.

# Light of those.

## Hymn 39.

8.7.8.7.



*mf* I. Light of those whose drea - ry dwell - ing Bor - ders on the shades of death,  
*f* II. Still we wait for Thine ap - pear - ing, Life and joy Thy beams im - part,



Je - su, now Thy - self re - veal - ing, Scat - ter ev' - ry cloud be - neath. A - men.  
 Chas - ing all our doubts and cheer - ing Ev' - ry meek and con - trite heart.

III.

Show Thy power in every nation,  
 Oh Thou Prince of peace and love,  
 Give the knowledge of Salvation,  
 Fix our hearts on things above.

IV.

By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Every burden'd soul release :  
*p* By the presence of Thy Spirit,  
 Guide us into perfect peace. Amen.

# Joy to the World.

## Hymn 40.

C.



I. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her King;  
 II. Joy to the world! the Sa - viour reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy;



Let ev' - ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and Na - ture sing.  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Re - peat the sound - ing joy.

III.

*mf* No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
 Nor thorns infest the ground;  
 He comes to make His blessings flow  
 Far as the curse is found.

IV.

He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of His righteousness,  
*rall.* And wonders of His love.



# Hark! the song.

## Hymn 42.

7s.

*f* Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as migh - ty thun - ders roar;

Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore.

Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om - ni - po - tent shall reign:...

Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word E - cho round the earth and main.

### II.

*f* Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies:  
*ff* See Jehovah's banners furl'd,  
Sheath'd His sword: He speaks—'tis done:  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

### III.

*mf* He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway;  
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have pass'd away:  
Then the end: beneath His rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall:  
Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
(*rall.*) God in Christ, is all in all.



# Watchman! tell us.

Hymn 43.

7.7.7.7. D.

*In unison.*

*mf* Watch-man! tell us of the night, What its signs of pro-mise are.

*In parts.*

*ff* Tra - vel - ler! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beaming star.

*In unison.*

*mf* Watch-man! does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell?

*In parts.*

*ff* Tra - vel - ler! yes: it brings the day, Pro-mised day of Is - ra - el.

II.

Watchman! tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveller! blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends.  
Watchman! will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveller! ages are its own;  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

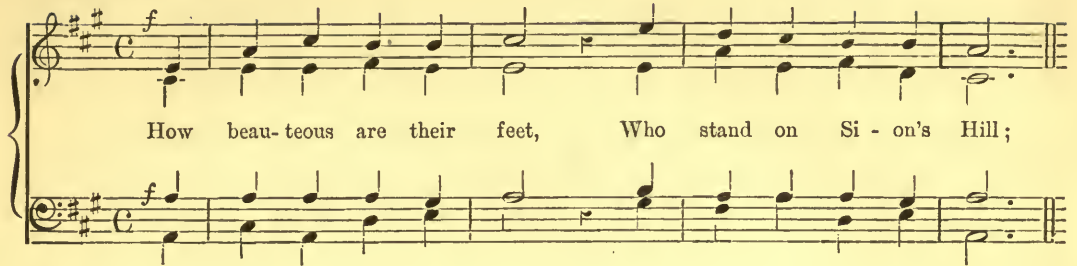
III.

Watchman! tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn,  
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,  
*all.*) Lo! the Son of God is come

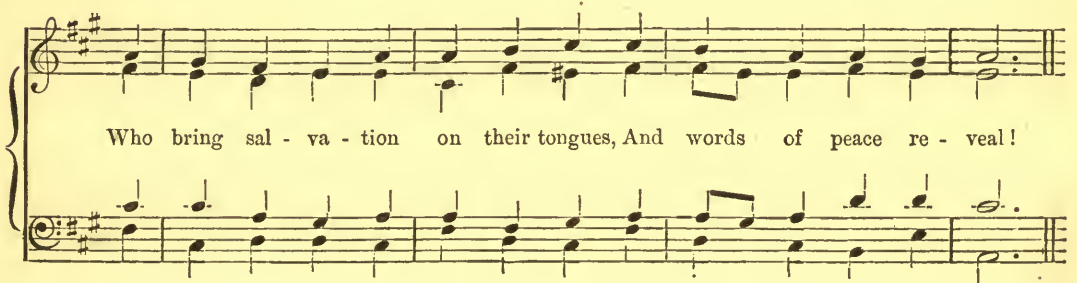
# How beauteous are their feet.

Hymn 44

S.



*f* How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Si-on's Hill;



Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!

II.

*mf* How charming is their voice :  
How sweet their tidings are :—  
“Sion, behold thy Saviour-King,  
He reigns and triumphs here.”

III.

How happy are our ears  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought but never found.!

IV.

*p* How blessèd are our eyes  
That see this Heavenly Light !  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

V.

The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

VI.

*f* The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad :  
Let every nation now behold  
(*rall.*) Their Saviour and their God.

# As with gladness men of old.

## Hymn 45.

75.

*f* As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold ;

As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead - ing on - ward beam - ing bright :

So, most Gra - cious LORD, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.

II.

*mf* As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed ;  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heaven and earth adore :  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

III.

*f* As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare :  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
CHRIST ! to Thee our heavenly King

IV.

*mf* Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way ;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

*in unison.*

V.

*f* In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light ;  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down ;  
There for ever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King.

*f* A - men.



# Once more the solemn season.

## Hymn 48.

C.



I. Once more the so - lemn sea - son calls A ho - ly fast to keep;  
II. But vain all out - ward sign of grief, And vain the form of pray'r,



And now with - in the tem - ple walls Both priest and peo - ple weep. A - men.  
Un - less the heart in - plore re - lief, And pen - i - tence be there.

III.

We smite the breast, we weep in vain,  
In vain in ashes mourn,  
Unless with penitential pain  
The smitten soul be torn.

IV.

In sorrow true then let us pray  
To our offended God,  
From us to turn His wrath away,  
And stay th' uplifted rod.

V.

O God, our Judge and Father, deign  
To spare the bruised reed;  
We pray for time to turn again,  
For grace to turn indeed.

VI.

Blest Three in One, to Thee we bow;  
Vouchsafe us in Thy love  
To gather from these fasts below  
Immortal fruit above.

# Forty days and forty nights.

## Hymn 49.

7s.



I. For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fast - ing in the wild;  
II. Shall not we Thy sor - row share, And from earth - ly joys ab - stain;



For - ty days and for - ty nights Tempt - ed, and yet un - de - fil'd. A - men.  
Fast - ing with un - ceas - ing pray'r, Glad with Thee to suf - fer pain?

III.

And if Satan, vexing sore,  
Flesh or spirit should assail,  
Thou his Vanquisher before,  
Grant we may not faint or fail.

IV.

So shall we have peace divine;  
Holier gladness ours shall be;  
Round us, too, shall angels shine,  
Such as minister'd to Thee.

V.

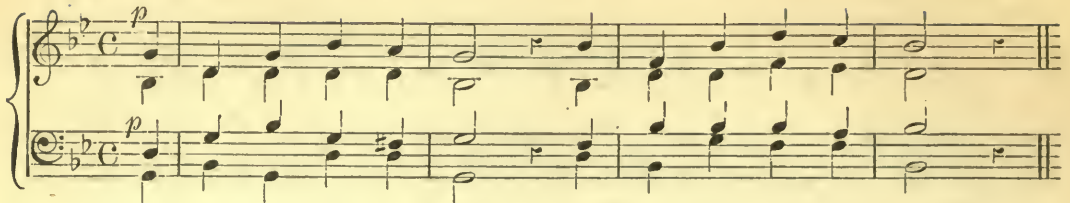
*f* Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,  
Ever constant by Thy side,  
That with Thee we may appear  
At th' eterna' Eastertide.



# In mercy, not in wrath.

## Hymn 50.

S.



I. In mer - cy, not in wrath, Re - buke me, gra - cious God!  
 II. Touch'd by Thy quick-'ning pow'r, My load of guilt I feel;



Lest, if Thy whole dis - plea - sure rise, I sink beneath Thy rod. A - men.  
 The wounds Thy spirit hath un - clos'd, O let that spirit heal.

III.

In trouble and in gloom,  
 Must I for ever mourn?  
 And wilt Thou not at length, O God,  
 In pitying love return?

IV.

m O come, ere life expire,  
 Send down Thy power to save;  
 For who shall sing Thy Name in death,  
 Or praise Thee in the grave?

V.

f Why should I doubt Thy grace,  
 Or yield to dread despair?  
 Thou wilt fulfil Thy promised Word,  
 And grant me all my prayer. Amen.

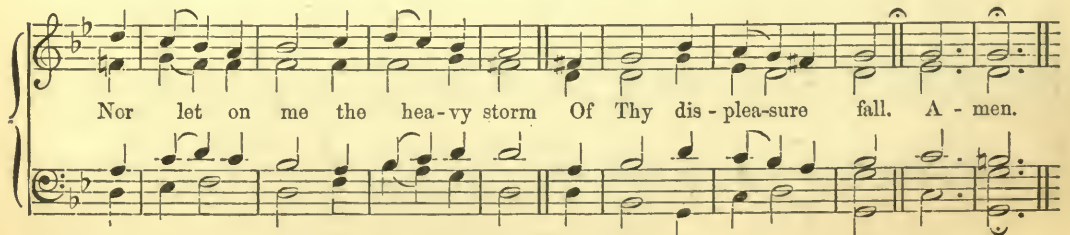
# Thy chastening wrath.

## Hymn 51.

C.



Thy chast'-ning wrath, O Lord, re - strain, Though I de - serve it all;



Nor let on me the hea - vy storm Of Thy dis - plea - sure fall. A - men.

II.

p My sins, which to a deluge swell,  
 My sinking head o'erflow,  
 And, for my feeble strength to bear,  
 Too vast a burden grow.

III.

But, Lord, before Thy searching eyes  
 All my desires appear;  
 The groanings of my burden'd soul  
 Have reach'd Thine open ear.

IV.

mf Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,  
 Nor far from me depart;  
 Make haste to my relief, O Thou  
 Who my salvation art. Amen.

# Saviour, when in dust to Thee.

Hymn 53.

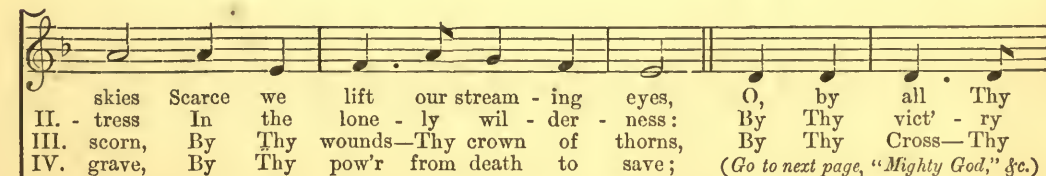
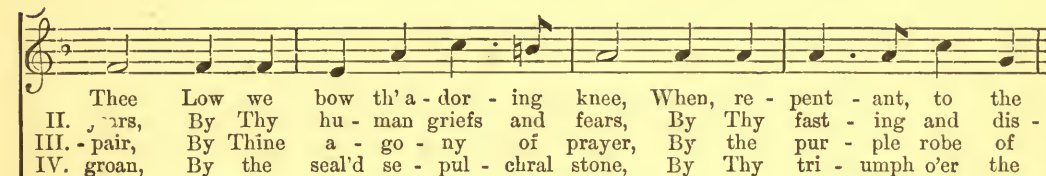
78.

CHOIR  
IN  
UNISON.



II. By Thy Birth and ear - ly  
III. By Thy con - flict with des -  
IV. By Thy deep ex - pir - ing

ORGAN.



SAVIOUR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE—*continued.*

pains and woe, Suf - fer'd once for man be - low, Bend - ing from Thy  
 II. in the hour Of the sub - tle temp - ter's pow'r; Je - sus, look with  
 III. pangs and cries; By Thy per - fect sa - cri - fice; Je - sus, look with

Throne on high, } *In parts.*  
 II. pity - ing eye, } Hear our so - lemn li - - ta - ny.  
 III. pity - ing eye, }  
*Rather slower.*

**FINALE.** *Rather slower.*  
*f*  
*In parts.* Migh - ty God, as - cend - ed Lord, To Thy Throne in heav'n re - stor'd, Prince and

Hear *dim.*  
 Sa - viour, hear our cry, *p* Hear our so - lemn li - ta - ny. A - - - men.



# Saviour, when in dust.

## Hymn 53. SECOND SETTING.

7s.

Sa - viour, when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee;

The first system of the hymn is written in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note G4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

When re - pen - tant, to the skies Scarce we lift our stream - ing eyes,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note G4, quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, a half note B4, and a half note G4. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

Oh! by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fer'd once for man be - low,

The third system includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking above the vocal line. The vocal line features a half note G4, quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, a half note B4, and a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same accompaniment.

Bend - ing from Thy Throne on high, Hear our so - lemn li - ta - ny.

The fourth system includes *a tempo.* markings above the vocal line and below the piano accompaniment, and a *rit.* marking above the vocal line. The vocal line has a half note G4, quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, a half note B4, and a half note G4. The piano accompaniment concludes the hymn with the same accompaniment.



SAVIOUR, WHEN IN DUST—continued.

*Organ variation.*

The musical score is written for organ on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). It consists of four systems of music. The first system has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The second system continues the melody. The third system includes a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking above the staff. The fourth system includes 'a tempo.' and 'rall.' markings above the staff. The music features various chords, single notes, and melodic lines in both hands.

II.

By Thy Birth and early years,  
By Thy human griefs and fears,  
By thy fasting and distress,  
In the lonely wilderness,  
By Thy victory in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye:  
Hear our solemn litany.

III.

By Thy conflict with despair,  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
By the purple robe of scorn,  
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,  
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,  
By Thy perfect sacrifice;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye;  
Hear our solemn litany.

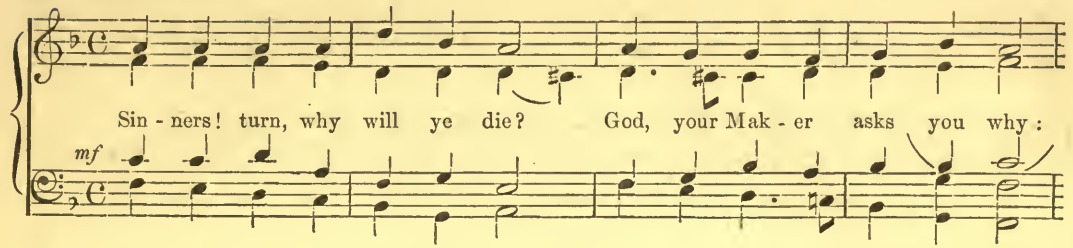
IV.

By Thy deep expiring groan,  
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,  
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
By Thy power from death to save:  
Mighty God, ascended Lord,  
To Thy throne in heaven restored,  
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,  
Hear our solemn litany. Amen.

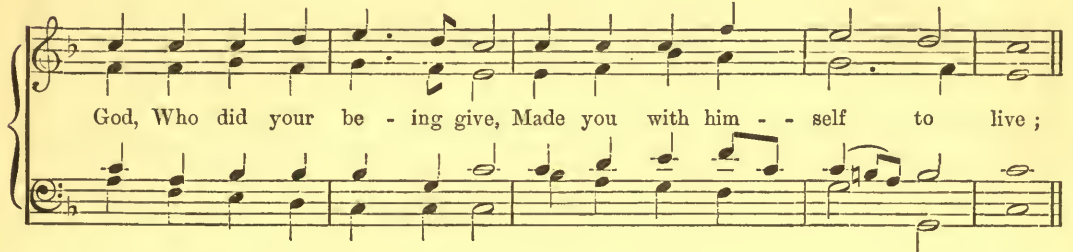
# Sinners, turn, why will ye die?

Hymn 54.

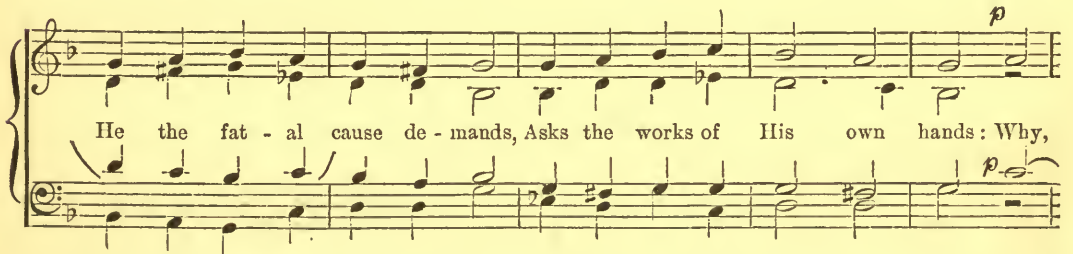
7s.



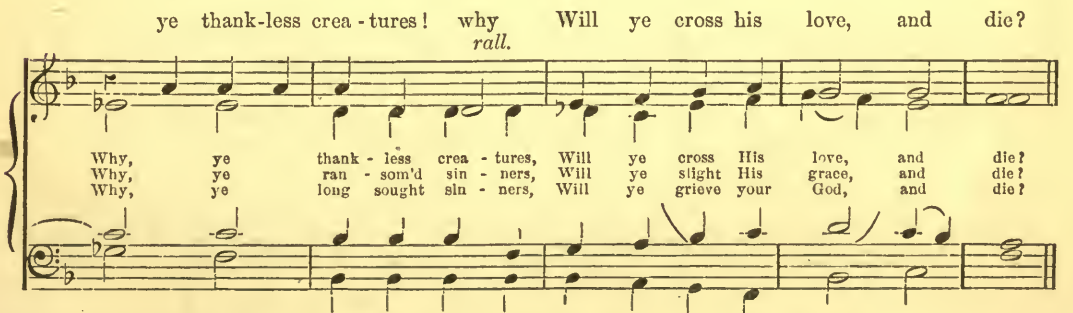
*mf* Sin - ners! turn, why will ye die? God, your Mak - er asks you why :



God, Who did your be - ing give, Made you with him - - self to live ;



*p* He the fat - al cause de - mands, Asks the works of His own hands : Why,



ye thank-less crea - tures! why Will ye cross his love, and die?  
*rall.*

Why, ye thank - less crea - tures, Will ye cross His love, and die?  
Why, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, Will ye slight His grace, and die?  
Why, ye long sought sin - ners, Will ye grieve your God, and die?

ii.

Sinners! turn, why will ye die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why:  
God Who did your souls retrieve,  
That ye might for ever live?  
Will you let Him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?  
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

iii.

Sinners! turn, why will ye die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why:  
He who all your lives hath strove—  
Wooed you to embrace His love.  
Will ye not the grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?  
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why  
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

# My soul with patience waits.

Hymn 55.

S.



My soul with pa - tience waits For Thee, the lov - ing Lord;



My hopes are on Thy pro - mise built, They ne - ver fail my word.

II.  
My longing eyes look out  
For Thy enlivening ray,  
More duly than the morning watch,  
To spy the dawning day.

III.  
*f* Let Israel trust in God,  
No bounds His mercy knows;  
The plenteous source and spring from  
whence  
Eternal succour flows;

IV.  
Whose friendly streams to us  
Supplies in want convey;  
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse  
(*rall.*) And wash our guilt away.

# How oft, alas!

Hymn 56.

C.



How oft, a - las! this wretch-ed heart Has wan - dered from the Lord!  
Yet sov'-reign mer - cy calls "Re - turn," Dear Lord, and may I come?



How oft my ro - ving thoughts de - part, For - get - ful of His Word.  
My vile in - gra - ti - tude I mourn; O take the wan - derer home. A - men.

III.  
*p* And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet  
forgive,  
And bid my crimes remove?  
And shall a pardon'd rebel live  
To speak Thy wondrous love?

IV.  
Almighty grace, Thy healing power,  
How glorious, how divine!  
That can to life and bliss restore  
So vile a heart as mine.

V.  
*f* Thy pardoning love, so free, so  
sweet,  
Dear Saviour, I adore:  
O keep me at Thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more. AMEN





I. Has-ten, sin-ner! to be wise; Stay not for the morrow's sun: Wis-dom if you still de-  
 II. Has-ten, mer-cy to implore; Stay not for the morrow's sun: Lest the sea-son should be



III.  
 Hasten sinner! now return;  
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
 Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,  
 Ere salvation's work is done.

IV.  
 Hasten sinner! to be blest;  
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
 Lest perdition thee arrest,  
 Ere the morrow is begun.  
 (rall.)

- spise, Har-der is it to be won.  
 o'er, Ere this eve-ning's stage be run.

## Hymn 59.

## Sinner, rouse thee.

7s.

*mf* I. SINNER, rouse thee from thy  
 sleep,  
 Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;  
 Raise thy spirit dark and dead,  
 Jesus waits His light to shed.

II.  
 Wake from sleep, arise from death,  
 See the bright and living path:  
 Watchful tread that path; be wise,  
 Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

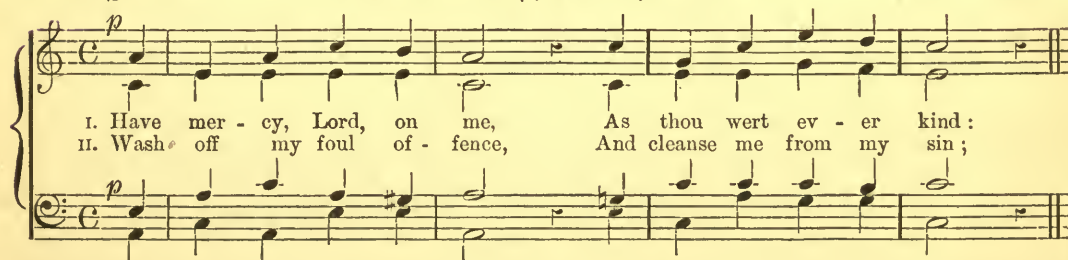
III.  
 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,  
 From this hour redeem thy time;  
 Life secure without delay,  
 Evil is the mortal day.

IV.  
 Be not blind and foolish still;  
 Call'd of Jesus, learn His will:  
*f* Jesus calls from death and night,  
 (rall.) Jesus waits to shed His light.

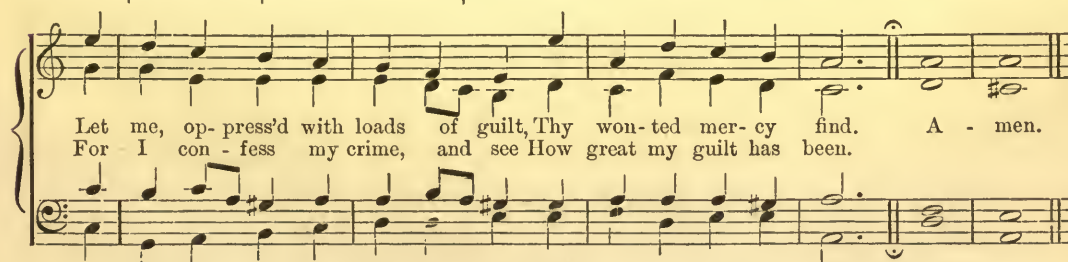
## Hymn 60.

## Have mercy, Lord, on me.

S.



I. Have mer-cy, Lord, on me, As thou wert ev-er kind:  
 II. Wash off my foul of-fence, And cleanse me from my sin;



Let me, op-press'd with loads of guilt, Thy won-ted mer-cy find. A-men.  
 For I con-fess my crime, and see How great my guilt has been.

III.  
 Against Thee, Lord, alone,  
 And only in Thy sight,  
 Have I transgress'd; and  
 though condemn'd  
 Must own Thy judgment  
 right.

IV.  
 Blot out my crying sins,  
 Nor me in anger view:  
 Create in me a heart that's  
 clean,  
 An upright mind renew.

V.  
*mf* Withdraw not Thou Thy  
 help,  
 Nor cast me from Thy  
 sight;  
 Nor let Thy Holy Spirit  
 take  
 His everlasting flight.

VI.  
*f* The joy Thy favour gives  
 Let me, O Lord, regain;  
 And Thy free Spirit's firm  
 support  
 My fainting soul sustain.  
 AMEN.



# O Thou to Whose.

## Hymn 62.

L.

To be sung slowly.



I. O Thou to Whose all search-ing sight The dark-ness shin-eth as the light,  
II. Wash out its stains, re-fine its dross, Nail my af-fec-tions to the Cross,



Search, prove my heart, it looks to Thee, O burst these bonds and set it free.  
Hal-low each thought, let all with in Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean. A-men.

III.

If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

IV.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

v.

*f* Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:  
O let Thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to Thy Holy Hill.

VI.

If rough and thorny be the way,  
My strength proportion to my day,  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace. AMEN.

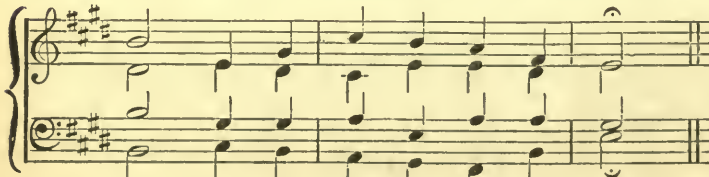
# Lord, in this.

## Hymn 63.

78.



I. Lord, in this Thy mer-cy's day, Ere the time shall pass a-  
II. Ho-ly Je-su, grant us tears, Fill us with heart search-ing



III  
*mf* Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

IV.

*p* By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,

- way, On our knees we fall and pray.  
fears, Ere the hour of doom ap-pears.

v.

By Thy tears of bitter wee  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

VI.

*mf* Judge and Saviour of our race,  
When we see Thee face to face,  
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

VII.

*f* On Thy love we rest alone,  
And that love will then be  
known  
(*rall.*) By the pardon'd round Thy  
throne.

# O Thou from Whom all.

Hymn 65. (UNISON SETTING.)

D.C.



O Thou, from Whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to



Thee; In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.



When on my ach-ing, bur-den'd heart, My sins lie heav-i-ly, Thy



par-don grant, Thy peace im-part: In love, re-mem-ber me. A-men.

II.

When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
O let my strength be as my day:  
For good, remember me.  
If worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble frame should be,  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:  
Hear and remember me.

III.

And oh, when in the hour of death  
I own Thy just decree,  
Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
Dear Lord, remember me.  
*f* To Father Son and Holy Ghost,  
The God Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

# Hymn 67.

## Cleary of Earth.

IO. IO. IO. IO.

ALTO.

*pp*

I. Wea - - - ry of earth and lad - - en  
 II. So vile I am how dare I  
 III. The while I fain would tread the

TENOR. Words with Alto.

*pp*

I. Wea - - - ry of earth and lad - en with my  
 II. So vile I am how dare I hope to  
 III. The while I fain would tread the heav'n - ly

These words for Soprano only.

The words for the Bass part are with the Alto stave.

*pp*

with my sin, I look at heav'n and  
 hope to stand, In the pure glo - - - ry  
 heav'n - - ly way, E - vil is ev - - - er

sin, I look at heav'n and long to en - ter  
 stand, In the pure glo - - - ry of that ho - ly  
 way, E - vil is ev - - - er with me day by

*f*

long to en - - ter in, But there e - vil may find a  
 of that ho - ly land, Or be - fore that throne ap - pear?  
 with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the tid-ings fall,"

(eu - - - - - ter in)

in, But there no e - vil thing may find a home:  
 land? Be - fore the white-ness of that throne ap - pear?  
 day; Yet on mine ears the gra - cious tid - - ings fall,



# WEARY OF EARTH—continued.

home : And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."  
 - pear ? Yet there are hands stretch'd out to dra me near.  
 fall, " Re-pent, con - - fess, thou shalt be loos'd from all."

And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."  
 Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.  
 " Re-pent, con - - fess, thou shalt be loos'd from all."

*Briskly.*

iv. It is the voice of Je - sus that I hear, His is the hand stretch'd out to draw me  
 v. 'Twas He who found me on the death - ly wild And made me heir of heav'n the Fa - ther's  
 vi. Yea, Thou wilt an - swer for me righteous Lord : Thine all the mer - its, mine the great re -

*Briskly.*

*marcato.*

near, And His the blood that can for all a - tone, And set me faultless there be - fore the throne.  
 child, And day by day where - by my soul may live, Gives me His grace of par - don, and will give.  
 ward (See *Finale*.)

*marcato.*

**FINALE.** *cres.* *Slower to the end.*

- ward, Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the gold - - - en crown, Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

*cres.* Mine the life won



# Wearry of Earth.

Hymn 67. SECOND TUNE.

108.



II.

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that Holy Land?  
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?  
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

III.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,  
Evil is ever with me, day by day;  
Yet on my ears the gracious tidings fall,  
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

IV.

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,  
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,  
And His the blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the throne.

V.

'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,  
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,  
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give

VI.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:  
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;  
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,  
(*rall.*) Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Hymn 68.

Christian! dost thou see them.

6.5.

Chris - tian! Dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,  
 How the pow'rs of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round? Christian! up and smite them,  
 Count - ing gain but loss; In the strength that com - eth By the ho - ly cross.

II.

Christian! dost thou feel them,  
 How they work within,  
 Striving, tempting, luring,  
 Goadng into sin?  
 Christian! never tremble;  
 Never be down-cast;  
 Gird thee for the battle,  
 Watch, and pray, and fast.

III.

Christian! dost thou hear them,  
 How they speak thee fair?  
 "Always fast and vigil?  
 Always watch and prayer?"  
 Christian! answer boldly:  
 "While I breathe I pray!"  
 Peace shall follow battle,  
 Night shall end in day.

IV.

"Well I know thy trouble,  
 O my servant true;  
 Thou art very weary,  
 I was weary too;  
 But that toil shall make thee  
 Some day all mine own,  
 And the end of sorrow  
 (rall.) Shall be near my throne."

# Weary of wandering.

Hymn 70.

8s.

*p*  
Wea - ry of wand - 'ring from my God, And now made

wil - ling to re - turn, I hear and bow me to the

rod; For Thee, not with - out hope, I mourn: I have an

ad - vo - cate a - bove, A friend be - fore the throne of love. A - men.

II.

O Jesu, full of pardoning grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin;  
Yet once again I seek Thy face:  
Open Thine arms and take me in;  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still.

III.

Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore:  
O for Thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a house of prayer. Amen.

# Glory be to Jesus.

Hymn 74.

6.5.6.5. D.

*f*  
Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains

*f*  
Pour'd for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins!

Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find,

Blest be His com - pas - sion, In - fi - nite - ly kind.

II.

Blest through endless ages  
Be the precious stream,  
Which from endless torments  
Did the world redeem!  
Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies;  
But the blood of Jesus  
For our pardon cries.

III.

Oft as earth exulting  
Wafts its praise on high,  
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,  
Make their glad reply,  
Lift ye then your voices;  
Swell the mighty flood;  
Louder still and louder,  
(*rall.*) Praise the precious blood.



# Now, my soul, thy voice upraising.

Hymn 75.

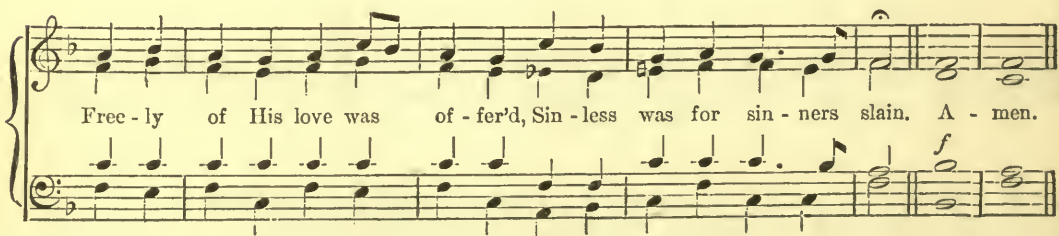
8.7.8.7.8.7



Now, my soul, thy voice up - rais - ing, Tell, in sweet and mourn - ful strain,



How the Cru - ci - fied, en - dur - ing Grief, and wounds, and dy - ing pain,



Free - ly of His love was of - fer'd, Sin - less was for sin - ners slain. A - men.

II.

Scourged with unrelenting fury  
For the sins which we deplore,  
By His livid stripes He heals us,  
Raising us to fall no more;  
All our bruises gently soothing,  
Binding up the bleeding sore.

III.

See! His hands and feet are fastened;  
So He makes His people free:  
Not a wound whence blood is flowing  
But a fount of grace shall be;  
Yea, the very nails which nail Him  
Nail us also to the tree.

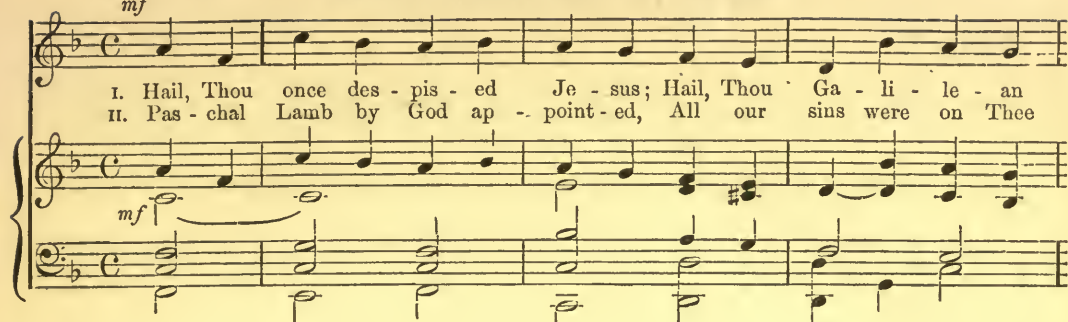
IV.

Through His heart the spear is piercing,  
Though His foes have seen Him die;  
Blood and water thence are streaming.  
In a tide of mystery,  
Water from our guilt to cleanse us,  
Blood to win us crowns on high.

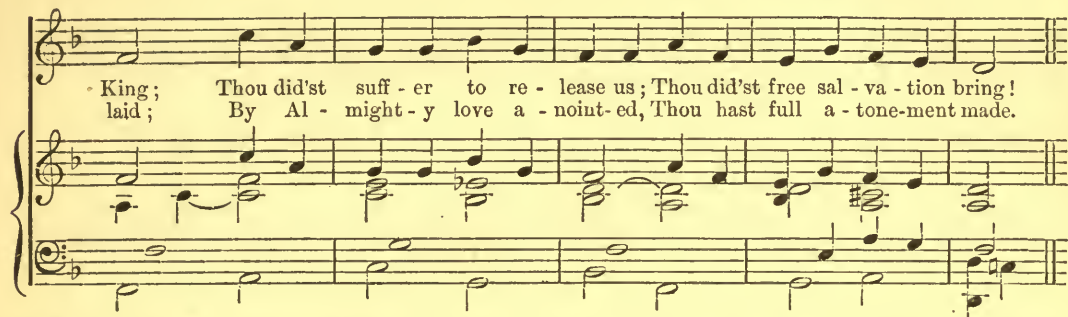
in unison.

V.

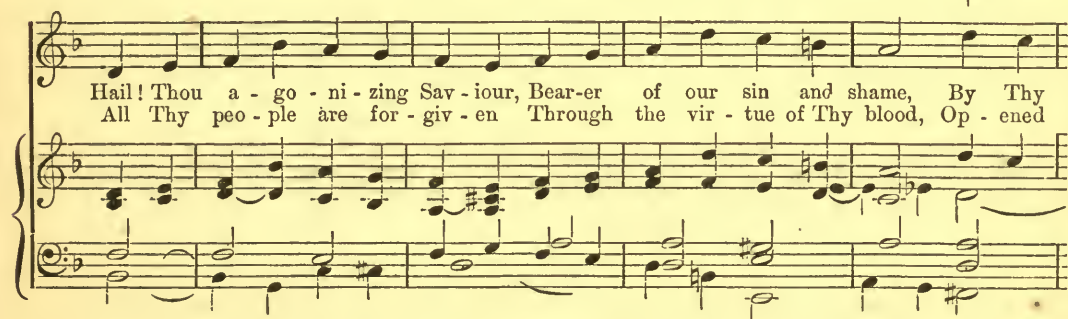
*mf* Jesu, may these precious fountains  
Drink to thirsting souls afford;  
Let them be our cup and healing,  
And at length our full reward;  
*f* So a ransomed world shall ever  
Praise Thee, its redeeming Lord.

*mf*


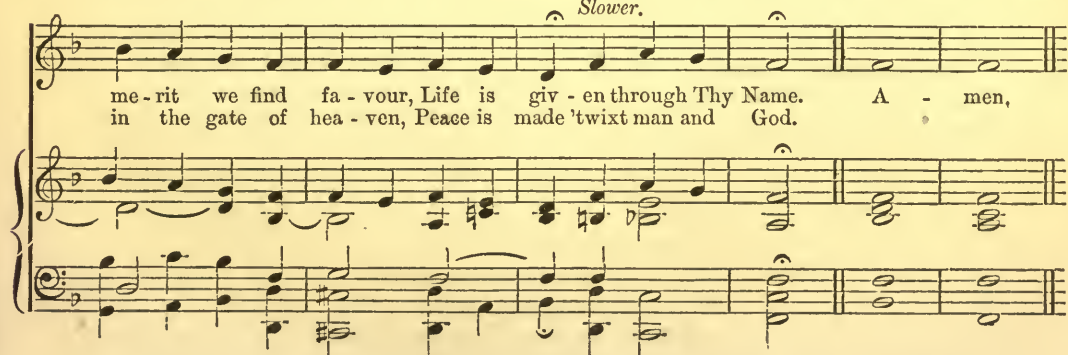
I. Hail, Thou once des - pis - ed Je - sus; Hail, Thou Ga - li - le - an  
 II. Pas - chal Lamb by God ap - point - ed, All our sins were on Thee



- King; Thou did'st suff - er to re - lease us; Thou did'st free sal - va - tion bring!  
 laid; By Al - might - y love a - noint - ed, Thou hast full a - tone - ment made.



Hail! Thou a - go - ni - zing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame, By Thy  
 All Thy peo - ple are for - giv - en Through the vir - tue of Thy blood, Op - ened

*Slower.*


me - rit we find fa - vour, Life is giv - en through Thy Name. A - men,  
 in the gate of hea - ven, Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

III.

Jesus, low we bow before Thee,  
 Mediator glorified!  
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
 Seated at Thy Father's side;  
 There for sinners Thou art pleading,  
 There Thou dost our place prepare;  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.

IV.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive;  
 Loudest praises, never ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give.  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Emmanuel's praise. AMEN.

# Who is this that comes?

Hymn 77.

8 7.8.7.7.7.

*mf*

Who is this that comes from E - dom? All His rai - ment stain'd with blood,

*mf*

To the cap - tive speak - ing free - dom, Bring - ing and be - stow - ing good;

*f*

Glo - rious in the garb He wears, Glo - rious in the spoil He bears.

II.

'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,  
Travelling onward in His might;  
'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious,  
To His people, is the sight!  
Satan conquered, and the grave,  
Jesus now is strong to save.

III.

*p* Why that bood His raiment staining?  
'Tis the blood of many slain;  
Of His foes there's none remaining,  
None, the contest to maintain:  
*mf* Fallen they are, no more to rise;  
All their glory prostrate lies.

IV.

*in unison.*

*f* Mighty Victor, reign for ever;  
Wear the crown so dearly won;  
Never shall Thy people, never,  
Cease to sing what Thou hast done;  
*ff* Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;  
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

*rall.*



# We sing the praise of Him.

## Hymn 78.

L.

*f* We sing the praise of Him Who died, Of Him Who  
died up - on the Cross; The sin - ner's hope let  
men de - ride, From this we count the world but loss.

II.

*mf* Inscribed upon the Cross we see,  
In shining letters, "God is love;"  
He bears our sins upon the tree,  
He brings us mercy from above.

III.

The Cross! it takes our guilt away;  
It holds the fainting spirit up;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.

IV.

It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.

V.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angels' theme in heaven above.  
(*rall*):



# The Royal Banners.

Hymn 79

L.



The Roy - al Ban - ners for - ward go, The Cross shines forth in mys - tic glow; Where He, in



flesh, our flesh Who made, Our sen - tence bore, our ran - som paid. A - - - men.

II.

*p* There whilst He hung, His sacred side  
By soldier's spear was opened wide,  
To cleanse us in the precious flood  
Of water mingled with His Blood.

III.

*mf* O tree of glory, tree most fair,  
Ordained those Holy limbs to bear,  
How bright in purple robe it stood,  
The purple of a Saviour's Blood!

IV.

Upon its arms, like balance true,  
He weighed the price for sinners due,  
The price which none but He could pay,  
And spoiled the spoiler of His prey.

*In unison.* v.

*f* To Thee. eternal Three in One,  
Let homage meet by all be done :  
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,  
So rule and guide us evermore. AMEN.

# Behold the Lamb of God!

Hymn 80.

6.6.6.4.8.8.4.

*Adagio.* *Faster.*

SOPRANO.  
ALTO.  
TENOR.  
BASS.

Be-hold the Lamb of God! O Thou for sin-ners slain,

Let it not be in vain that Thou hast died: Thee for my

(last verse) \* days, One with

Sav - - iour let me take, My on - - ly re - - fuge

let . . . me make . . . Thy pierc - ed side. A - men.

II.

Behold the LAMB of GOD!  
Into the sacred flood  
Of Thy most precious Blood

My soul I cast:  
Wash me and make me clean within,  
And keep me pure from every sin,  
Till life be past.

III.

*mf* Behold the LAMB of GOD!  
All hail, Incarnate Word,  
Thou Everlasting Lord,  
SAVIOUR most blest;  
Fill us with love that never faints,  
Grant us with all Thy blessed Saints,  
Eternal rest.

(In unison) IV.

*f* Behold the LAMB of GOD!  
Worthy is He alone,  
That sitteth on the throne  
Of God above;  
One with the Ancient of all days,  
One with the Comforter in praise,  
All Light and Love. Amen.

# See the destined Day.

Hymn 81.

7s.

*p*

See the des - tin'd day a - - riso, See, a

*p*

- will - ing sa - cri - - fice; Je - sus to re - deem our

loss Hangs up - on the shame - ful cross.

II.

Jesus, who but Thou had borne,  
Lifted on that tree of scorn,  
Every pang and bitter throe,  
Finishing Thy life of woe?

III.

Who but Thou had dared to drain,  
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;  
And with tender body bear  
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

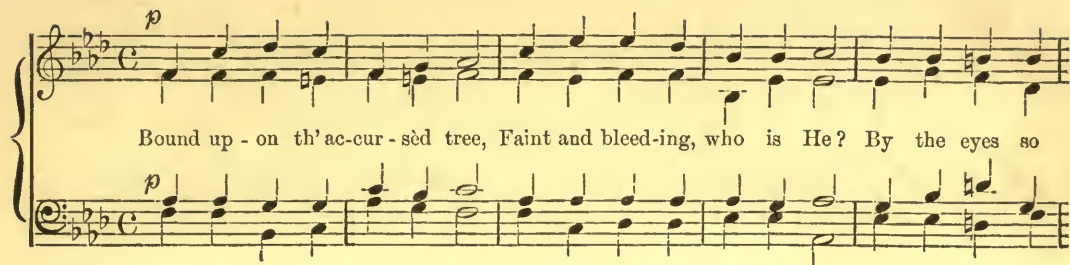
IV.

Thence the cleansing Water flow'd,  
Mingled from Thy side with Blood;  
Sign to all attesting eyes  
(*rall.*) Of the finish'd Sacrifice.

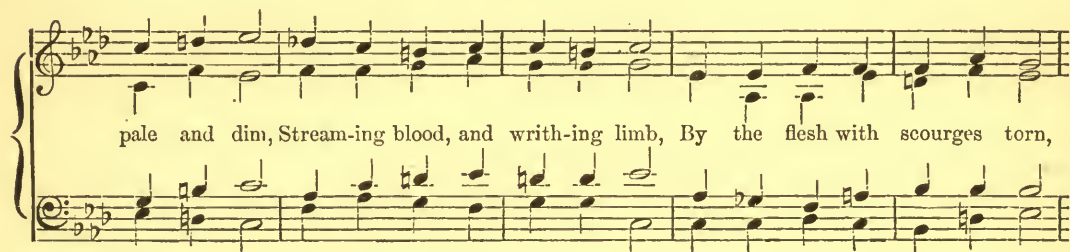
# Hymn 82.

## Bound upon.

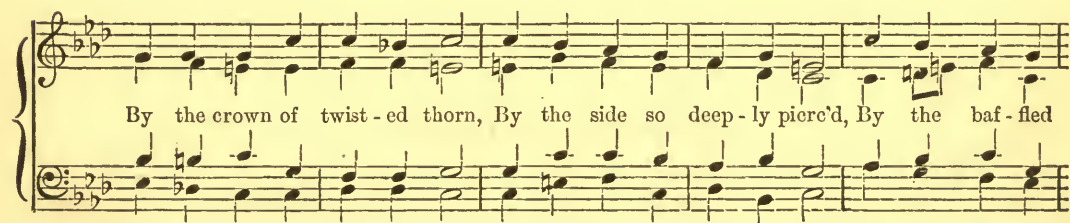
10 sevens.



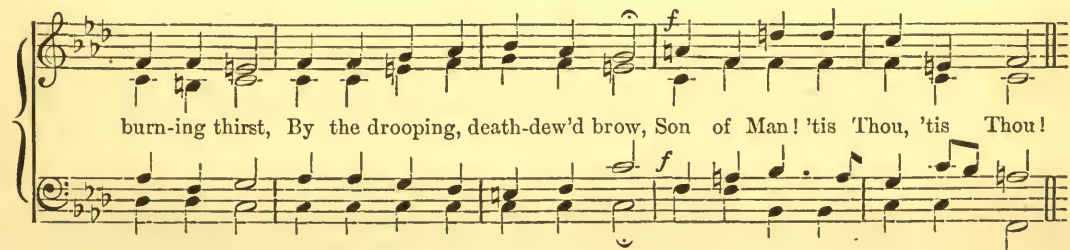
Bound up - on th'ac-cur-sèd tree, Faint and bleed-ing, who is He? By the eyes so



pale and dim, Stream-ing blood, and writh-ing limb, By the flesh with scourges torn,



By the crown of twist-ed thorn, By the side so deep-ly pierc'd, By the baf-fled



burn-ing thirst, By the drooping, death-dew'd brow, Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

11.

Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He?  
By the sun at noonday pale,  
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,  
By the earth enwrap't in gloom,  
By the saints who burst their tomb,  
Eden promised ere He died  
To the felon at His side;  
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow!  
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

111.

Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
Sad and dying, who is He?  
By the last and bitter cry  
Of the dying agony,  
By the lifeless body, laid  
In the chambers of the dead,  
By the mourners come to weep  
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,  
Crucified, we know Thee now:  
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

1V.

Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He?  
By the prayer for them that slew,  
"Lord! they know not what the  
do!"  
By the spoil'd and empty grave,  
By the souls He died to save,  
By the conquest He hath won,  
By the saints before His throne,  
By the rainbow round His brow,  
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!



# When I surbey.

L.

## Hymn 83.

*mf*

When I sur - vey the wond - rous Cross, On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,

*mf*

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

II.  
 ♪ Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast  
 Save in the Cross of CHRIST my God;  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

III.  
 See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingling down;  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

IV.  
 ♪ Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were an offering far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my life, my soul, my all.  
*raill.*

# Sweet the moments.

8.7.8.7.

## Hymn 84.

*mf*

Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the Cross I spend;

*mf*

Life, and health, and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing friend. A - . men.

II.  
 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
 Mercy's streams, in streams of blood:  
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

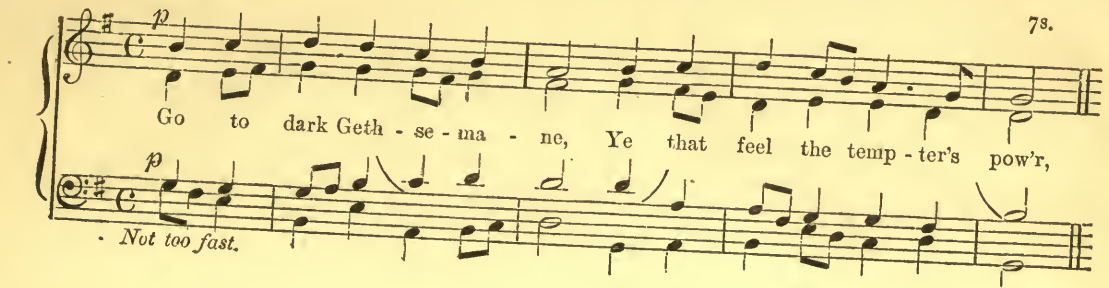
III.  
 Truly blessed is the station,  
 Low before His Cross to lie;  
 While I see divine compassion  
 Beaming in His languid eye.

IV.  
 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation  
 Fix my thankful heart on Thee,  
 Till I taste Thy full salvation  
 And Thine unveil'd glory see. AMEN.

# Go to dark Gethsemane.

Hymn 86.

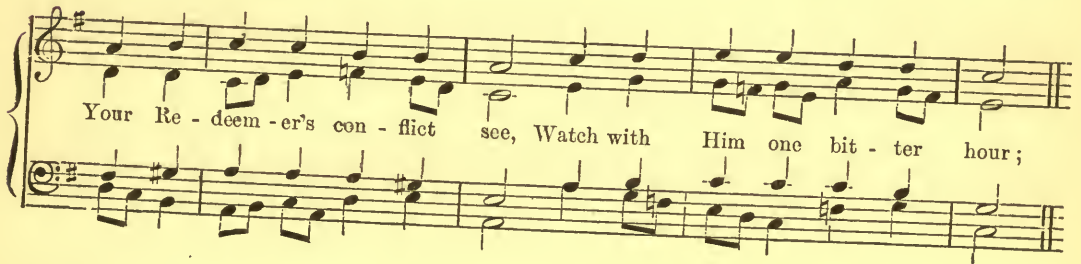
78.



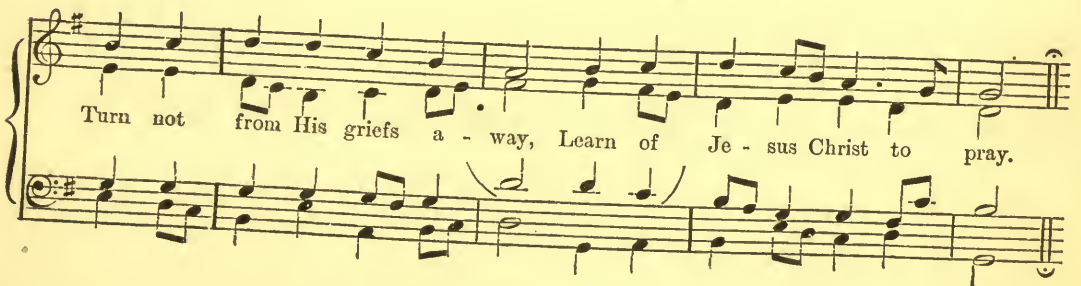
Go to dark Geth - se - ma - ne, Ye that feel the temp - ter's pow'r,

*p*

*Not too fast.*



Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;



Turn not from His griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.

ii.

Follow to the judgment-hall;  
View the Lord of life arraign'd  
O the wormwood and the gall!  
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of him to bear the cross.

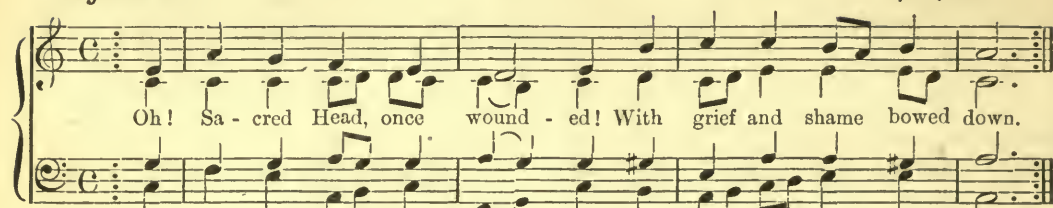
iii.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark the miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete;  
"It is finish'd!" hear Him cry;  
(*rall.*) Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

# Oh! Sacred Head, once wounded!

Hymn 87.

7.6.7.6D.



Oh! Sa - cred Head, once wound - ed! With grief and shame bowed down,  
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown!



Oh, Sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss 'till now was Thine! Yes,



A-men.  
though des - pis'd and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

II.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,  
Was all for sinners' gain:  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour:  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
Look on me with Thy favour,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

III.

The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
Above all joys beside,  
When in Thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide.  
Lord of my life, desiring  
Thy glory now to see,  
Beside Thy cross expiring,  
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

IV.

What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
Oh, make me Thine for ever,  
And should I fainting be,  
LORD, let me never, never  
Outlive my love for Thee.

V.

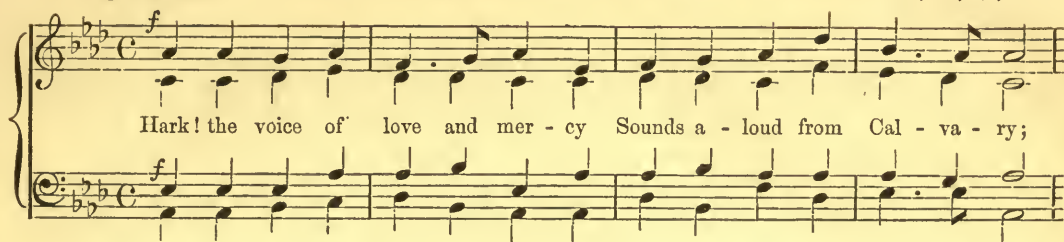
Be near when I am dying;  
O show Thy cross to me!  
And to my succour flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free.  
These eyes new faith receiving,  
From Thine eyes shall not move;  
For he who dies believing  
Dies safely through Thy love.



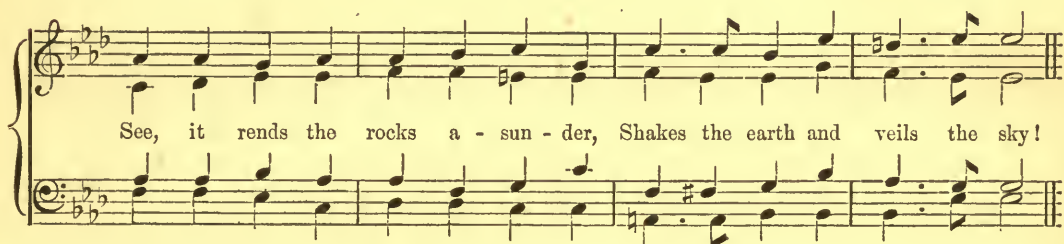
# Hark! the Voice of Love.

Hymn 88.

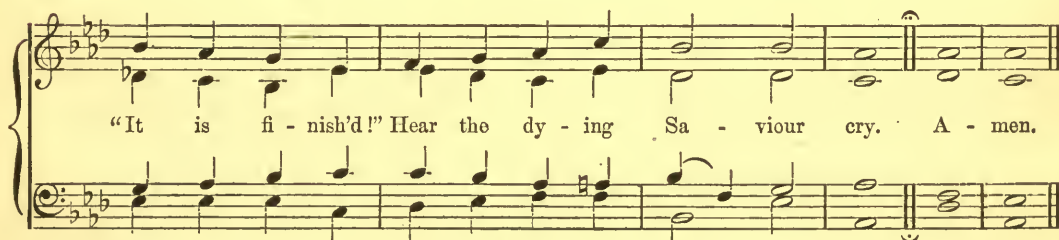
8.7.8.7.4.7.



*f* Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;



See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth and veils the sky!



"It is fi - nish'd!" Hear the dy - ing Sa - viour cry. A - men.

II.

"It is finished!" O what pleasure  
Do these precious words afford!  
Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

"It is finished!"  
Saints, the dying words record.

III.

Finish'd, all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law;  
Finish'd, all that God had promised;  
Death and hell no more shall awe:  
"It is finish'd!"  
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

IV.

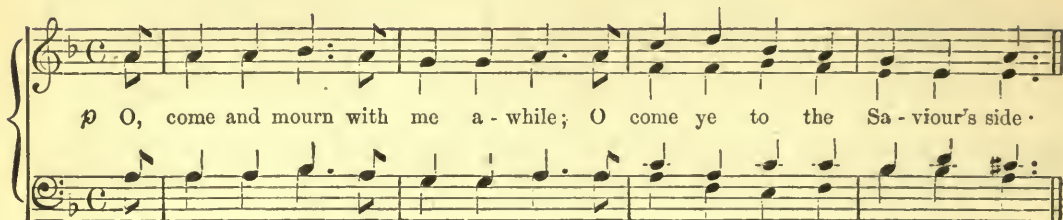
Tune your harps anew, ye Seraphs;  
Strike them to Emmanuel's name;  
All on earth, and all in heaven,  
Join the triumph to proclaim.  
Hallelujah!  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! Amen.



# O, come and mourn with me awhile.

Hymn 89.

L.



*p* O, come and mourn with me a - while; O come ye to the Sa - viour's side.



*Slower.*  
O, come to - geth - er let us mourn; Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied.

II.

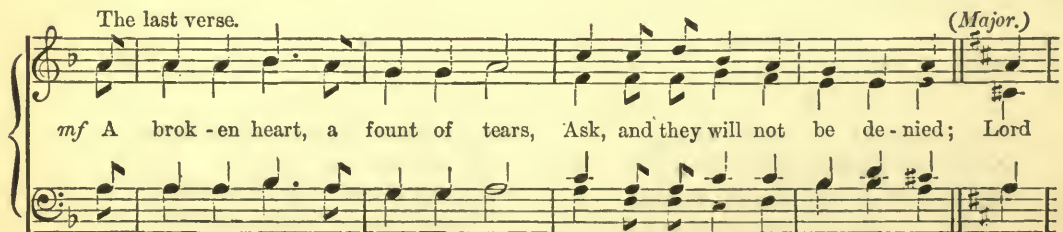
Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

III.

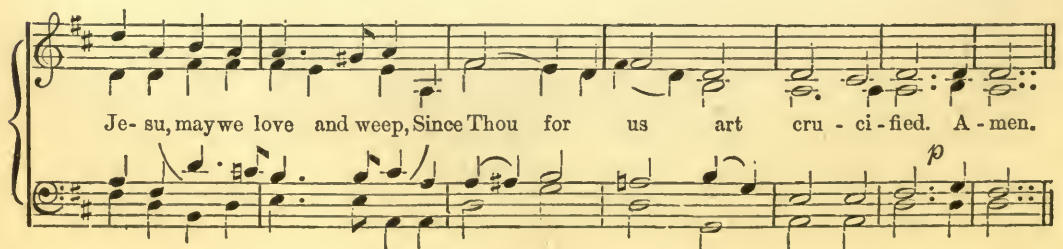
Seven times He spake, seven words of love;  
And all three hours His silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

The last verse.

(Major.)



*mf* A brok - en heart, a fount of tears, Ask, and they will not be de - nied; Lord

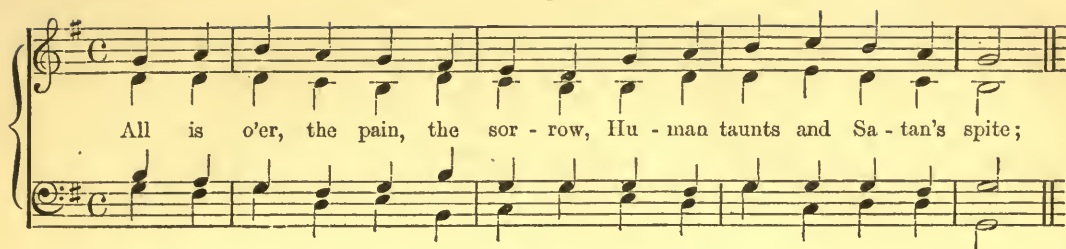


Je - su, may we love and weep, Since Thou for us art cru - ci - fied. A - men.

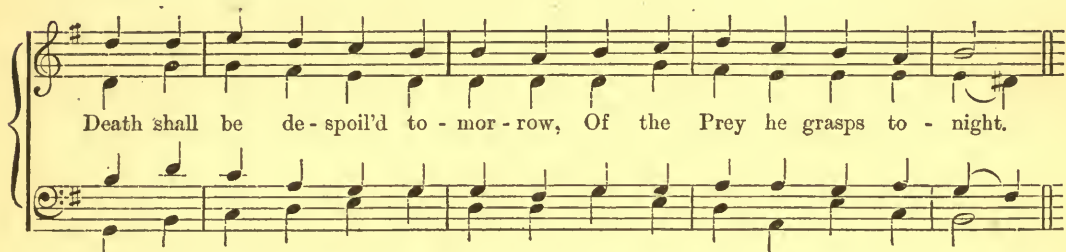
# All is o'er.

Hymn 92.

8.7.8.7.7



All is o'er, the pain, the sor - row, Hu - man taunts and Sa - tan's spite;



Death shall be de - spoil'd to - mor - row, Of the Prey he grasps to - night.



Yet once more, His own to save, Christ must sleep with - in the grave.

II.

Fierce and deadly was the anguish  
On the bitter Cross He bore;  
How did soul and body languish,  
Till the toil of death was o'er!  
But that toil, so fierce and dread,  
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

III.

Close and still the tomb that holds Him  
While in brief repose He lies;  
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,  
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes:  
Slumber such as needs must be  
After hard won victory.

IV.

So this night with voice of sadness  
Chant the Anthem soft and low;  
Lofrier strains of praise and gladness  
From to-morrow's harps shall flow  
Death and hell at length are slain,  
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign  
*rall.*

# I would not live alway.

Hymn 93.

113.

*mf*

I would not live alway, I ask not to stay Where  
storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The  
few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here, Are e -  
- nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.

II.

I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,  
Temptation without and corruption within :  
E'en the | rapture of pardon is mingled with  
fears,  
And the | cup of thanksgiving with penitent  
tears.

III.

I would not live alway ; no, welcome the  
tomb :  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its  
gloom ;  
*cres.* There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise  
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

IV.

*f* Who, who would live alway, away from his  
God ;  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the | rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
bright plains,  
And the | noontide of glory eternally reigns ;

V.

Where the | saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to  
greet ;  
While the | anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the | smile of the Lord is the feast of the  
soul. *(rall.)*



Hymn 95.

My grateful soul.

C.



My grate - ful soul shall bless the Lord, Whose pre - cepts give me light ;



And pri - vate coun - sel still af - ford In sor - row's dis - mal light.

ii.  
Therefore my heart all grief defies,  
My glory does rejoice ;  
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,  
Waked by His powerful Voice.

iii.  
Thou, Lord, when I resign my  
breath,  
My soul from hell shalt free ;  
Nor let Thy Holy One in death,  
The least corruption see.

iv.  
Thou shalt the paths of life display  
Which to Thy presence lead ;  
Where pleasures dwell without  
allay,  
(rall.) And joys that never fade.

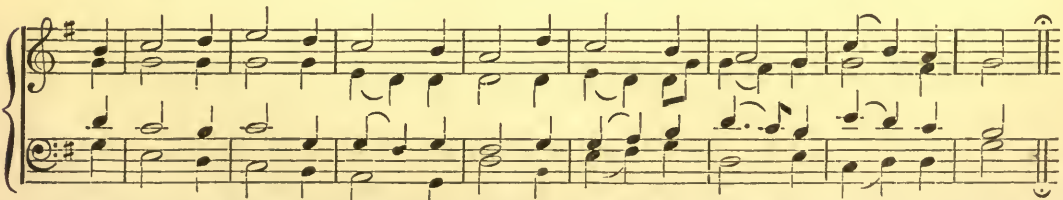
Hymn 96.

This life's a dream.

L.



This life's a dream, an emp - ty show ; But the bright world to which I go,



Hath joys sub - stan - tial and sin - cere : When shall I wake and find me there.

ii.  
O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near and like my God,  
And flesh and sense no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

iii.  
My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
(rall.) And in my Saviour's image rise.

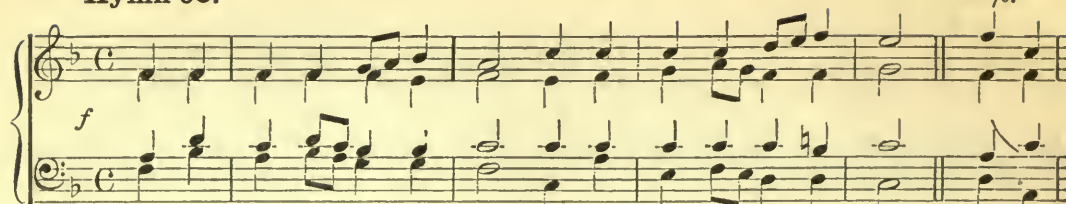
F



# Christ the Lord is risen.

## Hymn 98.

79.



I. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say : Raise your  
II. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Fought the fight, the vic - t'ry won : Je - sus'



III.  
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;  
Death in vain forbids Him rise,  
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

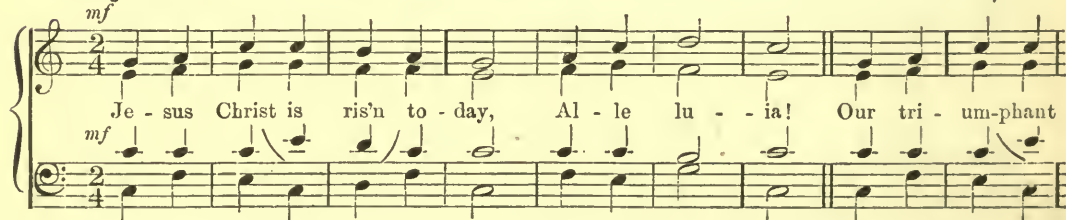
joys and triumphs high, Sing ye heav'ns, thou earth re - ply.  
ag - o - ny is o'er, Darkness veils the earth no more.

IV.  
Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head ;  
Made like Him, like Him we rise ;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.  
(rall.)

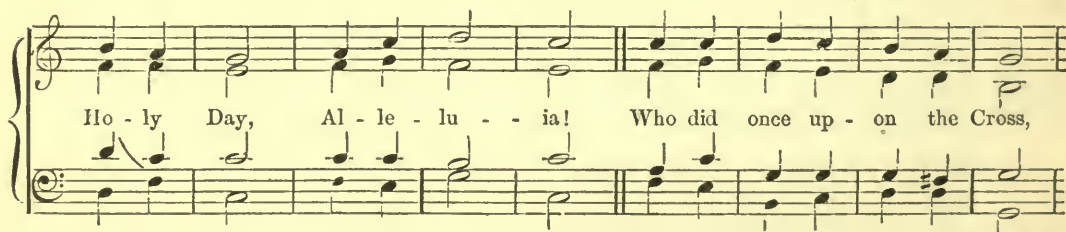
# Jesus Christ is risen.

## Hymn 99.

73.



Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le lu - - ia! Our tri - um - phant



Ho - ly Day, Al - le - lu - - ia! Who did once up - on the Cross,



Al - le - - lu - - ia! Suf - fer to re - deem our loss, Al - le - lu - ia!

II.  
*f* Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
Who endured the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.  
Alleluia!

III.  
*mf* But the pains which he endured,  
Our salvation have procured ;  
*f* Now above the sky he's King,  
Where the angels ever sing,  
(rall.) Alleluia!

# Angels, roll the rock away.

Hymn 101.

7.7.7.7.8.7.

*mf*  
An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up the migh - ty prey!

See, the Sa - viour quits the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom.

*f* Al - le - lu - ia! *p* Al - le - lu - ia! *f* Christ the Lord is ris'n.... to - day.

## II.

Shout, ye seraphs ; angels raise  
Your eternal song of praise ;  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Echo to the blissful sound.  
Alleluia ! alleluia !  
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

## III.

Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Glory as of old to Thee,  
Now and evermore, shall be.  
Alleluia ! alleluia !  
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.  
(*rall.*)

# Come, see the Place.

Hymn 102.

8.8.6. D.

*mf*

Come, see the place where Je - sus lay, And hear an - ge - lic

*mf*

watch - ers say, "He lives, Who once was slain: Why seek the liv - ing

'midst the dead? Re - mem - ber how the Sa - viour said That He would rise a - gain."

II.

*f* O joyful sound! O glorious hour,  
When by His own Almighty power  
e rose, and left the grave!  
Now let our songs His triumph tell,  
Who burst the bands of death and hell,  
And ever lives to save.

III.

*mf* The First-begotten of the dead,  
For us He rose, our glorious Head,  
Immortal life to bring;  
What though the saints like Him shall die,  
They share their Leader's victory,  
And triumph with their King.

IV.

*f* No more they tremble at the grave,  
For Jesus will their spirits save,  
And raise their slumbering dust:  
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,  
To Thee our ransom'd souls we give,  
(*rall.*) To Thee our bodies trust.



# The strife is o'er, the battle done.

Hymn 103.

8.8.4.4.

The strife is o'er, the battle done; The vic-to-ry of life is won; The song of

Al - le - lu - ia.

triumph has be-gun. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. . . A - men.

II.  
*mf* The powers of death have done their worst;  
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:  
Let shout of holy joy outburst, Alleluia!

III.  
The three sad days are quickly sped;  
He rises glorious from the dead:  
All glory to our risen Head! Alleluia!

IV.  
*mf* He closed the yawning gates of hell;  
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;  
*f* Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell. Alleluia!

V.  
*p* Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,  
*f* That we may live, and sing to Thee. Alleluia!

# Jesus lives.

Hymn 104.

7.8.7.8.4.

I. Je - sus lives: no long - er now can thy terrors, Death, ap - pal us; Je - sus  
II. Je - sus lives: henceforth is death but the gate of life im - mor - tal; This shall

*f*

lives: by this we know, Thou, O grave, canst not en - thral us. } Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.  
calm our trembling breath, When we pass its gloomy por - tal.

III.  
Jesus lives: for us He died:  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
Alleluia!

IV.  
Jesus lives: our hearts know well  
Nought from us His love shall  
sever;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever.  
Alleluia!

V.  
Jesus lives: to Him the throne  
Over all the world is given:  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in hea-  
ven.  
Alleluia! AMEN.



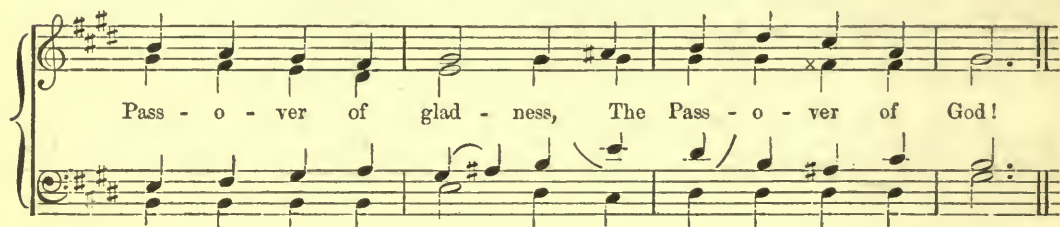
# The Day of Resurrection.

Hymn 105.

76.



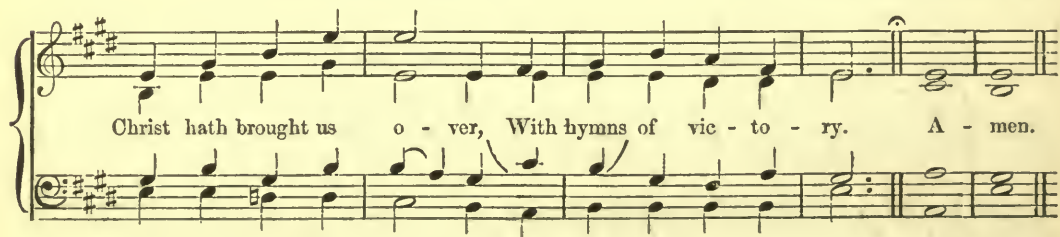
*f* The day of re - sur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad! The



Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God!



From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,... Our



Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A - men.

II.

*mf* Our hearts be pure from evil,  
That we may see aright  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of resurrection-light;  
And listening to His accents,  
May hear, so calm and plain,  
His own "All hail!" and hearing,  
May raise the Victor strain.

III.

*f* Now let the heavens be joyful!  
Let earth her song begin!  
Let the round world keep triumph,  
And all that is therein!  
Invisible and visible,  
Their notes let all things blend,  
For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
Our Joy that hath no end. Amen.

# He is risen.

Hymn 107.

8.7 8.7.7.7.

*f* He is ri - sen! He is ri - sen! Tell it with a joy - ful voice,

He has burst His three day's pri - son, Let the whole wide earth re - - joice;

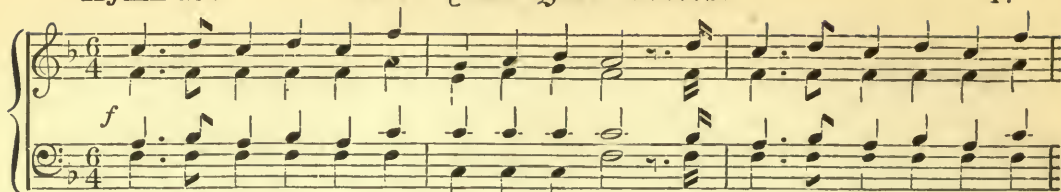
Death is van-quish'd, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - - ry.

ii.

*mf* Tell it to the sinners, weeping  
Over deeds in darkness done,  
Weary fast and vigil keeping;  
Brightly breaks their Easter sun;  
Christ has borne our sins away,  
Christ has conquer'd hell to-day.

iii.

*f* He is risen! He is risen!  
He has oped the eternal gate;  
We are loosed from sin's dark prison,  
Risen to a holier state,  
Where a brightening Easter beam  
*rall.* On our longing eye shall stream.



i. Lift your glad voi - ces in tri - umph on high, For Je - sus hath ri - sen, and  
 ii. Glo - ry to God, in full an - thems of joy! The be - ing He gave us, death



man can - not die. Vain were the ter - rors that ga - ther'd a - round Him, And  
 can - not de - stroy, Sad were the life we must part with to - mor - row, If



short the do - mi - nion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet - ters of  
 tears were our birth-right, and death were our end! But Je - sus hath cheer'd the dark



dark-ness that bound Him, Re-splen-dent in glo - ry to live and to save.  
 val - ley of sor - row, And bade us im - mor - tal to hea - ven as - cend.



Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on high, The Sa - viour hath ri - sen, } and  
 Lift your glad voi - ces in tri - umph on high, Je - sus hath ri - sen, }



man shall not die, and man shall not die, and man shall not die,



# To Him who for our.

Hymn 109.

8.8.6.D

May be sung as Solo.

*mf* To Him Who for our sins was slain, To Him for all His dy - ing

*Full.* *ff* pain, Sing . . . we Al - le - lu - - ia! *Solo.* *mf* To Him the Lamb our Sac - ri -

*Full.* *ff* fice, Who gave His soul our ran - - som price, Sing . . . we Al - le - lu - - ia!

II.  
To Him Who died that we might die  
To sin, and live with Him on high,  
Sing we Alleluia!  
To Him Who rose that we might rise,  
And reign with Him beyond the skies,  
Sing we Alleluia!

III.  
To Him Who now for us doth plead,  
And helpeth us in all our need,  
Sing we Alleluia!  
To Him Who doth prepare on high  
Our home in immortality,  
Sing we Alleluia!

IV.  
To Him be glory evermore:  
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;  
Sing we Alleluia!  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,  
Sing we Alleluia! AMEN.

Ending to the Last Stanza.

*ff* Sing . . . we Al - le - lu - - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - - ia! A-men.



# Thou art gone up on high.

Hymn 113.

D.S.

**ALTO.**

**TENOR.**

**SOPRANO.**

**BASS.**

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

I. Thou art gone up on high, And round Thy  
 II. Thou art gone up on high, Thro' earth's most  
 III. Thou art gone up on high, With all the

*Words for Soprani and Tenori.*

I. To man-sions in the skies; And round Thy  
 II. But Thou didst first come down, Thro' earth's most  
 III. But Thou shalt come a - gain, With all the

I. Thou art gone up on high, And  
 II. Thou art gone up on high, Thro'  
 III. Thou art gone up on high, With

*p*

throne un - - ceas - ing - ly, *The words for Alto are*  
 bit - - - ter mi - se - ry, *below the Bass staff.*  
 bright ones of the sky,

*p*

throne un - ceas - ing - ly The songs of praise a - rise: But  
 bit - ter mi - se - ry, To pass un - to Thy crown; And  
 bright ones of the sky At - ten - dant in Thy train. O

*p*

*p*

round Thy throne un - ceas - ing - ly The songs of praise a - rise: But  
 earth's most bit - ter mi - se - ry, To pass un - to Thy crown; And  
 all the bright ones of the sky At - ten - dant in Thy train. O

\* The Soprani and Tenori should commence, in the absence of Alti and Bassi, the parts for which the first two bars are arranged.

THOU ART GONE UP ON HIGH—*continued.*

we are lin - g'ring here, With sin and care op - press'd; Lord,  
girt with griefs and fears, Our on - ward course must be; But  
by Thy sav - ing pow'r, So make us live and die, That

we are lin - g'ring here, With grief and care op - press'd, Lord,  
girt with griefs and fears, Our on - ward course must be; But  
by Thy sav - ing pow'r, So make us live and die, *f* That

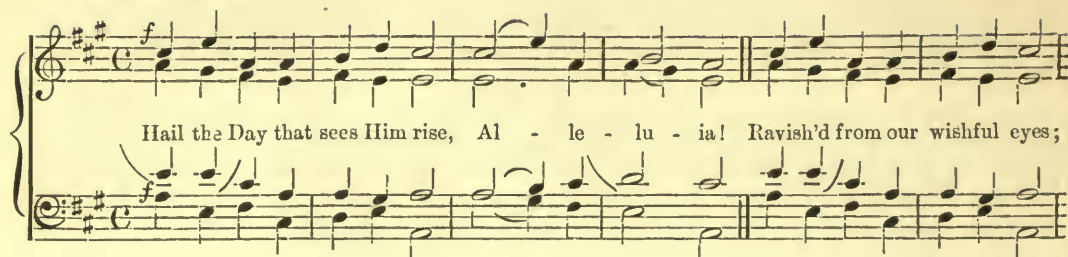
send Thy pro-mis'd Com - for - ter, And lead us to Thy rest.  
on - ly let that path of tears Lead us at last to Thee.  
we may stand, in that dread hour, At Thy right hand on high. A - men.

send, Lord, send, And lead us to Thy rest.  
on - ly let That path lead us to Thee.  
we may stand At Thy right hand on high. A - men.

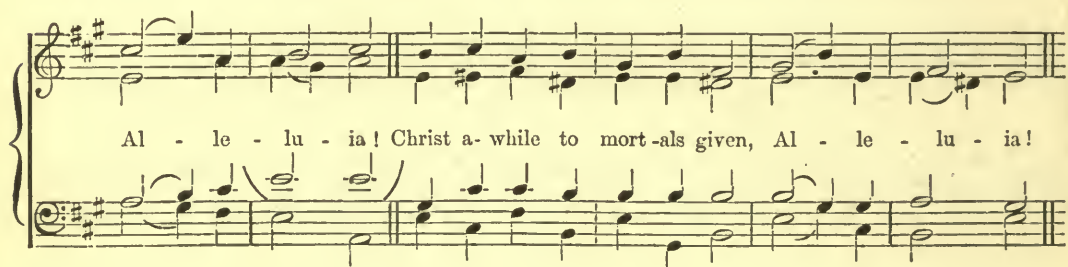
# Hail the Day that sees Him rise.

Hymn 114.

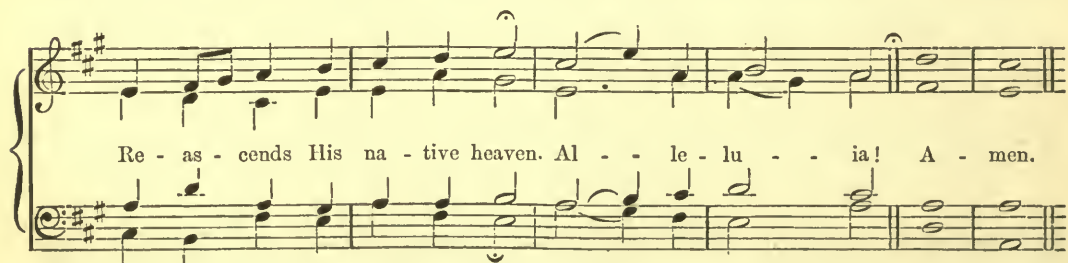
7s.



Hail the Day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia! Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;



Al - le - lu - ia! Christ a- while to mort-als given, Al - le - lu - ia!



Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven. Al - - le - lu - - ia! A - men.

II.

There the glorious triumph waits;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates;  
Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
Take the King of Glory in.

III.

Him though highest heaven receives,  
Still He loves the earth He leaves:  
Though returning to His throne,  
Still He calls mankind His own.

IV.

See, He lifts His hands above;  
See, He shows the prints of love;  
Hark, His gracious lips bestow—  
Blessings on His Church below.

V.

Still for us His death He pleads;  
Prevalent, He intercedes;  
Near Himself prepares our place,  
Harbinger of human race.

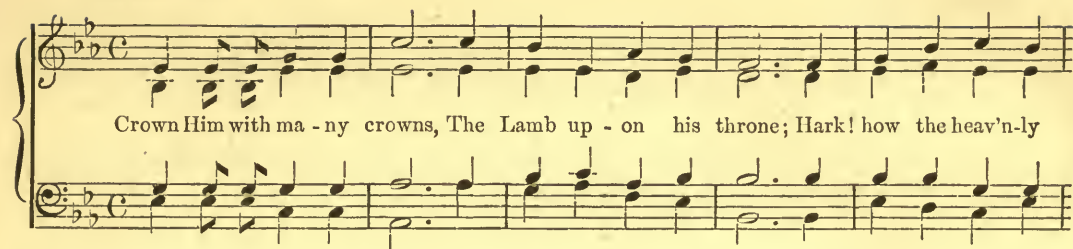
VI.

Lord, though parted from our sight,  
High above yon azure height,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Following Thee beyond the skies. AMEN.

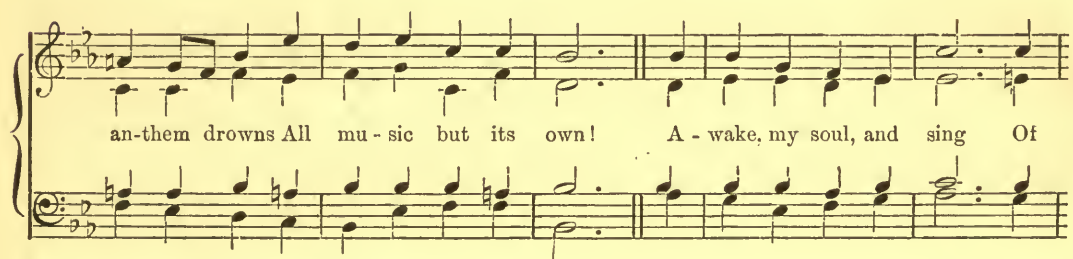
# Crown Him with many crowns.

Hymn 116.

D.S.



Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne; Hark! how the heav'n-ly



an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing Of



Him who died for thee; And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

II.

Crown Him the Virgin's Son!  
The God incarnate born,  
Whose arm those crimson trophies won  
Which now His brow adorn.  
Fruit of the Mystic Rose,  
True branch of Jesse's stem,  
The Root whence mercy ever flows,—  
The Babe of Bethlehem!

III.

Crown Him the Lord of Love!  
Behold His hands and side,—  
Those wounds, yet visible above,  
In beauty glorified:  
No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends His wondering eye  
At mysteries so bright.

IV.

Crown Him the Lord of peace!  
Whose power a sceptre sways  
In heaven and earth, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise.  
His reign shall know no end:  
And round His pierced feet  
Fair flowers of Paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.

V.

Crown Him the Lord of heaven!  
One with the Father known,—  
And the blest Spirit, through him given  
From yonder Triune throne!  
All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For Thou hast died for me:  
Thy praise and glory shall not fail  
(*rall.*) Throughout eternity.



# Our Lord is risen.

Hymn 117.

L.



Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus



is gone up on high ; The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive



led, Dragg'd to the por - tals of the sky.

ii.

There His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay :  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

iii.

*mf* Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;  
He claims those mansions as His right ;  
Receive the King of Glory in.

iv.

Who is the King of Glory, who ?  
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

v.

Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
Lift up your heads ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors give way.

vi.

*f* Who is the King of Glory who ?  
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
(*rall.*) God over all, for ever bless'd.

# The atoning Work is done.

Hymn 118.

66.66.88. .

*f* Th'a - ton - ing work is done, The vic - tim's blood is

shed, And Jes - us now is gone His peo - ple's cause to plead ;

He stands in heav'n, their great High Priest, He bears . . . their

Names up - on His . . . breast. A - - - - - men.

ii.

*mf* He sprinkles with His blood  
The mercy-seat above ;  
For justice had withstood  
The purposes of love ;  
But justice now withstands no more,  
And mercy yields her boundless store.

iii.

No temple made with hands  
His place of Service is ;  
In heaven itself He stands,  
A heavenly priesthood His.  
In Him the shadows of the law  
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

iv.

*f* And though awhile He be  
Hid from the eyes of men,  
His people look to see  
Their great High Priest again ;  
In brightest glory He will come,  
(*rall*) And take His waiting people home.

# O all ye people.

Hymn 120.

L.

O all ye peo-ple clap your hands, And with tri-um-phunt voi-ces sing;

No force the migh-ty pow'r with-stands, Of God the u-ni-ver-sal King.

II  
He shall assaulting foes repel,  
And with success our battles fight;  
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,  
The pride of Jacob, His delight.

III.  
*f* God is gone up, our Lord and King,  
With shouts of joy and trumpet's sound;  
To Him repeated praises sing,  
And let the cheerful song rebound.

IV.  
Your utmost skill in praise be shown,  
For Him who all the world commands;  
Who sits upon His righteous Throne,  
(*rall.*) And spreads His way o'er heathen lands.

# O Spirit of the living God.

Hymn 123.

L.

O SPIRIT of the living God,  
In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.

III.  
Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling Word;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

IV.  
Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;  
Confusion, order, in Thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with might;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

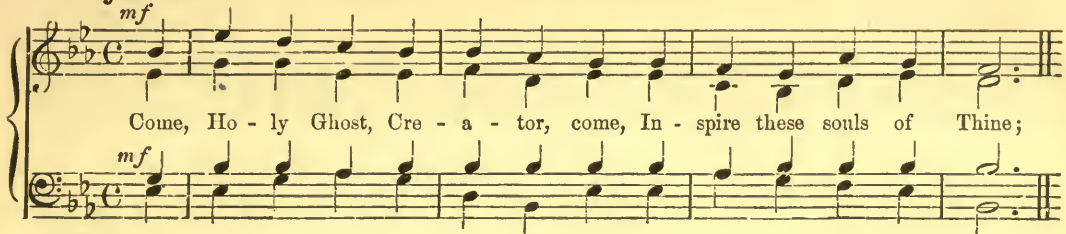
V.  
Convert the nations; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the Cross record;  
The Name of Jesus glorify,  
(*rall.*) Till every people call Him Lord.

# Come, Holy Ghost, Creator.

Hymn 127.

C.

*mf*



Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor, come, In - spire these souls of Thine;

*mf*



Till ev' - ry heart which Thou hast made Be fill'd with grace di - vine. A - men.

II.

Thou art the Comforter, the gift  
Of God, and fire of love;  
The everlasting spring of joy,  
And unction from above.

III.

Thy gifts are manifold, Thou writ'st  
God's law in each true heart;  
The promise of the Father, Thou  
Dost heavenly speech impart.

IV.

Enlighten our dark souls, till they  
Thy sacred love embrace;  
Assist our minds by nature frail,  
With Thy celestial grace.

V.

Drive far from us the mortal foe,  
And give us peace within;  
That, by Thy guidance blest, we may  
Escape the snares of sin.

VI.

Teach us the Father to confess,  
And Son, from death revived,  
And Thee with both, O Holy Ghost,  
Who art from both derived. Amen.

# Come, Holy Spirit.

Hymn 128.

C.

I.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

II.

See how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys.

III.

In vain we tune our lifeless songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

IV.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love.  
And that shall kindle ours. Amen.

G



# Creator Spirit.

Hymn 129.

8s.

Cre - a - tor Spi - rit, by whose aid, The world's foun - da - tions first were laid, Come,

vi - sit ev' - ry pi - ous mind; Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man kind; From

sin and sor - row set us free, And make Thy tem - ples wor - thy Thee. A - men.

II.

O source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete,  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring  
To sanctify us while we sing.

III.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy;  
Make us eternal truth receive,  
And practise all that we believe;  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee.

IV.

Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee. Amen.

# Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

Hymn 130.

D.S.

Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour, As

on the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all Thy pow'r;

We meet with one ac - cord, In our ap - point - ed place, And

wait the pro - mise of our Lord, The Spi - rit of all grace. A - men.

II.

*mf* Like mighty rushing wind  
Upon the waves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind,  
One soul, one feeling breathe :  
The young, the old, inspire  
With wisdom from above ;  
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,  
To pray, and praise, and love.

III.

Spirit of light, explore  
And chase our gloom away,  
With lustre shining more and more  
Unto the perfect day :  
Spirit of Truth, be Thou  
In life and death our Guide ;  
O Spirit of adoption, now,  
May we be sanctified. Amen.

## Hymn 131.

## Come, gracious Spirit.

L.

Come, gra - cious Spi - rit, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a -  
Not too fast.

- bove; Be 'Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide, O'er ev' - ry thought and step pre - side. A - men.

II.  
The light of Truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy Way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

III.  
Lead us to Christ the living Way,  
Nor let us from His precepts stray;  
Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God.

IV.  
Lead us to heaven, that we may share  
Fulness of joy for ever there:  
Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with Him for ever blest. AMEN.

## Hymn 132.

## Our blest Redeemer.

8.6.8.4.

Our blest Re - deem - er, Ere He breath'd His ten - der last fare - well, A

Guide, a Com - fort - er, bequeath'd With us to dwell. *mf.* He came in semblance, &c.

FINALE. A - - - men.

in Three, The One . . in Three. A - - - men.

II.  
*mf* He came in semblance of a dove  
With sheltering wings outspread,  
The holy balm of peace and love  
On earth to shed.

III.  
He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

IV.  
*f* And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms  
each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.

V.  
And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Are His alone.

VI.  
Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see:  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee.

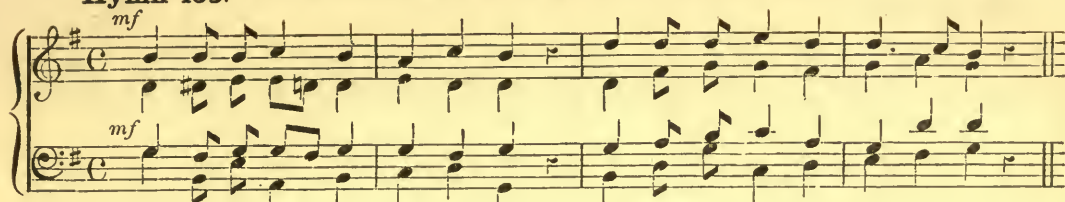
VII.  
*f* O praise the Father; praise the Son;  
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;  
All praise to God, the Three in One,  
The One (See *Finale*.)



# Spirit of mercy.

Hymn 133.

L.



I. Spi - rit of mer - cy, truth, and love, O shed Thine in fluence from a - bove;



And still from age to age con-vey The wonders of this sa - cred Day. A - men.

II.

*f* In every clime, by every tongue,  
Be God's surpassing glory sung:  
Let all the listening earth be taught  
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

III.

Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,  
Still o'er Thy Holy Church preside;  
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;  
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love. AMEN.

# Come, Holy Spirit, come.

Hymn 135.

S.



I. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, come; Let Thy bright beams a - rise;  
II. Re - vive our droop - ing faith, Our doubts and fears re - move,



Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark-ness from our eyes. A - men.  
And kin - dle in our breasts the flame Of ne - ver dy - ing love.

III.

*p* Convince us of our sin;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The mercies of our God.

IV.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.

V.

*f* Dwell therefore in our hearts,  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then shall we know, and praise,  
and love  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

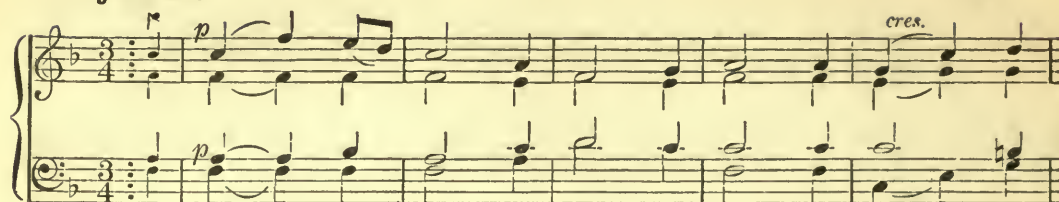
AMEN.



# Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.

Hymn 137.

8.8.



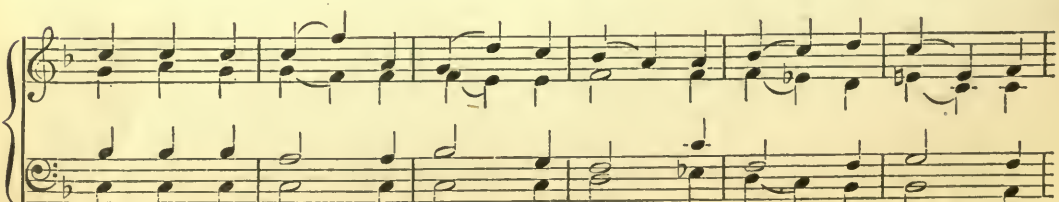
1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - - en  
2. En - a - - ble with per - pet - ual light, The dul - - ness  
3. Teach us to know the Fa - ther, Son, And Thee \* of



with ce - les - - tial fire, Thou the a - noint - - ing  
of our blind - - ed sight; A - noint and cheer our  
both to be but One, That through the a - - ges



spi - - rit art, Who dost Thy se - ven - fold gifts im - part.  
soil - - ed face, With the a - bun - dance of Thy grace.  
all a - long, This may be our . . . end - - less song.



Thy bless - ed unc - tion, from a - bove, Is com - fort, life, and  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home. Where thou art Guide, no  
Praise, &c, see next page.

COME, HOLY GHOST, OUR SOULS INSPIRE—continued.

*Symphony.*

1. fire or love; Is com - fort, life, and fire of love.
2. ill can come; Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

FINALE.

Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly

*rall.*

Spi - rit, Fa - - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit. A - - men.

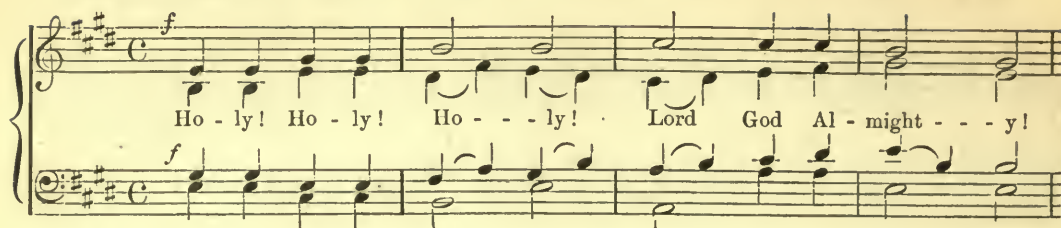
\* of both to

† f of Thy grace.

# Holy! Holy! Holy!

Hymn 138.

P.M.



Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - - ly! Lord God Al - might - - y!



gold - en crowns  
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:



Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - - - ly! mer - ci - - ful and might - - y!



God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Tri - ni - - ty!

ii.

Holy! Holy! Holy! All the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy  
sea;  
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

iii.

Holy! Holy! Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

iv.

Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and  
sky, and sea:  
Holy! Holy! Holy! merciful and mighty!  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!  
(rall.)

# O Holy, holy, holy Lord.

Hymn 139.

L.

*f* O Ho - - ly, ho - ly, ho - - ly LORD, Bright  
in Thy deeds and in Thy Name; For ev - er be Thy  
Name a - dor'd, Thy glo - ries let the world pro - claim.

ii.

*mf* O JESUS, Lamb once crucified  
To take our load of sins away,  
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide  
Along the realms of upper day.

iii.

O Holy SPIRIT from above,  
In streams of light and glory given,  
Thou source of ecstasy and love,  
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

iv.

*f* O GOD Triune, to Thee we owe  
Our every thought, our every song;  
And ever may Thy praises flow  
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

A - men.

Hymn 142.

i.

*f* FATHER of all, Whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

ii.

*mf* Almighty SON, incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, LORD,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy saving grace extend.

iii.

Eternal SPIRIT, by Whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy quickening power extend.

iv.

*f* JEHOVAH! FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,  
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend  
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.



# Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord.

Hymn 140.

78.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, e - ter - nal King,

By the heav'ns and earth a - - dor'd; An - gels

and arch - an - gels sing, Chant - ing e - ver - last - ing -

- - - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - - ty. A - men.

II.

Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,  
Spirits blest, before Thy throne,  
Speeding thence at Thy command;  
And when Thy command is done,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.

III.

Cherubim and seraphim  
Veil their faces with their wings;  
Eyes of angels are too dim  
To behold the King of kings,  
While they sing eternally  
To the blessed Trinity.

IV.

Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,  
Thee, the noble martyr band,  
Praise with solemn jubilee;  
Thee the Church in every land;  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.

*in unison.*

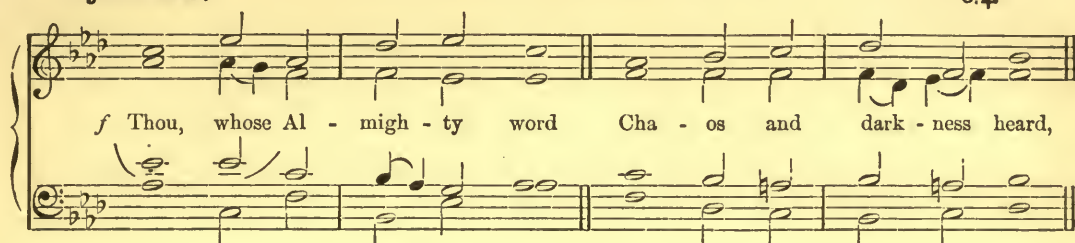
V.

Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Three in One, and One in Three,  
Join we the heavenly host,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity. AMEN.

# Thou, whose Almighty word.

Hymn 146.

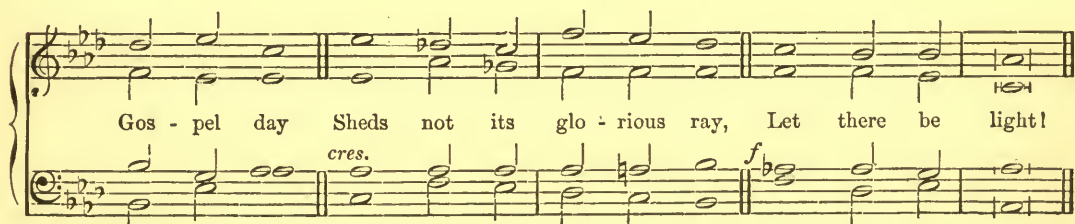
6.4



*f* Thou, whose Al - migh - ty word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,



And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And where the



Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light!

II.

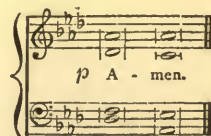
*mf* Thou, Who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
Oh! now to all mankind  
Let there be light!

III.

SPIRIT of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight;  
Move on the waters' face,  
Spreading the beams of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light!

*in unison.* IV.

*f* Blessed and Holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Grace, Love, and Might:  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world, far and wide,  
Let there be light!



*p* A - men.

# Awake, ye saints, awake.

Hymn 148.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

*f* A - wake, ye saints, a - wake, And hail this sa - cred Day; In

lof - tiest songs of praise Your joy - ful ho - mage pay: Wel -

- come the Day that GOD hath blest, The Type of Heav'n's E - ter - nal Rest.

ii.  
*mf* On this auspicious Morn  
The LORD of Life arose;  
He burst the bars of death,  
And vanquish'd all our foes:  
And now He pleads our cause above,  
And reaps the fruits of all His Love.

iii.  
*f* All Hail, triumphant LORD,  
Heaven with Hosannas rings,  
And earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy Praise responsive sings:  
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign.

*in unison.* iv.  
*mf* Great KING, gird on THY sword,  
Ascend THY conquering car;  
While justice, truth and love,  
Maintain THY glorious war:  
This day let sinners own THY sway,  
And rebels cast their arms away!

*p* A - - men.

# Great God, this sacred Day.

Hymn 151.

8s.

*mf*

Great God, this sa - cred Day of Thine De - mands the soul's col -

*mf*

- lect - ed pow'rs: Glad - ly we now to Thee re - sign These

so - lemn con - se - cra - ted hours. O may our souls a -

- dor - ing own The grace that calls us to Thy throne.

II.  
All-seeing God! Thy piercing eye  
Can every secret thought explore;  
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,  
And where Thou art intrude no more:  
O may Thy grace our spirits move,  
And fix our minds on things above!

III.  
f Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,  
And bid Thy Word, with life divine,  
Engage the ear and warm the heart:  
Then shall the day indeed be Thine;  
Then shall our souls adoring own  
The grace that calls us to Thy throne.



# As pants the wearied hart.

Hymn 155.

108.

*mf*

As pants the wea - ried hart . . for cool - - - ing springs, That

*mf*

sinks ex - haust - ed in the sum - - mer chase, So pants my soul for

That sinks

So thirsts to reach, so

Thee, great King of . . . Kings, So thirsts to reach,

thirsts to reach,

so thirsts to reach, so thirsts to reach Thy sac - red dwell - ing

place, So thirsts to reach Thy sac - red dwell - ing place.

So thirsts

*rall.*

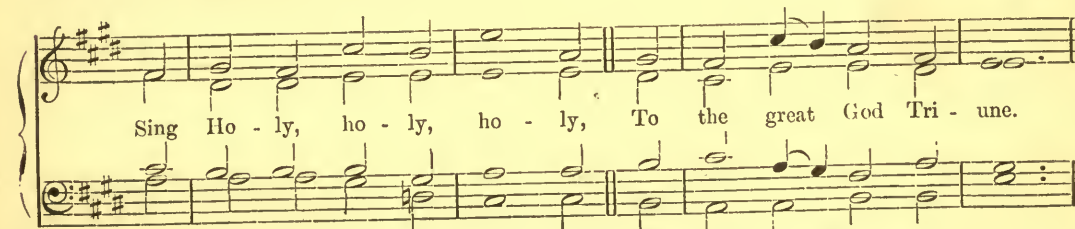
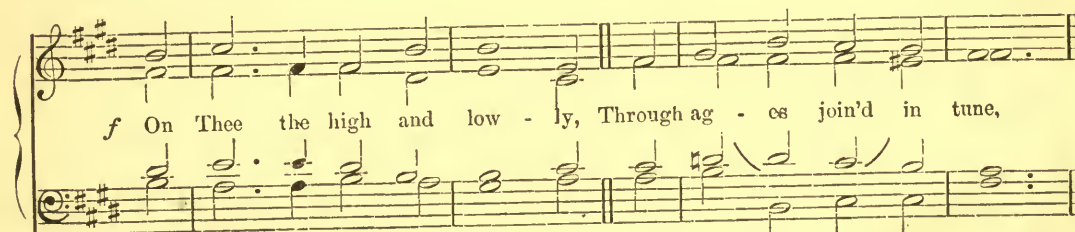
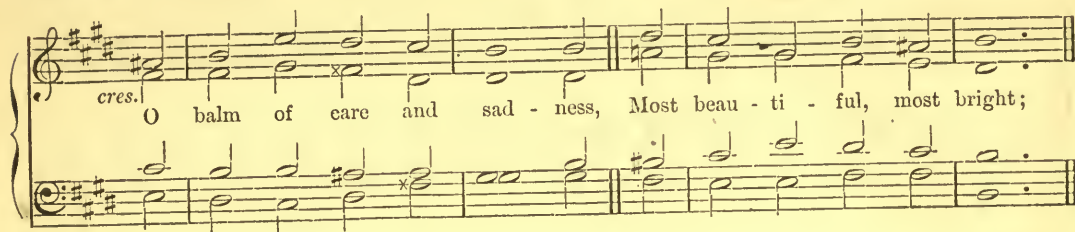
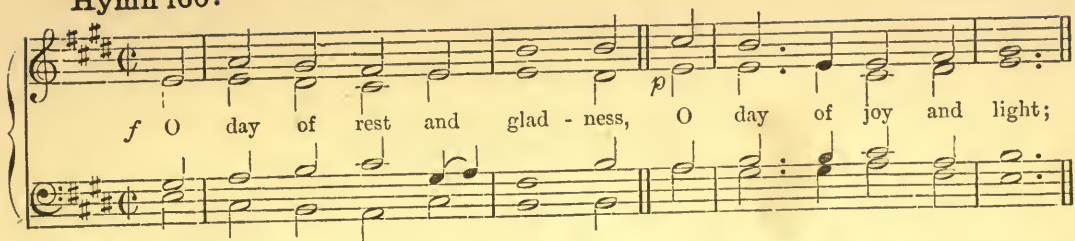
*rall.*

II.

Lord, Thy sure mercies ever in my sight,  
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day ;  
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,  
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

III.

Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?  
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;  
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:  
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.



II.

On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee for our salvation  
CHRIST rose from depths of earth;  
On thee our LORD victorious  
The SPIRIT sent from heaven;  
And thus on thee, most glorious,  
A triple light was given.

III.

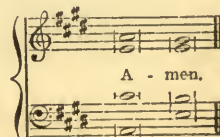
Thou art a port protected  
From storms that round us rise;  
A garden intersected  
With streams of Paradise;  
Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry dreary sand;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land.

IV.

To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where Gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

V.

New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest;  
To HOLY GHOST be praises,  
To FATHER and to SON;  
The Church her voice upraises  
To Thee, blest Three in One.



## Let me with light.

Hymn 162.

L.



1. Let me with light and truth be bless'd; Be these my guides to lead the way,



Till on Thy Ho - ly Hill I rest, And in Thy Sa - cred Tem - ple rest. A - men.

II

Then will I there fresh Altars raise  
To God, Who is my only joy,  
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,  
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

III

Why then cast down, my soul? and why  
So much oppress'd with anxious care?  
On God, thy God, for aid reply,  
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

IV.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,  
Be glory, as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore. AMEN.

# To Thy Temple I repair.

Hymn 163.

78.

To Thy Tem - ple I re - pair; LORD, I love to wor - ship there:

While Thy glo - rious praise is sung, Touch my lips, un - loose my tongue.

ii.  
*p* While the prayers of saints ascend,  
 God of Love, to mine attend;  
 Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;  
 Hear, for Jesu intercedes.

iii.  
*f* While I hearken to Thy Law,  
 Fill my soul with humble awe,  
*f* Fill Thy Gospel bring to me  
 Life and immortality.

iv.  
 While Thy ministers proclaim  
 Peace and pardon in Thy name,  
 Through their voice, by faith, may I  
 Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

v.  
 From Thy house when I return,  
 May my heart within me burn;  
 And at evening let me say,  
 "I have walk'd with God to-day."

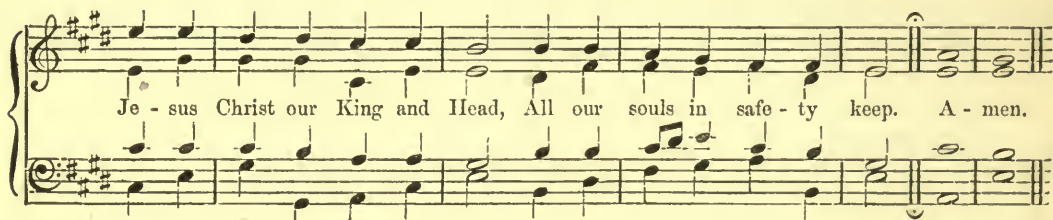
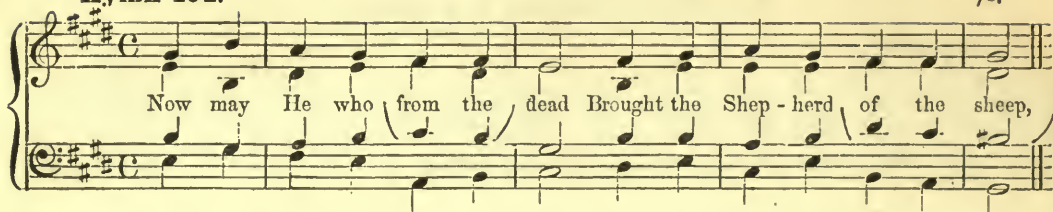
*p* A - men.



# Now may He who from the dead.

## Hymn 164.

7s.



11.  
May He teach us to fulfil  
What is pleasing in His sight;  
Perfect us in all His will,  
And preserve us day and night.

11.  
To that dear Redeemer's praise,  
Who the covenant sealed with blood,  
Let our hearts and voices raise  
Loud thanksgivings to our God! Amen.

# Lord, dismiss us.

## Hymn 165.

8 7.8 7.4 7.



1. Lord, dis-miss-us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
11. Thanks we give and a-do-ra-tion, For Thy Gos-pel's joy-ful sound;



May the fruit of Thy sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound!



May Thy pre-sence With us e-ver-more be found. A-men.

# Saviour, again to Thy dear Name.

Hymn 169. UNISON SETTING.\*

105.

*mf* *cres* - - - - *cen* - -

Sa - viour, a - gain to thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord our

- - *do.* *f*

part - ing hymn of praise, We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease,

*dim.* *p*

Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. ¶ Grant us Thy peace up -

- on our homeward way; . With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day; .

Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, . That in this house have

\* This Setting, the easiest to sing of the three tunes here given, is written out in full with a varied Organ Part to each verse

SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME—*continued.*

*p*

call'd up - on Thy Name. III. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com - - ing night,

*cres - - - cen - - - do.*

Turn Thou for us its dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger

keep thy chil-dren free, . For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.

*p* *cres - - - cen*

Grant us Thy peace through-out our earthly life, . . . Our balm in sor - row,

*do.*

and our stay in strife; . . Then, when Thy voice shall bid the con-flict cease, . .

*dim e rall.* *pp*

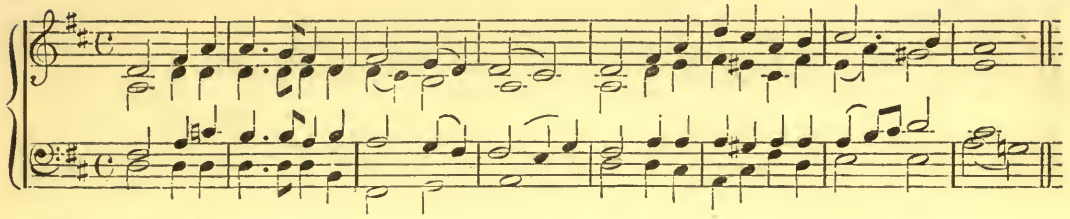
Call us, O Lo:d, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - - men.



# Saviour, again to Thy dear Name.

Hymn 169. SECOND SETTING.

108.



THIRD SETTING.



I.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we  
raise  
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;  
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,  
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

II.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from  
shame,  
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

III.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming  
night,  
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;  
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

IV.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife ;  
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict  
cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace,



## Lord, in Thy Name.

Hymn 172.

(ROGATION DAYS) MONDAY.



i. Lord, in Thy Name Thy ser - vants plead, And Thou hast sworn to hear;  
ii. Grant us with pre - cious things brought forth By sun and moon be - low,



Thine is the har - vest, Thine the seed, The fresh and fa - ding year.  
A place in Thy new heav'ns and earth, Where rich - er har - vests grow. A - men.

## Lord, spare and save.

Hymn 173.

TUESDAY.

i.

LORD, spare and save our sinful race  
From death in direst form;  
From pestilence that flies apace,  
From earthquake, fire, and storm.

ii.

Let every land bemoan its sin,  
That wars and crimes may cease;  
And may Thy pardoning grace bring in  
Sweet times of health and peace. Amen.

## Great is our guilt.

Hymn 174.

WEDNESDAY.

i.

GREAT is our guilt, our fears are great;  
But naught shall prompt despair;  
While open is the mercy-seat  
To penitence and prayer.

ii.

Kind Intercessor! to Thy love,  
This blest resource we owe:  
Thy merits plead for us above,  
While we implore below,

From all Thy saints in war - fare, for all Thy saints at rest, To

Thee, O bless - ed Je - su, all prais - es be ad - dress'd; Thou,

Lord, did'st win the bat - tle, that they might conq' - rors be; Their

crowns of li - ving glo - - ry are lit with rays from Thee. A - men.

[Sing here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.]

#### GENERAL ENDING.

*mf* Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all the sacred throng,  
 Who wear the spotless raiments, who raise the ceaseless song;  
 For these, pass'd on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,  
 And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.  
 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,  
 And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;  
 Till all the ransom'd number fall down before the throne,  
 And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone. AMEN.

#### SAINT ANDREW.

Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostle, the first to welcome Thee,  
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.  
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year, [advent near.  
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine

#### SAINT THOMAS.

All praise for Thine Apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove  
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of Thy love.  
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace,  
O Lord, [God, adored.  
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true

#### SAINT STEPHEN.

Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand [right hand.  
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's Share we with Him, if summon'd by death our Lord to own, [martyr crown.  
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the

#### SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;  
Praise for the faithful record he to Thy Godhead bore; [reveal'd.  
Praise for the mystic vision, through Him to us May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be seal'd.

#### THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

Praise for Thine infant martyrs, by Thee with tenderest love  
Call'd early from the warfare to share the rest above.  
O Rachel! cease thy weeping, they rest from pains and cares. [bright as theirs.  
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as

#### THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,  
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.  
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-day:  
So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's ray.

#### SAINT MATTHIAS.

Lord, Thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice;  
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.  
Thy Church from false Apostles for evermore defend,  
And by Thy parting promise be with her to the end.

#### SAINT MARK.

For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong, [triumph-song.  
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,  
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee the Vine, abide.

#### SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES.

All praise for Thine Apostle, bless'd guide to Greek and Jew, [brethren true,  
And him surnamed thy brother; keep us Thy

And grant the grace to know Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife

#### SAINT BARNABAS.

The Son of Consolation, moved by Thy law of love,  
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above. [descend,  
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace That Thy true consolations may through the world extend.

#### SAINT JOHN BAPTIST.

We praise Thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word.  
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.  
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw Thy dawning ray. [day.  
Make us the rather blessed, who love Thy glorious

#### SAINT PETER.

Praise for Thy great apostle, the eager and the bold;  
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to keep thy fold. [flocks from ill,  
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard their And grant them dauntless courage, with humble, earnest will.

#### SAINT JAMES.

For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who, slain by Herod's sword, [word.  
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus thy Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veil'd decree,  
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer Thee.

#### SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

All praise for Thine Apostle, the faithful, pure, and true, [knew.  
Whom underneath the fig tree thine eye all-seeing Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed, [feed.  
That Thy abiding presence our longing souls may

#### SAINT MATTHEW.

Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy human life declared, [ing shared.  
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering From all unrighteous mammon O give us hearts set free, [Thee.  
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow

#### SAINT LUKE.

For that "Beloved Physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows  
The Healer of the nations, the sharer of our woes.  
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,  
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

#### SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE.

Praise, Lord, for Thine apostles, who seal'd their faith to-day: [way.  
One love, one zeal impell'd them to tread the sacred May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain, [attain.  
And, bound in love as brethren, at length Thy rest



# The Son of God goes forth to war.

Hymn 176.

C.

*f* The SON of GOD goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain; His

blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?

ii.

Who best can drink His cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain;  
Who patient bears His cross below,  
He follows in His train.

iii.

The Martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save.

iv.

Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
Who follows in His train?

v.

A glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the SMIR came,  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.

vi.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane;  
They bowed their necks the death to feel:  
Who follows in their train?

vii.

A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the SAVIOUR'S throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.

viii.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain;  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

*f* A - men.



# Glory to Thee, O Lord.

Hymn 179.

S.

Glo - ry to Thee, O \*Lord, Who from this world of sin,

By cru - el He - rod's ruth - less sword, Those pre - cious ones didst win. A - men.

II.  
Glory to Thee for all  
The ransomed infant band,  
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,  
And reach'd the quiet land.

III.  
O that our hearts within,  
Like theirs, were pure and bright;  
O that, as free from deeds of sin,  
We shrank not from Thy sight.

IV.  
Lord, help us every hour  
Thy cleansing grace to claim;  
In life to glorify Thy power,  
In death to praise Thy Name. Amen.

# Behold a humble train.

Hymn 180.

S.

I.  
BEHOLD a humble train  
The courts of God draw near;  
A Virgin Mother and her Babe  
Before the Lord appear.

II.  
O wondrous, blessed sight!  
To faithful eyes made known,  
That lowly Babe—the mighty God,  
The Prince of Peace, they own.

III.  
And now this temple shines  
With glory far more bright  
Than e'er the former temple saw,  
E'en at its greatest height.

IV.  
The cloud, indeed, was there,  
The symbol of the Lord;  
But here the Lord Himself appears,  
The true, Incarnate Word.

V.  
Blest Saviour, come once more  
With pow'r and grace divine;  
Our hearts Thy living temples make,  
Wholly and ever Thine. Amen.

# Praise we the Lord.

Hymn 181.

S.

I.  
PRAISE we the Lord this day,  
This day so long foretold,  
Whose promise shone with cheering ray  
On waiting saints of old.

II.  
The prophet gave the sign  
For faithful men to read;  
A virgin born of David's line,  
Shall bear the promised Seed.

III.  
Ask not how this should be,  
But worship and adore,  
Like her whom heaven's majesty  
Came down to shadow o'er.

IV.  
Meekly she bowed her head  
To hear the gracious word,  
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,  
The favoured of the Lord.

V.  
Bless'd shall be her name.  
In all the Church on earth,  
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,  
(rall.) 'The incarnate Saviour's birth.

# Praise to God who reigns.

Hymn 182.

7s.



I. Praise to God Who reigns a - bove, Bind - ing earth and heaven in love;  
II. Se - ra - phim His prais - es sing, Che - ru - bim on four - fold wing,



All the ar - mies of the sky Wor - ship His dread sov' - reign - ity.  
Thrones Do - min - ions, Prin - ces, Powers, Ranks of might that ne - ver cowers.

III.  
Angel hosts His Word fulfil,  
Ruling nature by His will :  
Round His Throne archangels pour  
Songs of praise for evermore.

IV.  
Yet on man they joy to wait,  
All that bright celestial state,  
For true Man their Lord they see,  
Christ, the incarnate Deity.

V.  
*f* On the throne our Lord who died  
Sits in manhood glorified,  
Where His people faint below  
(*rall.*) Angels count it joy to go.

# How vast must their.

Hymn 185.

C.



How vast must their ad - van - tage be, How great their plea - sure prove,



Who live like breth'ren, and con - sent In of - fi - ces of love.

II.  
True love is like the precious oil,  
Which, poured on Aaron's head,  
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes  
Its costly fragrance shed.

III.  
'Tis like refreshing dew, which does  
On Hermon's top distil ;  
Or like the early drops that fall  
On Sion's favour'd hill.

IV.  
For Sion is the chosen seat,  
Where the Almighty King  
The promised blessing has ordain'd,  
(*rall.*) And life's eternal spring.

# For the Apostles.

## Hymn 186.

108.

For the A - pos - tles' glo - rious com - pa - ny, Who, bear - ing  
 forth the cross o'er land and sea, Shook all the migh - ty world, we think of  
 Thee. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

II.

*mf* For the Evangelists, by whose blest word,  
 Like fourfold streams, the garden of the Lord  
 Is fair and fruitful, be Thy name adored.  
*f* Alleluia.

III.

*mf* For Martyrs, who, with rapture-kindled eye,  
 Saw the bright crown descending from the sky,  
 And died to grasp it, Thee we glorify.  
*f* Alleluia.

# For all the saints.

## Hymn 187.

109.

I.

FOR all the saints, who from their labours rest,  
 Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,  
 Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever bless'd.  
 Alleluia.

II.

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;  
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
 Thou, in the darkness drear, the Light of light.  
 Alleluia.

III.

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
 And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.  
 Alleluia.

IV.

O blest Communion, fellowship divine!  
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
 Alleluia.

V.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.  
 Alleluia.

VI.

The golden evening brightens in the west;  
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;  
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the bless'd.  
 Alleluia.

VII.

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
 The King of Glory passes on His way.  
 Alleluia.

VIII.

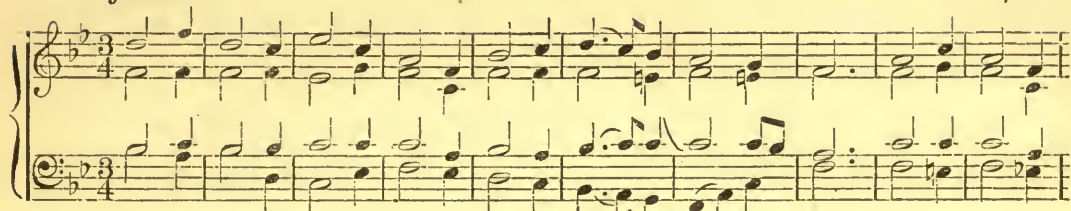
From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Alleluia. Amen.



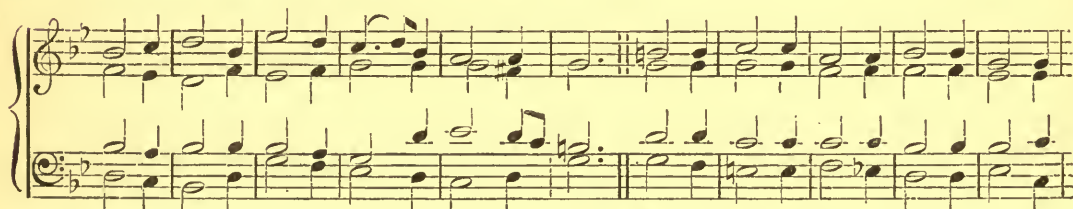
# Hark! the sound of Holy voices.

Hymn 189.

8.7.



Hark! the sound of Ho - ly voi - ces, Chant-ing o'er the crys - tal sea, Al - le - lu - ia,



Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord to Thee: Mul - ti - tude, which none can num-ber, Like the



stars in glo - ry stands, Clothed in white ap - pa - rel, hold-ing Palms of vict - ry in their hands.

II.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet,  
Who prepared the way of Christ,  
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,  
Martyr and Evangelist,  
Sainly maiden, godly matron,  
Widows who have watched to prayer,  
Joined in holy concert, singing  
To the Lord of all, are there.

III.

They have come from tribulation,  
And have wash'd their robes in blood  
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus;  
Tried they were, and firm they stood;  
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,  
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,  
They have conquer'd death and Satan  
By the might of Christ the Lord.

IV.

Marching with Thy cross their banner,  
They have triumph'd, following  
Thee, the captain of salvation,  
Thee, their Saviour and their King,  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;  
And by death to life immortal  
They were born and glorified.

V.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
Now they walk in golden light,  
Now they drink, as from a river,  
Holy bliss and infinite:  
Love and peace they taste for ever,  
And all truth and knowledge see  
In the beatific vision  
(*ralz.*) Of the blessed Trinity.



# Glorious things of Thee.

Hymn 190.

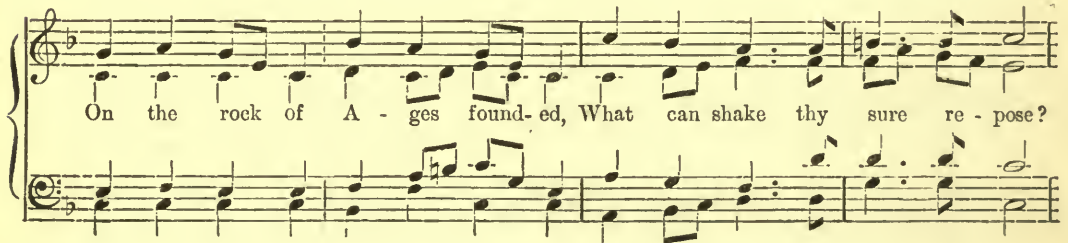
8.7.



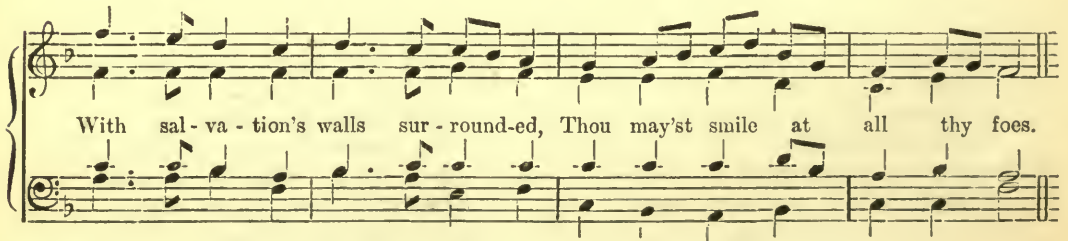
Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God,



He, whose word can - not be brok - en, Form'd thee for His own a - bode.



On the rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

ii.

See, the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove;  
 Who can faint, while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?  
 Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

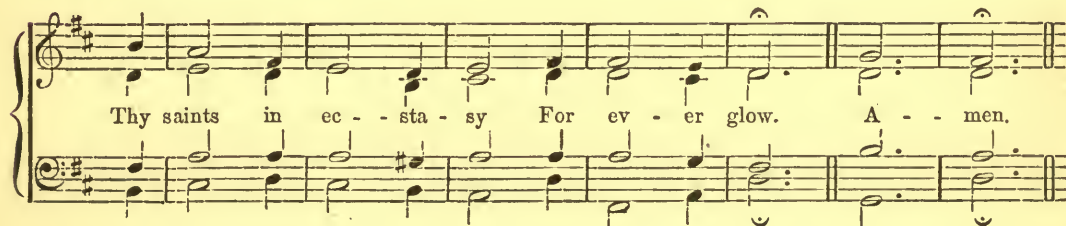
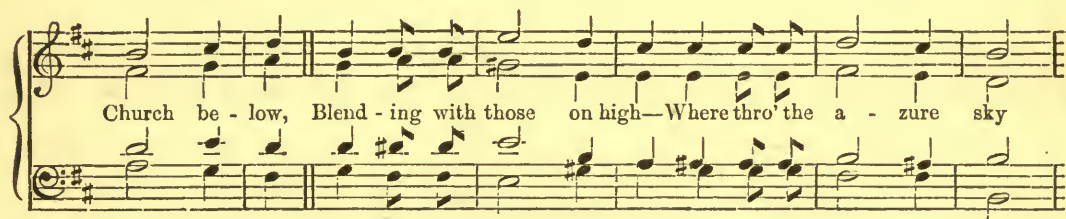
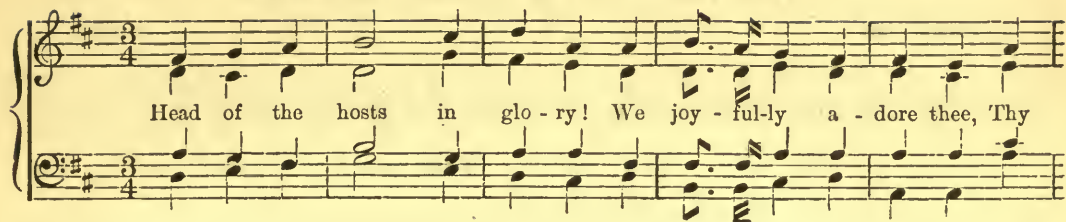
iii.

Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear,  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near.  
 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!  
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
 (*rall.*) Makes them kings and priests to God.

# Head of the hosts.

Hymn 198.

7-7.4.6.6.4.



II.

Angels! archangels! glorious  
Guards of the Church victorious!  
Worship the Lamb!  
Crown Him with crowns of light,  
One of the Three by right—  
Love, majesty, and might—  
The great I AM!

III.

Martyrs! whose mystic legions  
March o'er yon heavenly regions  
In triumph round:  
Wave high your banners, wave!  
Your God, our Saviour, gave  
For death itself a grave,  
In hell profound!

IV.

Saints! in fair circles, casting  
Rich trophies everlasting  
At Jesus' feet,  
Amidst our rude alarms,  
We stretch forth suppliant arms,  
That we, too, safe from harms,  
In Heaven may meet!

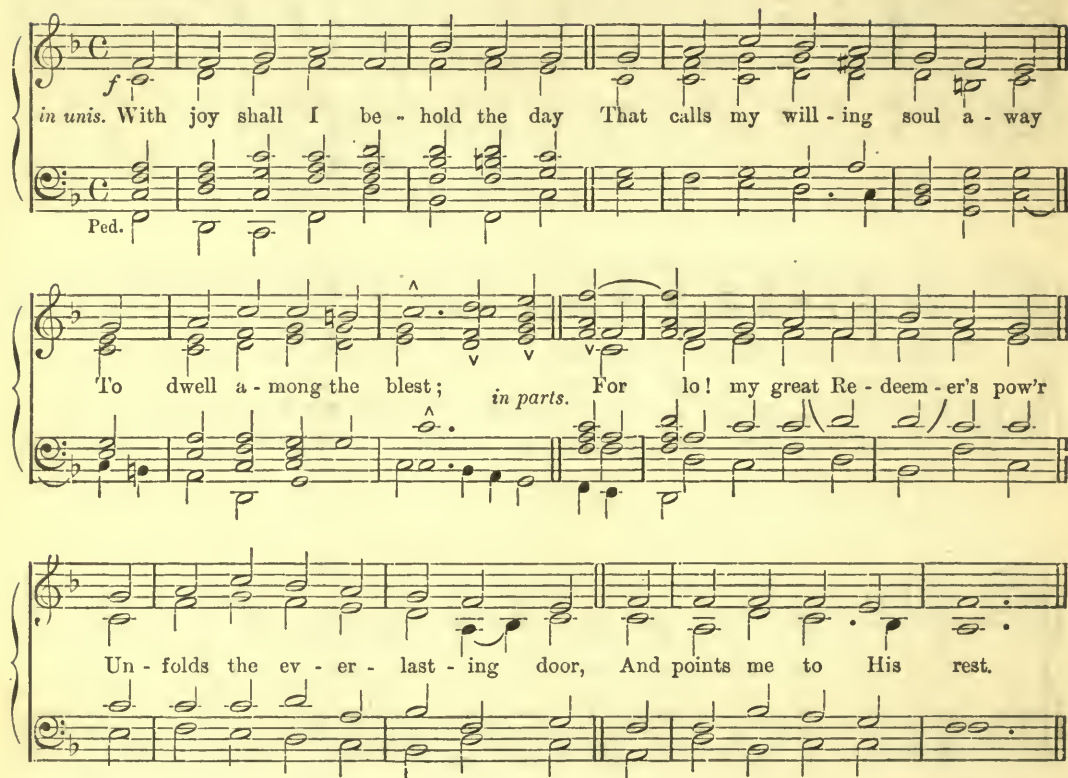
V.

Saviour! in glory beaming,  
With radiance brightly streaming,  
Enthroned in power,  
Grant, by Thy awful name,  
That we through flood and flame  
The Gospel may proclaim,  
Till life's last hour. AMEN.

# With joy shall I behold the day.

Hymn 199.

8.8.6D.



*f* in unis. With joy shall I be - hold the day That calls my will - ing soul a - way

Ped. To dwell a - mong the blest; in parts. For lo! my great Re - deem - er's pow'r

Un - folds the ev - er - last - ing door, And points me to His rest.

II.

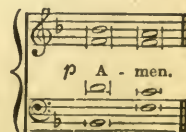
*unis.* Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes  
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;  
Their glory I survey;  
*parts.* I view her mansions that contain  
The angel host, a beauteous train,  
And shine with cloudless day.

III.

*unis.* Thither, from earth's remotest end,  
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,  
Borne on immortal wing;  
*parts.* There, crown'd with everlasting joy,  
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ,  
Before th' Almighty King.

IV.

*unis.* Mother of cities! o'er thy head  
Bright peace, with healing wings outspread  
For evermore shall dwell;  
*parts.* Let me, blest seat! my name behold  
Among thy citizens enroll'd  
And bid the world farewell.



*p* A - men.



# Now, God, all glory.

Hymn 203.

C.



Thou, God, all glo - ry, hon - our, pow'r, Art wor - thy to re - ceive ;



Since all things by Thy pow'r were made, And by Thy boun - ty live. A - men.

<p>ii. And worthy is the Lamb all power, Honour and wealth to gain, Glory and strength ; who for our sins A sacrifice was slain.</p>	<p>iii. All worthy Thou, who hast re- deem'd And ransom'd us to God, From every nation, every coast, By Thy most precious blood.</p>	<p>iv. Blessing and honour, glory, power, By all in earth and Heaven, To Him that sits upon the throne, And to the Lamb, be given. AMEN.</p>
--	--	--

# To Jesus.

Hymn 204.

L.



i. To Je - sus, our ex - alt - ed Lord, That name in Heav'n and earth a - dor'd,  
mf ii. But all the notes which mor - tals know Are weak and lan - guish - ing and low ;



Fain would our hearts and voi - ces raise A cheer - ful song of sa - cred praise. } A - men.  
Far, far a - bove our hum - ble song, The theme demands im - mor - tal tongues. }

iii.  
Yet whilst around His board we meet,  
And worship at His sacred feet,  
O let our warm affections move  
In glad returns of grateful love.

iv.  
p Yes, Lord, we love, and we adore,  
But long to know and love Thee more ;  
And, whilst we take the bread and wine,  
Desire to feed on joys divine. AMEN.



# My God, and is Thy Table spread.

Hymn 205.

L.

My God, and is Thy Ta - blespread, And doth Thy Cup with love o'erflow?

Thi - ther be all Thy chil - dren led, And let them Thy sweet mer - cies know.

*in unison.*

II.

*f* Hail! Sacred Feast, which Jesu makes,  
Rich Banquet of His Flesh and Blood :  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That Sacred Stream, that Heavenly Food.

*in parts.*

III.

O let Thy Table honour'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its holy pledges tastes.

IV.

Drawn by Thy quick'ning grace, O LORD,  
In countless numbers let them come ;  
And gather from their FATHER's board,  
The Bread that lives beyond the tomb.

*in unison.*

V.

*mf* Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,  
Till through the world Thy truth has run ;  
Till with this Bread all men be blest,  
Who see the light or feel the sun.

A - men.

# Bread of the world.

Hymn 207. FIRST TUNE.

9.8 9.8.

ORGAN. *p*

*p* Bread of the world, in mer - cy brok - en, Wine of the soul, in

mer - cy shed, By whom the words of life were spok - en, And

*p* in whose death our sins are dead; Look on the heart by

*cres.* sor - row brok - en, Look on the tears by sin - ners *p* shed;

BREAD OF THE WORLD—continued.

*p* *cres.* *molto. f*

And be thy feast to us the tok - en, That by Thy grace our

*p* *cres.*

souls are fed, Look on the heart by sor - row brok - en,  
Look on the heart,

*f* *p*

Look on the tears by sin - ners shed; And be Thy feast to

*cres.* *f* *dim.*

us, to us the tok - en, That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

*p* *p* *pp* *pp*

A - men! A - men! A - men! A - - - men.  
A - - - men! A - - - men! A - - - men! A - - - men.



# Bread of the world, in mercy broken.

Hymn 207. SECOND TUNE.

9.8 9.8.

*mf* Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in

mer - cy shed, By Whom the words of life were spo - ken, And in whose

death our sins are dead: Look on the heart by sor - row bro - ken,

Look on the tears by sin - ners shed, *p* And be Thy Feast to us the

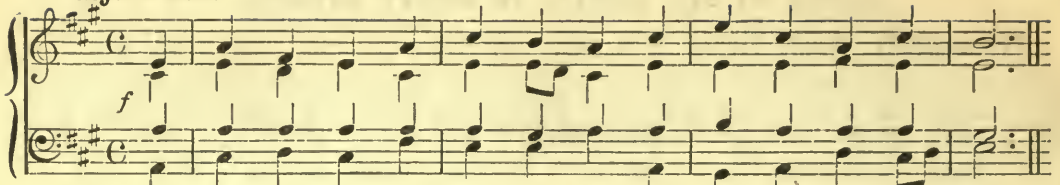
to - ken That by Thy Grace our souls are fed. *rall.* *pp* A - - - - men.

A - men.



# Come, let us join.

## Hymn 208.



i. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne;  
 ii. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus;"



Ten thou - sand thou - sand are their tongues, But all their songs are one.  
 "Wor - thy the Lamb," our lips re - ply, For He was slain for us.

iii.

*mf* Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honour and power divine;  
 And blessings more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

iv.

Let all that dwell above the sky,  
 And air, and earth, and seas,  
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
 And speak Thine endless praise!

v.

*ff* The whole creation join in one,  
 To bless the sacred Name  
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
*rall.* And to adore the Lamb.

# Bread of Heaven.

## Hymn 209.

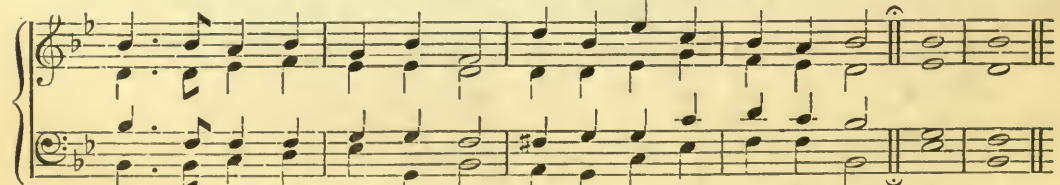
7s.



i. Bread of Heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy Flesh is meat in - deed;  
 ii. Vine of Heav'n, thy Blood sup - plies This blest Cup of sa - cri - fice;



Ev - er may our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing Bread;  
 Lord, Thy wounds our heal - ing give, To Thy Cross we look and live:



Day by day with strength sup - plied, Through the life of Him Who died. A - men.  
 Je - sus, may we ev - er be Graft - ed, root - ed, built in Thee.

# Saviour, Who Thy flock.

Hymn 213.

8.7.8.7.

*mf*

Sav- iour, Who thy flock art feed - ing, With the Shep-herd's kind - est care,

All the fee - ble gently lea - ding, While the lambs Thy bo-som share. A - men,

ii.  
Now, these 'little ones receiving,  
Fold *them* in Thy gracious  
arm ;  
There, we know, Thy Word  
believing,  
Only there secure from harm.

iii.  
Never from Thy pasture roving,  
Let *them* be the lion's prey ;  
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep *them* all life's dangerous  
way.

iv.  
Then within Thy fold eternal,  
Let *them* find a resting place ;  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

# Soldiers of Christ, arise!

Hymn 216.

S.

*f*

Sol - diers of Christ a - rise! And put your ar - mour on;

Strong in the strength which God sup-plies Through His e - ter - nal Son.

ii.  
Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in His mighty power ;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.

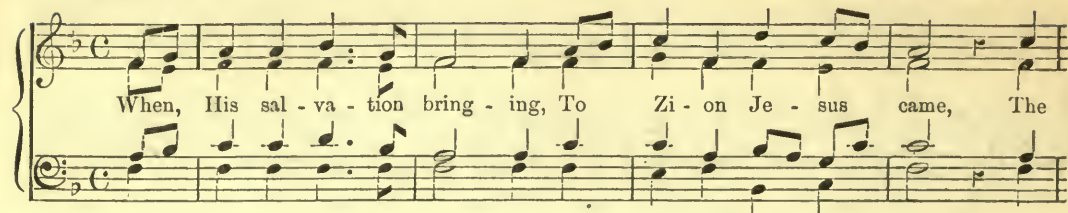
iii.  
Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued ;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God ;

iv.  
That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may behold your victory won,  
(*rall.*) And stand complete at last

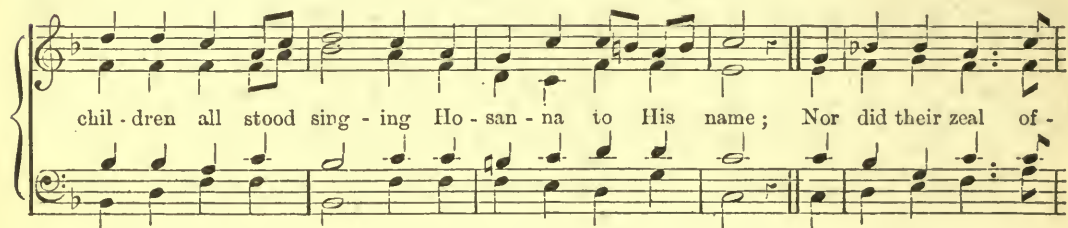
# When, His salvation bringing.

Hymn 219.

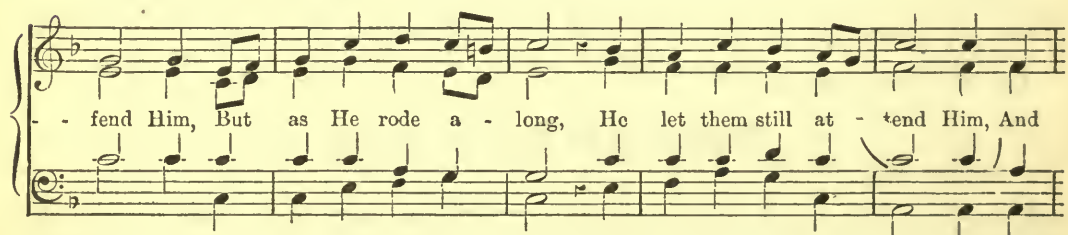
7.6. WITH CHORUS.



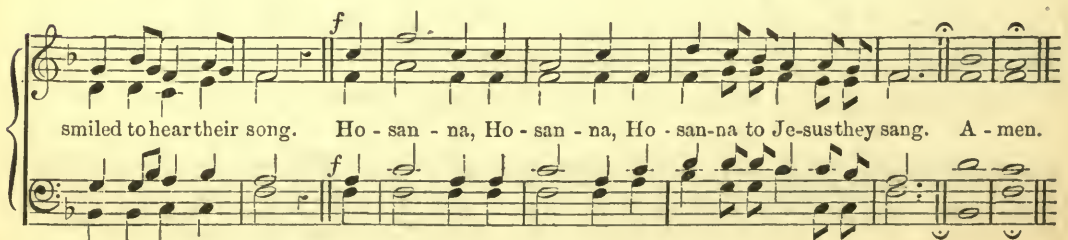
When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The



chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name; Nor did their zeal of -



- fend Him, But as He rode a - long, He let them still at - tend Him, And



smiled to hear their song. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to Je - sus they sang. A - men.

II.

*mf* The loving Lord retaineth  
His love to children still,  
Though now as King He reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill;  
We'll flock around His banner,  
Who sits upon the throne,  
And cry aloud, Hosanna  
To David's royal Son:  
*f* Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

III.

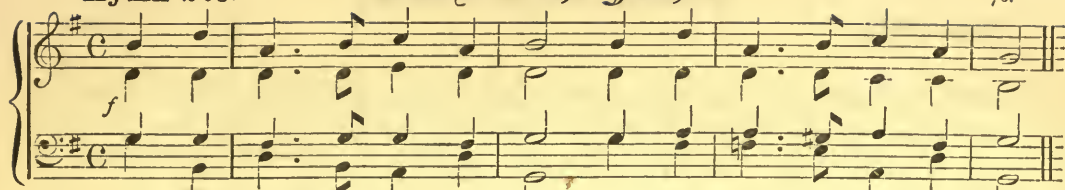
*mf* For should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Would their Hosannas raise.  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words?  
No; while our hearts are tender,  
They too shall be the Lord's.  
*f* Hosanna to Jesus our King. AMEN.



## Hymn 220.

## Glory to the Father.

7s.



I. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in Whom we move and live;  
 II. Glo - ry to the Son we bring, Christ our Pro - plet, Priest, and King;



Child - ren's pray'rs He deigns to hear, Child - ren's songs de - light His ear.  
 Child - ren raise your sweet - est strain To the Lamb, for He was slain.

III

Glory to the Holy Ghost,  
 He reclaims the sinner lost;  
 Children's minds may He inspire,  
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.

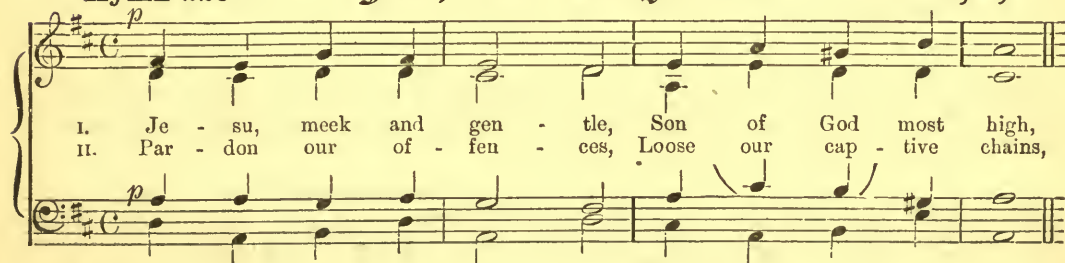
IV.

Glory in the highest be  
 To the blessed Trinity,  
 For the Gospel from above,  
 (rall.) For the Word that "God is love."

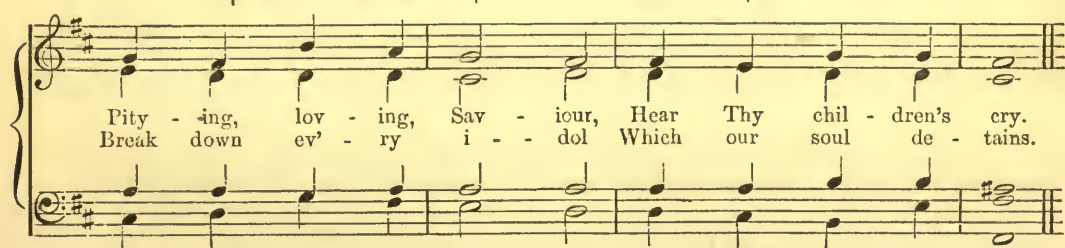
## Hymn 225.

## Jesu, meek and gentle.

6.5.6.5.

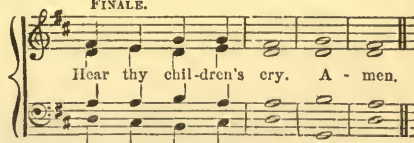


I. Je - su, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,  
 II. Par - don our of - fen - ces, Loose our cap - tive chains,



Pity - ing, lov - ing, Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry.  
 Break down ev' - ry i - - dol Which our soul de - tains.

FINALE.



Hear thy chil - dren's cry. A - men.

III.

Give us holy freedom,  
 Fill our hearts with love;  
 Draw us, Holy Jesu,  
 To the realms above.

IV.

Lead us on our journey,  
 Be Thyself the Way  
 Through terrestrial darkness  
 To celestial Day.

V.

Jesu, meek and gentle,  
 Son of God most high,  
 Pitying, loving Saviour,  
 (See Finale.)

# I think, when I read.

Hymn 226.

P.

I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men,

How He call'd lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should

like to have been with Him then. A - - - - men.

II.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His | arm had been thrown around me,  
And that | I might have seen His kind look when  
He said,  
Let the little ones come unto Me.

III.

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And | ask for a share in His love ;  
And | if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

IV.

In that | beautiful place He has gone to prepare  
For | all who are wash'd and forgiven ;  
And | many dear children shall be with Him there,  
“ For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

V.

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,  
Never | heard of that heavenly Home ;  
I | wish they could know there is room for them  
all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

# Once in Royal David's City.

Hymn 233.

8.7.8.7.7.



ONCE in royal David's city  
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
 Where a mother laid her Baby,  
 In a manger for his bed :  
 Mary was that mother mild,  
 Jesus Christ her little Child.

II.

He came down to earth from heaven  
 Who is God and Lord of all,  
 And His shelter was a stable,  
 And His cradle was a stall ;  
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
 Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

III.

And, through all His wondrous childhood,  
 He would honour, and obey,  
 Love, and watch the lowly maiden  
 In whose gentle arms He lay ;  
 Christian children all must be  
 Mild, obedient, good as He.

IV.

For He is our childhood's Pattern,  
 Day by day like us He grew,  
 He was little, weak, and helpless,  
 Tears and smiles like us He knew ;  
 And He feeleth for our sadness,  
 And He shareth in our gladness.

V.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
 Through His own redeeming love,  
 For that Child so dear and gentle,  
 Is our Lord in heaven above ;  
 And He leads His children on  
 To the place where He is gone.

VI.

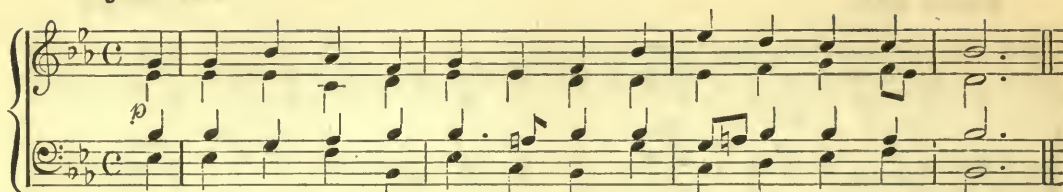
Not in that poor lowly stable,  
 With the oxen standing by,  
 We shall see Him ; but in heaven,  
 Set at God's right hand on high :  
 When like stars His children crowned,  
 All in white shall wait around. AMEN.



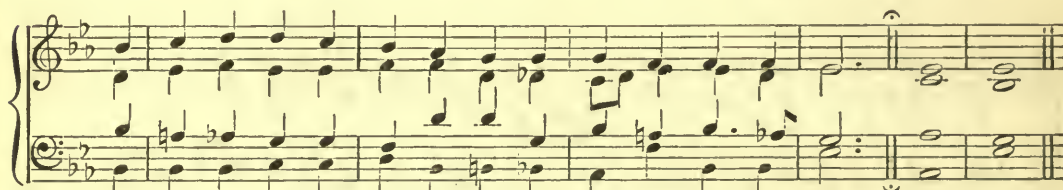
# My God, accept my heart.

Hymn 234.

C.



My God, ac - cept my heart this Day, And make it al - ways Thine,



That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline. A - men.

II.  
Before the Cross of Him Who died,  
Behold, I prostrate fall;  
Let every sin be crucified,  
And Christ be all in all.

III.  
Anoint me with Thy Heav'nly grace,  
And seal me for Thine own;  
That I may see Thy glorious face,  
And worship near Thy Throne.

IV.  
Let every thought, and work, and  
word,  
To thee be ever given;  
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven!  
AMEN.

# O happy day!

Hymn 235.

L.



O hap - py Day, that stays my choice On Thee, my Sa-viour and my God:



Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell Thy good-ness all a - broad.

II.  
O happy Bond that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill His House,  
While to His sacred Throne I move.

III.  
*mf* Here rest, my oft-divided heart,  
Fix'd on Thy God, thy Saviour,  
rest;  
Who with the world would grieve to  
part,  
When call'd on angels' food to feast?

IV.  
High heaven, that heard the solemn  
vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
(*rall.*) And bless in death a Bond so  
dear.

# My faith looks up.

Hymn 237. FIRST SETTING.

6.6.4; 6.6.6.4.

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-vary, Saviour di-vine! Now hear me

while I pray; Take all my guilt a-way; O let me from this day, Be wholly Thine. A-men.

Hymn 237. SECOND SETTING.

6.6.4; 6.6.6.4.

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-vary, Sa-viour di-vine! Now hear me

while I pray: Take all my guilt away; O let me from this day Be wholly Thine. A-men.

II.

*mf* May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

III.

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to-day;  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

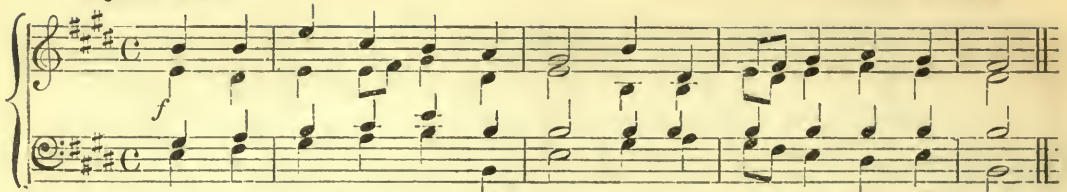
IV.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransom'd soul,

# Thine for ever.

## Hymn 238.

7s.



i. Thine for ev - er:— God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;  
ii. Thine for ev - er:— Lord of life, Shield us through our earth - ly strife:



Thine for ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.  
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.

III.

Thine for ever:—O how bless'd  
They who find in Thee their rest!  
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,  
O defend us to the end.

IV.

Thine for ever:—Saviour, keep  
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let us all Thy goodness share.

V.

Thine for ever:—Thou our Guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied,  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

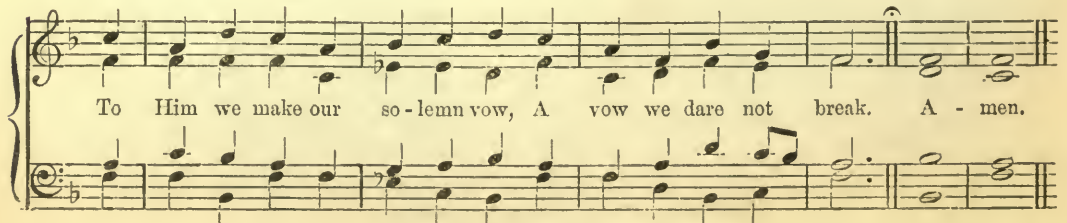
# Witness, ye men.

## Hymn 239.

C.



i. Wit - ness, ye men and an - gels; now Be - fore the Lord we speak;



To Him we make our so - lemn vow, A vow we dare not break. A - men.

f

II.

That, long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield;  
Nor from His cause will we depart  
Or ever quit the field.

mf

III.

We trust not in our native strength,  
But on His grace rely,  
That, with returning wants, the Lord,  
Will all our need supply.

IV.

Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in Thy ways;  
And while we turn our vows to prayers,  
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.



# Arm these Thy soldiers.

Hymn 242.

D.L.



I. Arm these Thy sol - diers, migh - ty Lord, With shield of faith, and Spi - rit's  
II. Come, ev - er - bless - ed Spi - rit, come, And make Thy ser - vants' hearts Thy



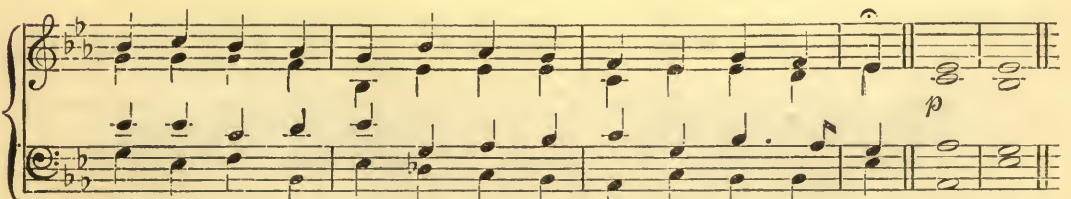
sword; Forth to the bat - tle may they go, And bold - ly  
home; May each a liv - ing tem - ple be, Hal - low'd for



fight a - gainst the foe, With ban - ner that of the cross un -  
ev - er, Lord, to Thee; En - rich that tem - ple's ho - ly



-furl'd, And by it ov - er - come the world; And so at  
shrine With seven - fold gifts of grace di - vine; With wis - dom,



last re - ceive from Thee The palm and crown of vic - to - ry. A - men.  
light, and know - ledge bless, Strength, counsel, fear, and god - li - ness.



I. The voice that breath'd o'er E-den, That ear-liest wed-ding day; That pri-mal marriage  
 II. Still in the pure es-pous-al Of Chris-tian man and maid, The Ho-ly Three are



bless-ing, It hath not pass'd a-way.  
 with us, The three-fold grace is said, A-men.

V.  
 Be present, holiest Spirit,  
 To bless them as they kneel,  
 As Thou, for Christ the Bride-  
 groom,  
 The Heavenly spouse dost seal!

VI.  
 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,  
 Let no ill power find place,  
 When onward to Thy altar  
 Their hallowed path they trace,

VII.  
 To cast their crowns before Thee  
 In perfect sacrifice,  
 Till to the Home of gladness  
 With Christ's own bride they  
 rise. AMEN.

## Hymn 249.

## Our hearts to Thee.

L.



I. Our hearts to Thee in pray'r we bow, Je-sus, the heav'n-ly Bride-groom Thou;  
 II. Be pre-sent as at Ca-na's board, With high and aw-ful bless-ings stor'd;



A-bide with us, and deign to bless Thy sup-pliant ones with hap-pi-ness.  
 To ask is ours, but on-ly Thine To turn the wa-ter in-to wine. Amen

III.  
 Call'd to the marriage, Thou dost shed  
 New grace upon the newly wed;  
 Be theirs to seek Thy presence dear,  
 And seeking, find it ever near.

IV.  
 O Christ do Thou to us impart  
 The blessing of the pure in heart;  
 That we henceforth in Thee abide,  
 True members of the spotless bride.

V.  
 More bright that crown, than bridal wreath,  
 Which waits the faithful unto death;  
 And brighter than the bridegroom's joy  
 The bliss which never hath alloy.

VI.  
 Lord, grant us so to watch and guard  
 That this may be our great reward:  
 With virgin souls to follow Thee,  
 And where Thou art for aye to be. AMEN.

# When gathering clouds.

8s.

## Hymn 250.

*mf* When gath - 'ring clouds a - round I view, And days are  
*mf*  
*f* dark, and friends are few, On Him I lean, Who, not in  
*f*  
vain, Ex - pe - rienc'd ev - 'ry hu - - man pain; He sees my  
wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and trea - sures up my tears.

ii.

*mf* If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do;  
Still He who felt temptation's power  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

iii.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;  
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear  
Such bitter conflict with despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

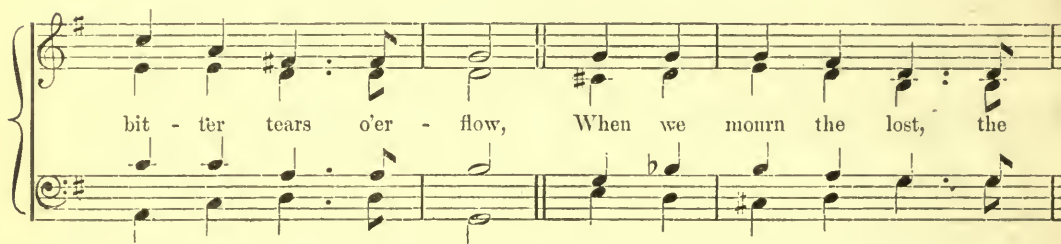
iv.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

v.

*f* And O, when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside  
My bed of death, for Thou hast died:  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
*rall.* And wipe the latest tear away.





II.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
Thou hast shed the human tear :  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

III.

When the solemn death-bell tolls  
For our own departing souls,  
When our final doom is near,  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

IV.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,  
Thou the blood of life hast shed,  
Thou hast filled a mortal bier :  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

V.

When the heart is sad within,  
With the thought of all its sin,  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

VI.

*mf* Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,  
Though the sins were not Thine own ;  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear :  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear. Amen.

# Thou art my hiding place.

Hymn 253.

D.C.

*f* Thou art my hid - ing place, O Lord! In Thee I put my trust, En -

- cour - ag'd by Thy Ho - ly Word, A fee - ble child of dust. I

have no ar - gu - ment be - side, I urge no o - ther plea; And

'tis e - nough the Sa - viour died, The Sa - viour died for me. A - men.

ii.

*mf* When storms of fierce temptation beat,  
And furious foes assail,  
My refuge is the mercy-seat,  
My hope within the veil.  
From strife of tongues and bitter words  
My spirit flies to thee:  
Joy to my heart the thought affords,  
My Saviour died for me.

iii.

*p* Mid trials heavy to be borne,  
When mortal strength is vain,  
A heart with grief and anguish torn,  
A body rack'd with pain,—

Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,

Bid every murmur flee,  
*f* But this, the witness in my breast  
That Jesus died for me?

iv.

*p* And when Thine awful voice commands  
This body to decay,  
And life, in its last lingering sands,  
Is ebbing fast away,—  
Then though it be in accents weak,  
And faint and tremblingly,  
*f* O give me strength in death to speak,  
My Saviour died for me.

# Thy Way, not mine.

Hymn 254.

6s.



Thy way not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark . . it be; Lead



me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path . . for me.



Smooth let it be or rough, It will be still the best; Wind -



- ing or straight, it leads Right on - ward to . . . Thy rest. A - men.

II.

I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not, if I might;  
Choose Thou for me, my God;  
So shall I walk aright.  
Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

III.

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.  
Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
My Wisdom, and my All. AMEN.



# My God, my Father, while I stray.

Hymn 256. FIRST TUNE.

8.8.8.4.

*mf* My GOD! my FA - THER! while I stray, Far from my home, in life's rough way;

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done." *p* A - men.

- |  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| <p>II.<br/>Though dark my path, and sad my lot,<br/>Let me be still and murmur not,<br/>Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,<br/>"Thy will be done."</p> | <p>III.<br/>What though in lonely grief I sigh<br/>For friends beloved no longer nigh,<br/>Submissive would I still reply,<br/>"Thy will be done."</p> | <p>IV.<br/>If Thou should'st call me to resign<br/>What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;<br/>I only yield Thee what is Thine;<br/>"Thy will be done."</p> |
| <p>V.<br/>Let but my fainting heart be blest<br/>With Thy sweet SPIRIT for its guest,<br/>My God, to Thee I leave the rest;<br/>"Thy will be done."</p>    | <p>VI.<br/>Renew my will from day to day,<br/>Blend it with Thine, and take away<br/>All that now makes it hard to say,<br/>"Thy will be done."</p>    |   |

SECOND TUNE.

*mf* My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way, O

Thy . . will be done! Thy will be done!

teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

*Slow.*

The second line of the 3rd, 4th, and 5th verses is to be sung thus:—

For friends be - loved,

# Whate'er my God ordains.

Hymn 257.

P.

*mf*

What - e'er my God or - dains is right, His will is ev - er just ;

*mf*

How - e'er He or - ders now my cause, I will be still and trust. He

is my God ; Though dark my road, He holds me that I shall not fall, Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

II.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;  
 He never will deceive ;  
 He leads me by the proper path,  
 And so to Him I cleave,  
 And take content  
 What He hath sent ;  
 His hand can turn my griefs away,  
 And patiently I wait His day.

III.

Where'er my God ordains is right ;  
 Though I the cup must drink  
 That bitter seems to my faint heart,  
 I will not fear nor shrink ;  
 Tears pass away  
 With dawn of day ;  
 Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,  
 And pain and sorrow all depart.

IV.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;  
 My Light, my Life is He,  
 Who cannot will me aught but good ;  
 I trust Him utterly ;  
 For well I know,  
 In joy or woe,  
 We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,  
 How faithful was our Guardian here.

V.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;  
 Here I will take my stand,  
 Though sorrow, need, or death make earth  
 For me a desert land.  
 My Father's care,  
 Is round me there,  
 He holds me that I shall not fall,  
 (*rall.*) And so to Him I leave it all.

## Asleep in Jesus.

L.

*mf*

A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep! From which none

*f*

ev - er wakes to weep; A calm and un - dis - turb'd re -

- pose, Un - bro - ken by the lust of foes. . . .

II.

*p* Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet;  
*mf* With holy confidence to sing  
That death hath lost its painful sting!

III.

*p* Asleep in Jesus! peaceful Rest!  
Whose waking is supremely best;  
*mf* No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

IV.

*p* Asleep in Jesus! O for me  
May such a blissful refuge be!  
*mf* Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

V.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
*f* But there is still a blessed sleep,  
(*rall.*) From which none ever wakes to weep.



## Hymn 263.

## Tender Shepherd, Thou.

7.8.7.8.7.7.

Ten - der Shep - herd, Thou hast still'd Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing;  
Ah, how peace - ful, pale, and mild, In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing,

And no sigh of an - guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more. A - men.

ii.  
In this world of care and pain,  
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave him;  
To the sunny heavenly plain  
Thou dost now with joy receive him;  
f Clothed in robes of spotless white,  
Now he dwells with Thee in light.

iii.  
Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we  
Where he lives may soon be living,  
And the lovely pastures see  
That his heavenly food are giving;  
f Then the gain of death we prove,  
Though Thou take what most we love.

## Hymn 265.

## Fierce was the wild.

6.4.

Fierce was the wild bil - low, Dark was the night; Oars la - bour'd

hea - vi - ly, Foam glim - mer'd white; Ma - ri - ners trem - bled, Pe - ril was

night..... Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I." A - men.

ii.  
f Ridge of the mountain-wave,  
Lower thy crest;  
Wail of the tempest-wind,  
Be thou at rest;  
Peril can none be,  
Sorrow must fly—  
Where saith the Light of light,  
"Peace! It is I."

iii.  
Jesu, Deliverer,  
Come Thou to me:  
Soothe Thou my voyaging,  
Over life's sea;  
Thou, when the storm of death  
Roars, sweeping by,  
Whisper, O Truth of truth,  
"Peace! It is I."

# When thro' the torn sail.

Hymn 266.

125.

*Not too fast. p*

When thro' the torn sail the wild tem - pest is stream - ing, When

o'er the dark wave the red light - ning is gleam - ing,

*cres.*

Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea - man to cher - ish, We

*dim* - - - - - *p*

fly to our Mak - er: "Save, Lord, or we per - ish." A - men.

11.

O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,  
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,  
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

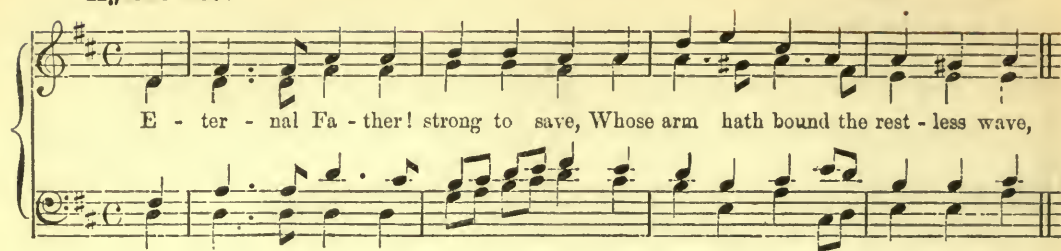
111.

And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,  
Then send down thy Spirit thy redeemed to cherish,  
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish. Amen."

# Eternal Father!

Hymn 267.

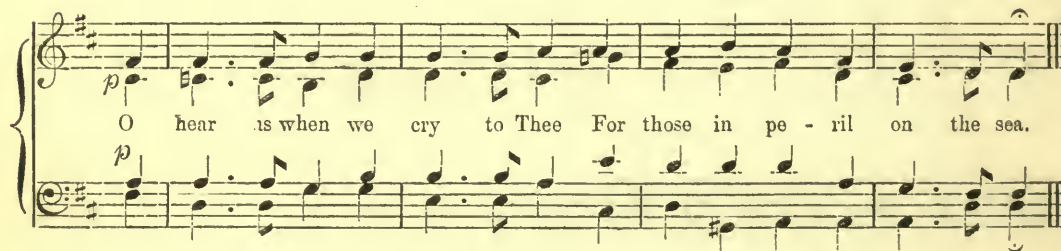
8s.



E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest - less wave,



Who bid'st the migh - ty o - cean deep Its own ap-point - ed lim - its keep;



O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in pe - ril on the sea.

II.

O Christ! Whose Voice the waters heard,  
And hushed their raging at Thy word,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

III.

Most Holy Spirit! who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
And bid its angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, peace;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

IV.

O Trinity of love and power!  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee  
(rall.) Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.



# Father of mercies, bow Thine ear.

Hymn 271.

L.

FATHER of mer - cies! bow Thine ear, Attentive to our ear - nest prayer:

We plead for those who plead for thee, Successful pleaders may they be!

II.

How great their work, how | vast their charge  
Do Thou their **anxious** | souls enlarge;  
Their best **acquirements** | are our gain,  
We share the **blessings** | they obtain.

III.

*mf* Clothe then, with **en-** | gy divine,  
Their words, and let **those** | words be Thine;  
To them Thy **sacred** | truth reveal,  
Suppress their fear, in - | flame their zeal.

IV.

*p* Teach them to **sow** the | precious seed,  
Teach them Thy **chosen** | flock to feed;  
Teach them **immortal** | souls to gain—  
Souls that will **well re-** | ward their pain

V.

*f* Let thronging **multi-** | tudes around,  
Hear from their **lips** the | joyful sound;  
In humble **strains** Thy | grace implore,  
And feel Thy new cre - | ating pow'r.

VI.

Let sinners **break** their | massy chains,  
Distressed **souls** for - | get their pains;  
Let light through distant | realms be spread,  
And Zion rear her | drooping head.

*f* To FATHER, SON, and | HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD whom **earth** and | heaven adore,  
Be glory, as it | was of old,  
Is now, and shall be | evermore.

A - men.

# Come, pure hearts.

Hymn 272.

*mf* UNISON SETTING.

8.8.7. D.

*mf*

I. Come, pure hearts, in sweet - est mea - sure, Sing of those who  
 II. See the Ri - vers four that glad - den With their streams the  
 III. O that we, Thy truth con - fess - ing, And Thy ho - ly

spread the trea - sures In the ho - ly Gos - pels shin'd;  
 bet - ter E - den, Plant - ed by our Lord most dear;  
 Word pos - sess - ing, Je - su, may Thy love a - dore;

Bless - ed ti - dings of sal - va - tion, "Peace on earth," their pro - cla - ma - tion,  
 Christ the Foun - tain, these the wa - ters, Drink, O Si - on's sons and daugh - ters,  
 Un - to Thee our voi - ces rais - ing, Thee with all Thy ran - som'd prais - ing,

*rit.*

Love from God to lost man - kind..... A - men.  
 Drink and find sal - va - tion here.....  
 Ev - er and for ev - er - more.....

*rit.* *a tempo.*

COME, PURE HEARTS—*continued.*

*Organ Variation.*

Organ Variation musical score, consisting of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features various chords and melodic lines, with a *rit.* (ritardando) and *a tempo.* (return to tempo) marking in the third system.

**Hymn 272. SECOND SETTING.**

8.8.7. D.

Hymn 272 musical score, consisting of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (Bb), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is marked *f* (forte). The lyrics are: "Come, pure hearts, in sweet-est mea-sures, Sing of those who spread the trea-sures In the ho-ly Gos-pels shrin'd; Bless-ed ti-dings of sal-va-tion, 'Peace on earth,' their pro-cla-ma-tion, Love from God to lost man-kind. A-men."



# With one consent.

## Hymn 277.

L.

*f*

With one con-sent let all the earth To God their cheerful voi - ces raise;

Glad homage pay with aw - ful mirth, And sing be - fore Him songs of praise.

ii.

Convinced that He is God alone,  
From Whom both we and all proceed;  
We, whom He chooses for His own,  
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

iii.

O enter, then, His Temple gate,  
Thence to His Courts devoutly press;  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still His Name with praises bless.

iv.

For He's the Lord, supremely good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
*rall.* To endless ages shall endure.

# I'll wash my hands.

## Hymn 278.

C.

*mf*

i. I'll wash my hands in in - no - cence, And round Thine Al - tar go;  
ii. My thanks I'll pub - lish there and tell How Thy re - nown ex - cels;

*rall.*  
Pour the glad hymn of tri - umph thence, And thence Thy won - ders show.  
That seat af - fords one most de - light, In which Thine ho - nour dwells.

# Hymn 280.

O with due reverence,

C.

*mf*

O with due rev'-rence let us all, To God's a - bode re - pair;

And pros - trate at His foot-stool fall, To breathe our hum - ble prayer, A - men.

II.  
Arise, O Lord, and now possess  
Thy constant place of rest;  
Be that not only with Thy ark,  
But with Thy presence bless'd.

III.  
Clothe Thou Thy priests with righteousness,  
Make Thou Thy saints rejoice;  
And for Thy servant David's sake,  
Hear Thy anointed's voice. AMEN.

# Hymn 281.

O 'twas a joyful sound,

C.

*f*

I. O 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say,  
II. At Sa - lem's courts we must ap - pear With our as - sem - bled powers,

Up, Is - rael to the Tem - ple haste, And keep the fes - tal day.  
In strong and beau - teous or - der ranged, Like her u - ni - ted towers.

*mf* III.  
O ever pray for Salem's peace;  
For they shall prosp'rous be,  
Thou holy city of our God,  
Who bear true love to thee.

IV.  
May peace within thy sacred walls  
A constant guest be found;  
With plenty and prosperity,  
Thy palaces be crown'd.

V.  
For my dear brethren's sake, and friends  
No less than brethren dear,  
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers  
A constant guest appear.

VI.  
But most of all I'll seek thy good,  
And ever wish thee well,  
For Sion and the temple's sake,  
Where God vouchsafes to dwell. AMEN.

# Christ is made.

Hymn 282.

8.7.

Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion, Christ the Head and cor - ner stone;

Chos - en of the Lord and pre - cious, Bind - ing all the Church in one.

Ho - ly Si - on's help for ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone. A - men.

II.

All that dedicated city,  
Dearly loved of God on high,  
In exultant jubilation  
Pours perpetual melody;  
God the One in Three adoring  
In glad hymns eternally.

III.

To this Temple, where we call Thee,  
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;  
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,  
Hear Thy servants as they pray;  
And Thy fullest benediction  
Shed within its walls alway.

IV.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
What they ask of Thee to gain,  
What they gain from Thee for ever  
With the blessed to retain,  
And hereafter in Thy glory  
Evermore with Thee to reign.

(In unison)

V.

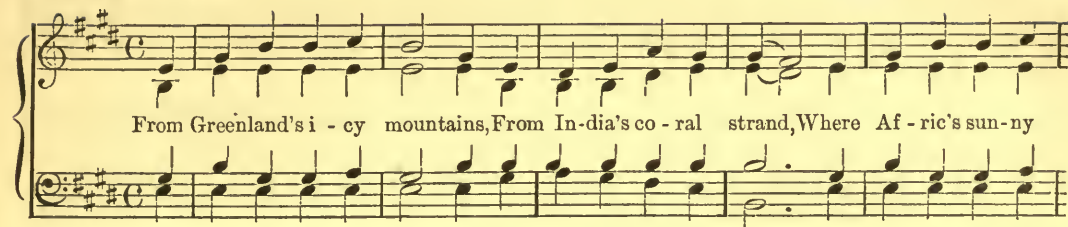
Praise and honour to the Father,  
Praise and honour to the Son,  
Praise and honour to the Spirit,  
Ever Three, and ever One,  
One in might, and One in glory,  
While eternal ages run. Amen.



# From Greenland's icy mountains.

Hymn 283.

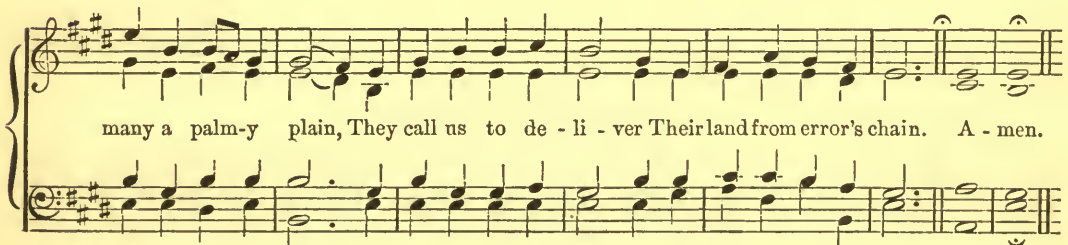
7.6.



From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's co - ral strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny



foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand ; From many an an - cient ri - ver, From



many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - li - ver Their land from error's chain. A - men.

11.

What though the the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile :  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn ;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

111.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high ;  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation, O salvation,  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.

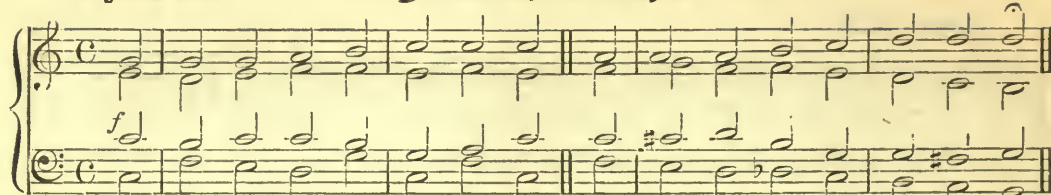
11.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole :  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
(*rall.*) In bliss returns to reign.

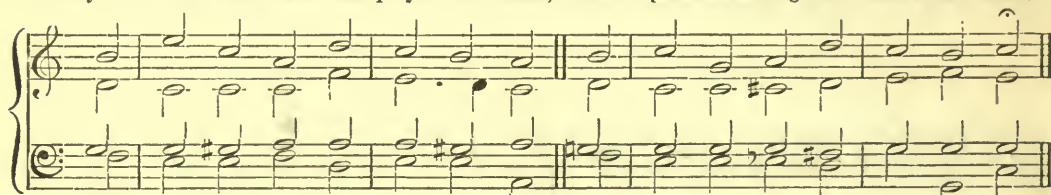
# Hymn 284.

## Jesus shall reign.

L.



I. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Doth his suc - cess - ive jour-neys run;  
 II. *mf* To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And prais-es throng to crown his head;



His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 His name, like sweet per - fume, shall rise With ev' - ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

III.

People and realms, of every tongue,  
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song;  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on His Name.

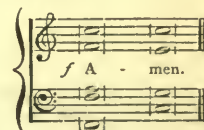
in unison.

V.

*f* Let every creature rise, and bring  
 Peculiar honours to our King:  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

IV.

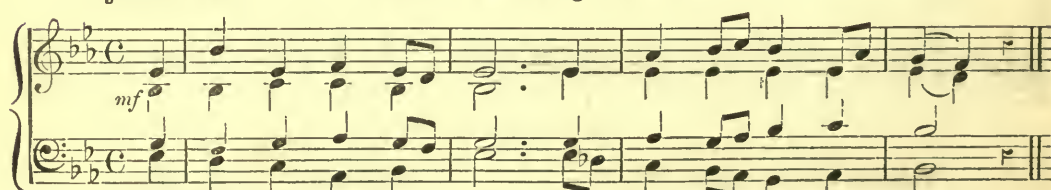
Blessings abound where'er He reigns.  
 The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,  
 The weary find eternal rest,  
 And all the sons of want are blest.



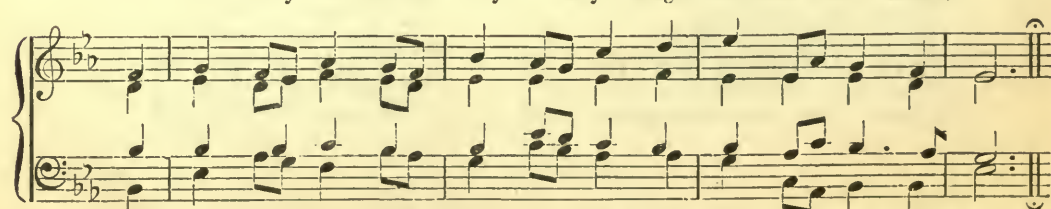
# Hymn 285.

## To bless Thy chosen.

S.



I. To bless Thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline;  
 II. That so Thy won - drous way May through the world be known,



And cause the bright - ness of Thy face On all Thy saints to shine.  
 While dis - tant lands their tri - bute pay, And Thy sal - va - tion own.

III.

O let them shout and sing,  
 With joy and pious mirth;  
 For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
 Shalt govern all the earth.

IV.

Let differing nations join  
 To celebrate Thy fame;  
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
 To praise Thy glorious Name.

V.

*f* Then God upon our land  
 Shall constant blessings shower;  
 And all the world in awe shall stand  
*rall.* Of His resistless power.

## O come loud Anthems.

Hymn 301.

L.



O come, loud, An-thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al-migh-ty King,



And high our grate-ful voi-ces raise, As our Sal-va-tion's rock we praise.

ii.

*f* Into His presence let us haste,  
To thank Him for His favours past ;  
To Him address, in joyful songs,  
The praise that to His Name belongs :

iii.

For God the Lord, enthroned in state,  
Is with unrivall'd glory great ;  
The depths of earth are in His hand,  
Her secret wealth at His command.

iv.

*mf* O let us to His Courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there ;  
Low on our knees with reverence fall,  
(*rall.*) And on the Lord our Maker call.



# Praise to God.

Hymn 302.

7s.

*f* Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the

*f* love that crowns our days; Boun - teous source of ev' - ry

joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy; All to

Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow.

ii.

All the blessings of the fields,  
All the stores the garden yields,  
Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

iii.

Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,  
All the plenty summer pours,  
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

iv.

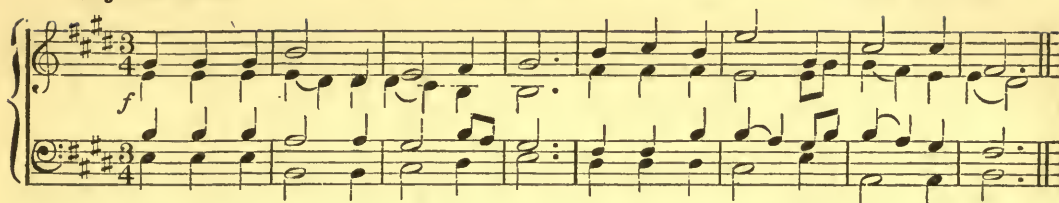
Peace, prosperity, and health,  
Private bliss and public wealth,  
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,  
Pure religion's holier beams:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

(*rall.*)

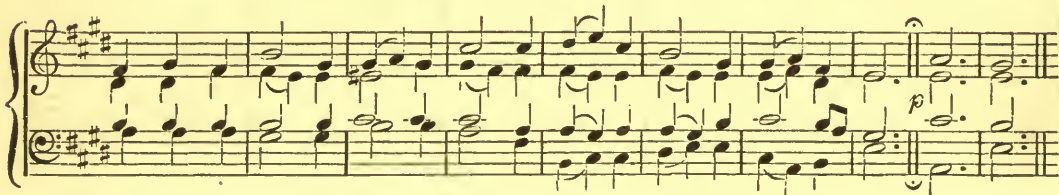
# Salvation doth to God,

Hymn 304.

L.



I. Sal - va - tion doth to God be - long, His power and grace shall be our song;  
II. Then praise this God Who bows His ear Pro - pi - tious to His peo - ple's prayer;  
III. O may this good - ness lead our land, Still sav'd by Thine Al - migh - ty hand,



From Him a - lone all mer - cies flow, His arm a - lone sub - dues the foe.  
And though de - liv' - rance He may stay, Yet an - swer still in His own day.  
The tri - bute of its love to bring To Thee, our Sav - iour and our King. A - men.

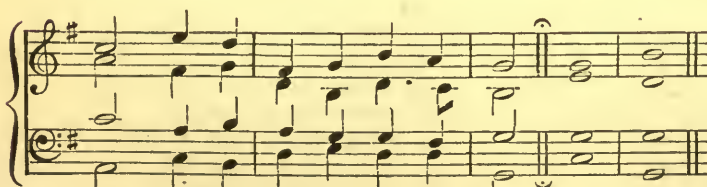
# Praise, O praise our God,

Hymn 305.

78.



I. Praise, O praise our God and King! Hymns of a - do - ra - tion sing; For His mer - cies still en -  
II. Praise Him that He made the Sun, Day by day his course to run; For His mer - cies still en -



- dure, ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.  
- dure, ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. A - men.

III.  
And the silver moon by night,  
Shining with her gentle light;  
For His mercies, &c.

IV.  
Praise Him that He gave the rain  
To mature the swelling grain;  
For His mercies, &c.

V.  
*mf* And hath bid the fruitful field  
Crops of precious increase yield;  
*f* For His mercies, &c.

VI.  
*mf* Praise Him for our harvest-store  
He hath fill'd the garner-floor;  
*f* For His mercies, &c.

VII.  
*mf* And for richer food than this,  
Pledge of everlasting bliss;  
*f* For His mercies, &c.

VIII.  
Glory to our bounteous King!  
Glory let creation sing!  
Glory to the Father, Son,  
And blest Spirit, Three in One.  
AMEN.

# Come, ye thankful people.

Hymn 306.

7s.

*f* Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest -

- home: All is safe - ly ga - ther'd in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;

God, our Ma - ker, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied; Come to

God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest - home. A - men.

11.

*mf* All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown:  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear:  
Lord of harvest, grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

111.

*p* For the Lord our God shall come  
And shall take His harvest home:  
From His field shall in that Day  
All offences purge away;  
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His Garner evermore.

1V.

*f* Even so, Lord, quickly come  
To Thy final Harvest-home:  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin;  
There for ever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide:  
Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious Harvest-home. Amen.



# Before the Lord we bow.

Hymn 307.

6 6.6 6.8 8.

Be - fore the Lord we bow, The God who reigns a -

- bove, And rules the world be - low, . . . . . Bound - less in pow'r and love ;

Our thanks we bring In joy and praise, Our hearts we raise To heaven's high King. A - men.

II.

*mf* The nation Thou hast blest  
May well Thy love declare,  
From foes and fears at rest,  
Protected by Thy care.  
For this fair land,  
For this bright day,  
Our thanks we pay—  
Gifts of Thy hand.

III.

May every mountain height,  
Each vale and forest green,  
Shine in Thy word's pure light,  
And its rich fruits be seen !  
May every tongue  
Be tuned to praise,  
And join to raise  
A grateful song.

IV.

Earth ! hear thy Maker's voice,  
The great Redeemer own,  
Believe, obey, rejoice,  
And worship Him alone ;  
Cast down thy pride,  
Thy sin deplore,  
And bow before  
The Crucified.

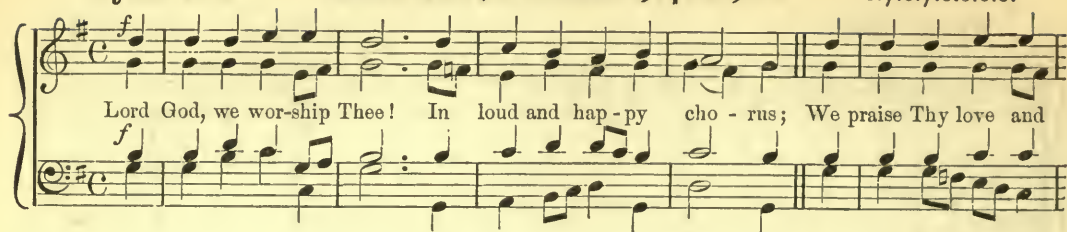
V.

And when in power He comes,  
O may our native land,  
(*cres.*) From all its rending toms,  
Send forth a glorious band ;  
*f* A countless throng  
Ever to sing  
To heaven's high King  
Salvation's song.

# Hymn 308.

## Lord God, we worship Thee.

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.



*f* Lord God, we wor-ship Thee! In loud and hap-py cho-rus; We praise Thy love and



pow'r, Whose goodness reigneth o'er us. To heav'n our song shall soar, For e-ver shall it



be Re-sounding o'er and o'er; Lord God, we wor-ship Thee! A-men.

II.

Lord God, we worship Thee!  
For Thou our land defendest;  
Thou pourest down Thy grace,  
And strife and war Thou endest.  
Since golden peace, O Lord, Thou grantest us to see,  
Our land, with one accord, Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

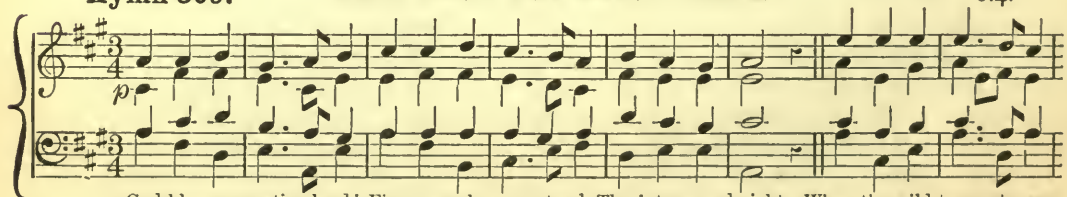
III.

Lord God, we worship Thee!  
Thou didst indeed, chastise us,  
Yet still Thy anger spares,  
And still Thy mercy tries us:  
Once more our Father's hand doth bid our sorrows flee,  
And peace rejoice our land, Lord God, we worship Thee!

# Hymn 309.

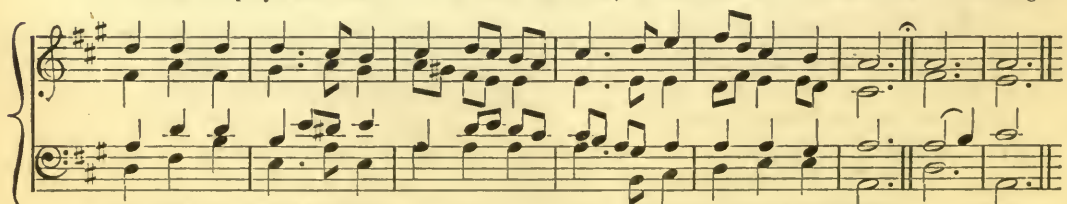
## God bless our native land.

6.4.



*p* 1. God bless our native land! Firm may she ever stand, Thro' storm and night; When the wild tempests rave,

11. For her our pray'r shall rise To God a - bove the skies; On Him we wait. Thou who art e - ver nigh,



Ru - ler of winds and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save, By Thy great might. A - men.  
Guard-ing with watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the state.

# Blest be the tie.

## Hymn 315.

S.



I. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Je - sus' love :  
 p II. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour u - ni - ted pray'rs ;



The fel - low - ship of Chris - tian minds Is like to that a - bove.  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one; Our com - forts and our cares.

III.

We share our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burdens bear ;  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathising tear.

IV.

f When we at death must part,  
 Not like the world's our pain,  
 But one in Christ, and one in heart,  
 We part to meet again.

V.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
 And sin, we shall be free;  
 And perfect love and friendship reign,  
*rall.* Throughout eternity.

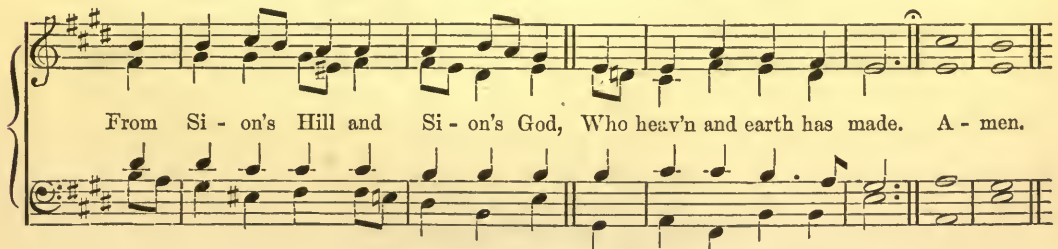
# To Sion's Hill.

## Hymn 316.

C.



To Si - on's Hill I lift my eyes, From thence ex - pect - ing aid,



From Si - on's Hill and Si - on's God, Who heav'n and earth has made. A - men.

II.

He will not let thy foot be moved,  
 Thy guardian will not sleep ;  
 Behold, the God who slumbers not,  
 Will favour'd Israel keep.

III.

Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,  
 Thou shalt securely rest,  
 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee  
 By day or night molest.

IV.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,  
 Thy God shall thee defend;  
 Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage  
 Safe to thy journey's end.



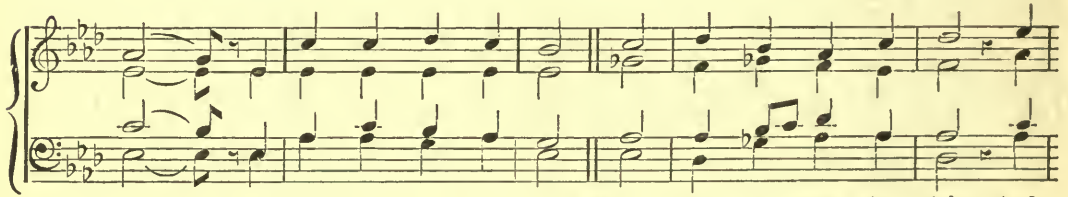
# There is a Blessed Home.

Hymn 317.

6s.



There is a bles-séd Home Be-yond this land of woe, Where tri-als rev-er



come, Nor tears of sor-row flow; Where faith is lost in sight, And



pa-tient hope is crown'd, And ev-er-last-ing light Its glo-ry throws a-round.

II.

*mf* There is a Land of Peace,  
Good angels know it well;  
Glad Songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell;  
Around its glorious Throne  
Ten thousand saints adore  
Christ, with the Father One,  
And Spirit, evermore.

III.

*f* O joy all joys beyond,  
*slower* To see the Lamb who died,  
*p* And count each sacred wound  
*faster* In Hands and Feet and Side;  
*f* To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done!


IV.

Look up, ye saints of God,  
*slower* Nor fear to tread below  
*p* The path your Saviour trod  
*faster* Of daily toil and woe;  
*f* Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love,  
His own, most gracious smile  
(*rall.*) Shall welcome you above.

# O God, my Gracious God.

Hymn 320.

8.8.8. D.



O God, my gra-cious God, to Thee My morn-ings pray'rs shall of-fer'd be, For



Thee my thirs-ty soul doth pant; My faint-ing flesh im-plores Thy grace, As



on a dry and bar-ren place, Where I re-fresh-ing wa-ters want.

II.

O to my longing eyes once more  
That view of glorious power restore,  
Which Thy majestic House displays:  
Because to me Thy wondrous love  
Than life itself does dearer prove,  
My lips shall always speak Thy praise.

III.

My life, while I that life enjoy,  
In blessing God I will employ,  
With lifted hands adore His name:  
As with its choicest food supplied,  
My soul shall be full satisfied,  
While I with joy His praise proclaim.

IV.

When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,  
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,  
And when I wake in dead of night,  
Because Thou still dost succour bring,  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing  
I rest with safety and delight.

# Saviour, when night.

Hymn 325.

L.



Sa - viour, when night in - volves the skies, My soul, a - dor - ing, turns to Thee;



Thee, self a - bas'd in mor - tal guise, And wrapt in shades of night for me. A - men.

II.

On Thee my waking raptures dwell,  
When crimson gleams the east adorn,  
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,  
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

III.

*f* When noon her throne in light arrays,  
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;  
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,  
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

IV.

O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,  
To death, and Thee my thoughts I give;  
To death, whose power I soon must feel,  
To Thee, with Whom I trust to live.  
AMEN.

# God of our fathers.

Hymn 326.

C.



God of our Fa - thers, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are blest,



Be with us through our pil - gri-mage; Con - duct us to our rest. A - men.

II.

Through each perplexing path of life,  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

III.

*f* O spread Thy sheltering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

IV.

*f* Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore;  
And Thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,  
And portion evermore. AMEN.



# Come, my soul.

Hymn 330.

8.4.7.—D.

*mf*

*mf* Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing

*f*

*f* O'er the earth an - o - ther day: Come to Him who made this splen - dour,

*f*

*f* See and ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay. A - men.

II.

Gladly hail the sun returning :  
Ready burning  
Be the incense of thy powers ;  
For the night is safely ended !  
God hath tended  
With His care thy helpless hours.

III.

Pray that He may prosper ever  
Each endeavour,  
When thine aim is good and true ;  
But that He may ever thwart thee,  
And convert thee,  
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

IV.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth,  
He unfoldeth  
Every fault that lurks within ;  
He the hidden shame glossed over  
Can discover,  
And discern each deed of sin,

V.

Mayest thou on life's last morrow  
Free from sorrow,  
Pass away in slumber sweet ;  
And, released from death's dark sadness,  
Rise in gladness,  
That far brighter Sun to greet.

VI.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,  
Light refuse not,  
But His Spirit's voice obey ;  
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding  
Light enfolding  
All things in unclouded day.

VII.

Glory, honour, exaltation,  
Adoration,  
Be to the eternal One :  
To the Father, Son, and Spirit  
Laud and merit,  
While unending ages run. Amen.

# Awake, my soul.

## Hymn 332. FIRST SETTING.

L.

*f* Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run ;

Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice. A - men.

II.

*mf* Thy precious time mis-spent redeem ;  
Each present day thy last esteem ;  
Improve thy talent with due care ;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

III.

By influence of the Light divine,  
Let thy own light to others shine ;  
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays  
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

IV.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all the night long unwearied sing  
Glory to the Eternal King.

V.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,  
May your devotion me inspire,  
That I, like you, my age may spend,  
Like you may on my God attend.

VI.

*f* All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept  
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake.

VII.

*mf* Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

VIII.

Direct, control, suggest this day  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

IX.

*in unison.*

*f* Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. AMEN.

## SECOND SETTING.

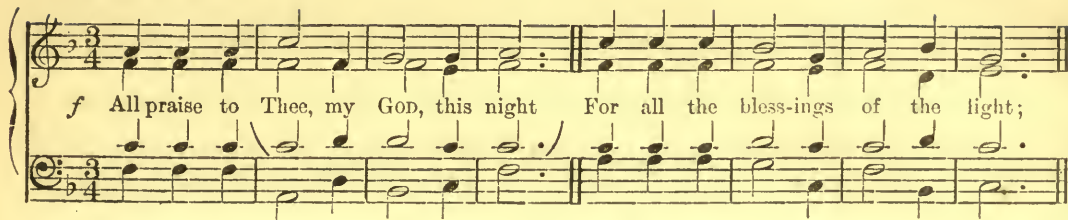
*f*

*p*

# All praise to Thee, my God.

Hymn 333.

L



*f* All praise to Thee, my God, this night For all the bless-ings of the light;



Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Under Thine own Al-migh - ty wings. A - men.

II.

*p* Forgive me, LORD, for Thy dear SON,  
The ills that I this day have done :  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

IV.

O may my soul on Thee repose !  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close !  
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my GOD when I awake.

III.

*p* Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
*cres.* Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

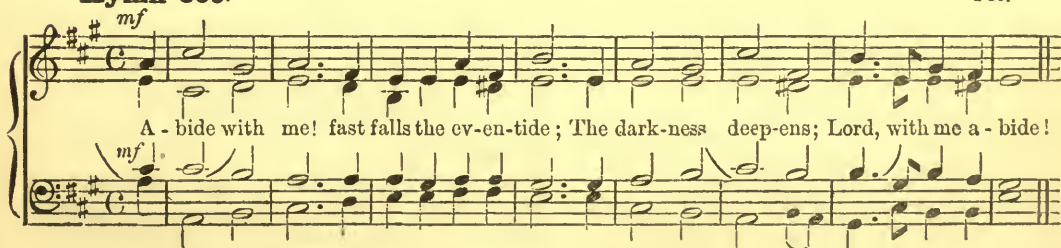
V.

When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.

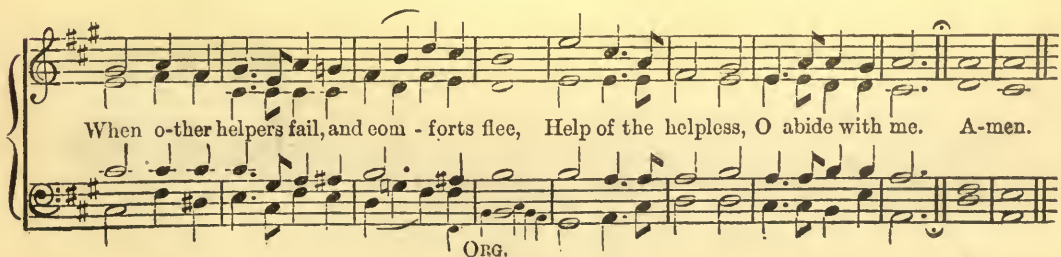
## Abide with me.

Hymn 335. FIRST SETTING.

108.



*mf* A - bide with me! fast falls the ev-en-tide ; The dark-ness deep-ens; Lord, with me a - bide !



*mf* When o-ther helpers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me. A-men.

ORG.



# Abide with me.

Hymn 335. SECOND TUNE.

108

*p* A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide: The dark - ness

deep - ens: LORD, with me a - bide: When o - ther help - ers

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me.

II.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day:  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:  
Change and decay in all around I see:  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

III.

I need Thy presence every passing hour:  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, LORD, abide with me.

IV.

*f* I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:  
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

*in unison.*

V.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows  
In life, in death, O LORD, abide with me. [flee;

*p* A - men.

# Sun of my Soul.

Hymn 336. FIRST SETTING.

L.

Musical notation for the first setting of 'Sun of my Soul'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The lyrics are: 'Sun of my soul, Thou Sa-viour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:'

Musical notation for the first setting of 'Sun of my Soul'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The lyrics are: 'Oh! may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes. A-men.'

Hymn 336. SECOND SETTING.

Musical notation for the second setting of 'Sun of my Soul'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The lyrics are: 'Sun of my soul, Thou Sa--viour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

Musical notation for the second setting of 'Sun of my Soul'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The lyrics are: 'Oh! may no earth-born cloud a-rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes. A-men.'

II.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

III.

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live:  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

IV.

If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the Voice Divine,  
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

V.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store:  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

VI.

*in unison. (First setting only.)*

*cres.* Come near and bless us when we wake.

Ere through the world our way we take;

*f* Till in the ocean of Thy love,

We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

# The shadows of the evening.

Hymn 337.

D.C.

*p*

The sha - dows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark' - ning sky, Up -

- on the fra - grance of the flowers The dews of eve - ning lie;

*cres.*

Be - fore Thy Throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day; Look

*cres.*

*dim.* *rall.*

on Thy chil - dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A - men.

*dim.* *rall.*

ii.  
The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,  
O do not Thou despise,  
But let the incense of our prayers  
Before thy mercy rise;  
The brightness of the coming night  
Upon the darkness rolls;  
With hopes of future glory chase  
The shadows on our souls.

iii.  
Slowly the rays of daylight fade;  
So fade within our heart  
The hopes in earthly love and joy,  
That one by one depart;

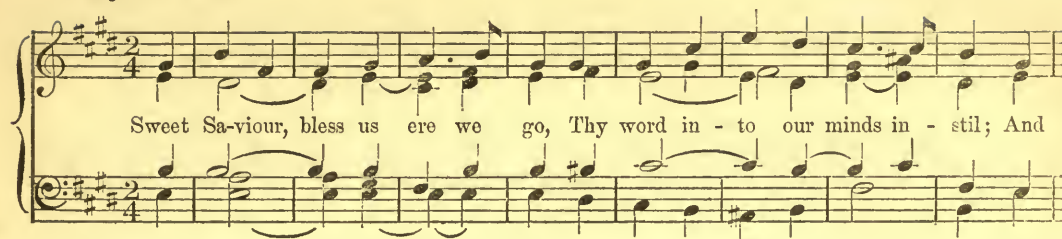
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,  
Within the heavens shine:—  
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,  
And trust in things divine.

iv.  
Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God!  
Upon our souls descend,  
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou  
Our trembling hearts defend:  
Give us a respite from our toil,  
Calm and subdue our woes;  
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,  
O give us now repose! AMEN.



# Sweet Saviour, bless us.

## Hymn 338.



### II.

The day is gone, its hours have run,  
And Thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

### III.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

### IV.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd;  
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;  
Ah! never let our works be soil'd  
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

### V.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
O let Thy mercy make us glad;  
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

### VI.

Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;  
Through night and darkness near us be;  
Good angels watch about our home,  
And we are one day nearer Thee.  
'Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light. Amen.

# Inspirer and Hearer.

Hymn 339.

8s.

*mf*  
In - spir - er and hear - er of pray'r, Thou Shep - herd and Guar - dian of  
*mf*  
Thine, My all to Thy co - ve - nant care, I, sleep - ing or wak - ing, re - sign.

II.

If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,  
The night is no darkness to me ;  
And, fast as my moments roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

III.

Thy ministering spirits descend  
To watch while Thy saints are asleep ;  
By day and by night they attend  
The heirs of salvation to keep.

IV.

Thy worship no interval knows,  
Their fervour is still on the wing ;  
And, while they protect my repose,  
They chant to the praise of my King.

V.

*f* I, too, at the season ordain'd,  
Their chorus for ever shall join ;  
And love, and adore, without end,  
*rall.* Their faithful Creator, and mine.

# Softly now the light of Day.

Hymn 340.

7s.

*p*  
Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way ;  
*p*  
Free from care, from la - bour free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A - men.

II.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Nought escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.

III.

Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away ;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

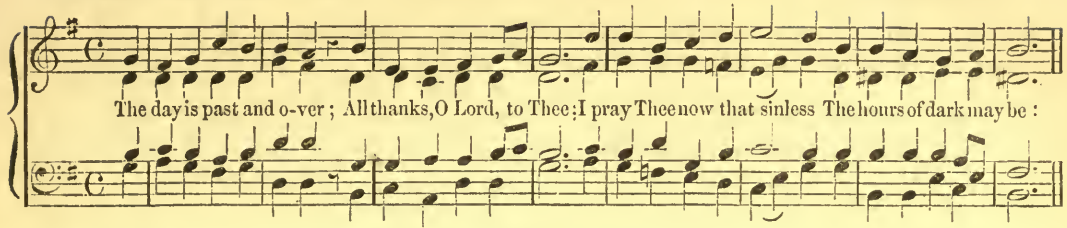
IV.

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity ;  
Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

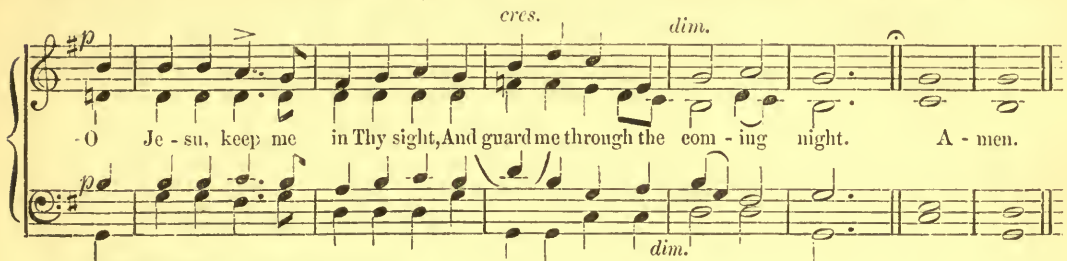
# The day is past and over.

Hymn 341. FIRST TUNE.

7.6.7.6.8.8.



The day is past and o-ver ; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee ; I pray Thee now that sinless The hours of dark may be :

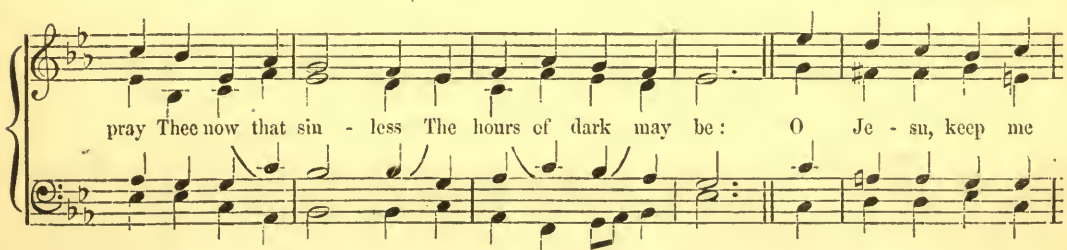


O Je - su, keep me in Thy sight, And guard me through the com - ing night. A - men.

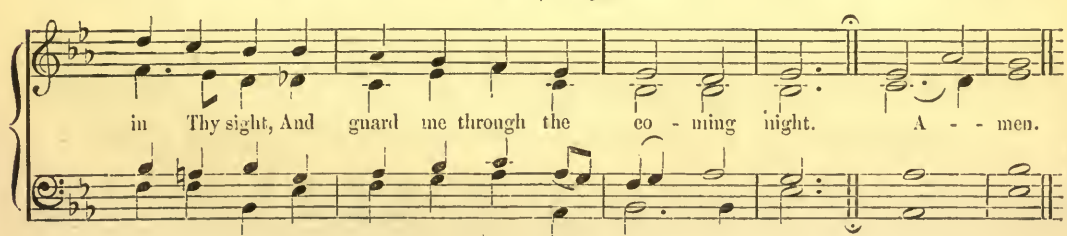
Hymn 341. SECOND TUNE.



The day is past and o - ver ; All thanks O Lord to Thee ; I



pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be : O Je - su, keep me



in Thy sight, And guard me through the co - ming night. A - - men.

II.  
The joys of day are over :  
I lift my heart to Thee ;  
And call on Thee that sinless  
The hours of gloom may be,  
O Jesu, make their darkness light,  
And save me through the coming night !

III.  
The toils of day are over ;  
I raise the hymn to Thee,  
And ask that free from peril  
The hours of fear may be :  
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,  
And guard me through the coming night.

IV.  
Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,  
Or sleep in death shall I,  
And he, my wakeful tempter,  
Triumphantly shall cry  
" Against Him I have now prevailed  
Rejoice ! the child of God has failed !"

V.  
Be thou my soul's Preserver,  
O God ! for thou dost know,  
How many are the perils  
Through which I have to go,  
Lover of men, O hear my call,  
And guard and save me from them all !



## Hymn 342.

## Through the day Thy love.

8.7.8.7.7 7.

*mf*

i. Thro' the day Thy love hath spar'd us; Now we lay us down to rest,  
 ii. Pil-grims here on earth, and strang-ers, Dwell-ing in the midst of foes,

*mf*

Thro' the si-lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo-lest;  
 Us and ours pre-serve from dan-gers; In Thine arms may we re- pose;

Je-sus, Thou our Guard-ian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A-men.  
 And when life's short day is past, Rest with Thee in heav'n at last. A-men.

## Hymn 343.

## Great God, to Thee.

*mf*

Great God! to Thee my eve-ning song, With hum-ble gra-ti-tude I raise;

Ped.

O let Thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise. A-men.

ii.  
 My days unclouded as they pass,  
 And every onward rolling hour,  
 Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
 And witness to Thy love and power.

iii.  
 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,  
 Too oft regardless of Thy love,  
 Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,  
 And from the path of duty rove.

iv.  
 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
 Of CHRIST my LORD; his name alone  
 I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
 And kind acceptance at Thy throne.


v.  
 With hope in Him mine eyelids close,  
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame;  
 Safe in Thy care may I repose,  
 And wake with praises to Thy Name.

*f* Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
 Praise Him above, Angelic Host;  
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

# God, that madest earth.

Hymn 344.

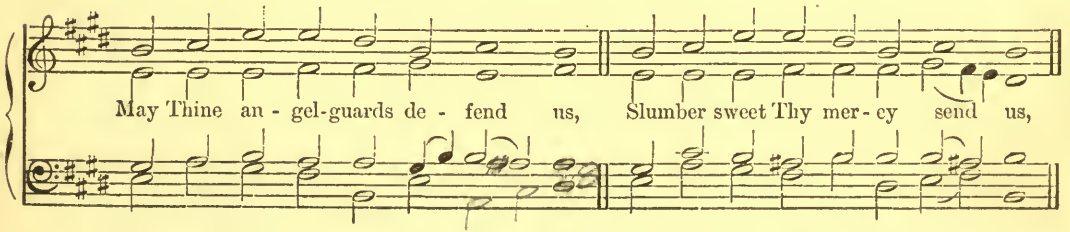
8. 4.



*mf* GOD, that ma - dest earth and hea - ven, Dark - ness and light ;

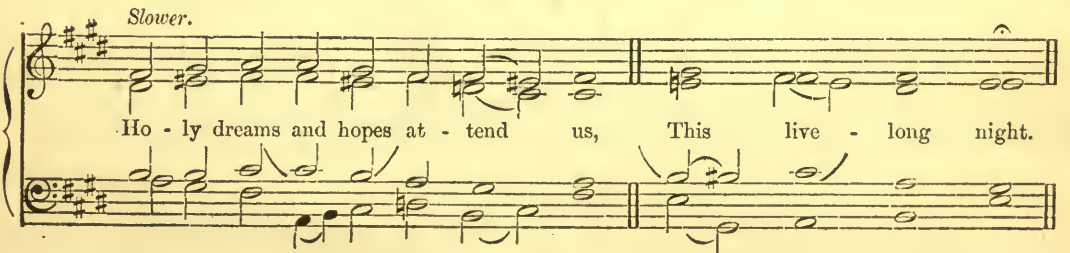


Who the day for toil hast giv - - en, For rest the night :



May Thine an - gel-guards de - fend us, Slumber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,

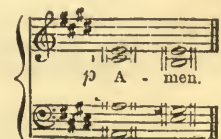
*Slower.*



Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.

II.

*mf* Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,  
 And, when we die,  
 May we in Thy mighty keeping  
 All peaceful lie :  
 When the last dread call shall wake us,  
 Do not Thou our God forsake us,  
*f* But to reign in glory take us  
 With Thee on high.



*p* A - men.

# The sun is sinking fast.

Hymn 345. FIRST TUNE.

6.4.6.6.

*mf*

The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies ;

Let love a - wake and pay her eve-ning sa - cri - fice. A - men.

Hymn 345. SECOND TUNE.

*mf*

The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies ;

Let love a - wake and pay her eve - ning sa - cri - fice. A - men.

ii.  
*p* As Christ upon the cross  
His head inclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resign'd ;

iii.  
So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In whom all spirits live ;

iv.  
So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast ;

v.  
*mf* Save that His will be done,  
Whate'er betide ;  
*p* Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.

vi.  
*cres.* Thus would I live : yet now  
Not I, but He,  
In all His power and love,  
Henceforth alive in me.

vii.  
*f* One Sacred Trinity,  
One Lord Divine,  
May I be ever His,  
And He for ever mine.

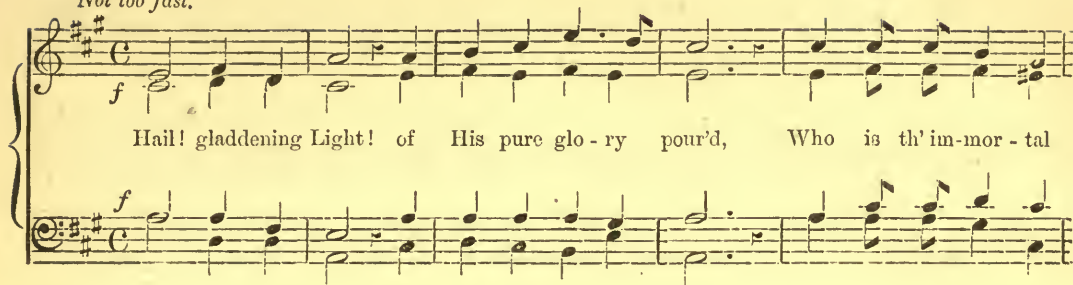


# Hail! gladdening Light!

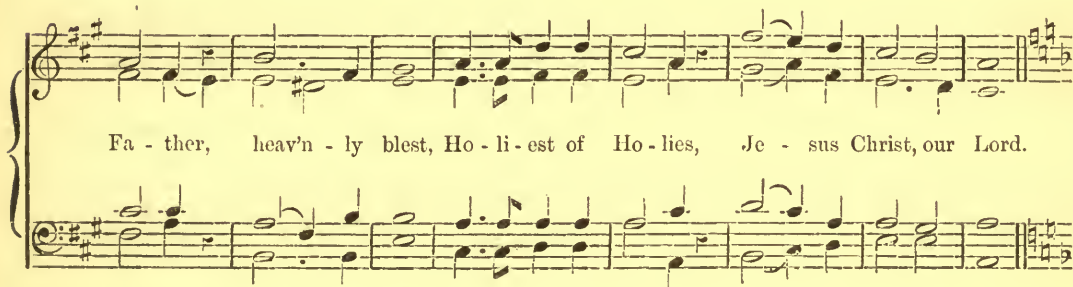
Hymn 348.

P.

*Not too fast.*



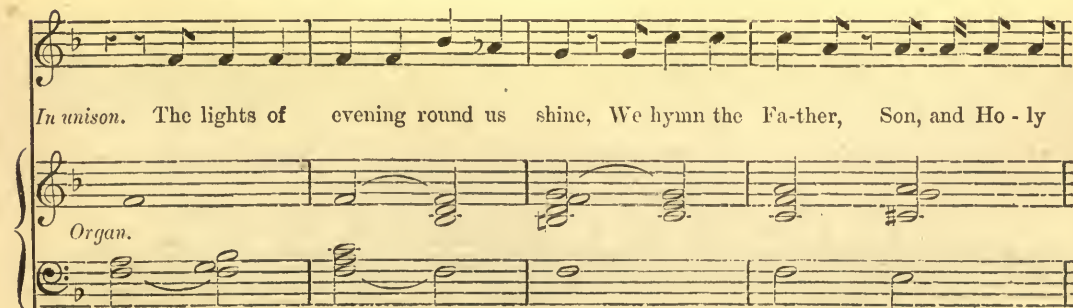
Hail! gladdening Light! of His pure glo - ry pour'd, Who is th'im-mor - tal



Fa - ther, heav'n - ly blest, Ho - li - est of Ho - lies, Je - sus Christ, our Lord.



Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest.



*In unison.* The lights of evening round us shine, We hymn the Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly

*Organ.*

# HAIL! GLADDENING LIGHT.—continued.

Musical score for the first system. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Spi-rit, We hymn the Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Spi-rit, di-vine, di-vine." The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a simple bass line.

Musical score for the second system. The key signature changes to A major. The vocal line begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and lyrics: "Wor-thi-est art Thou at all times to be sung With un-de-". The piano accompaniment also begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

Musical score for the third system. The vocal line continues with lyrics: "fi-led tongue, Son of our God, Giver of Life, a-". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns.

Musical score for the fourth system. The vocal line concludes with lyrics: "lonely, There-fore in all the world Thy glo-ries, Lord, they own." The piano accompaniment features a forte (*ff*) dynamic and ends with a *rall.* (rallentando) marking.

# The day is gently sinking

Hymn 349.

*dim.*

*10s.*

*p* The Day is gent - ly sink - ing to a close, Faint - er and yet more faint the

*cres.*  
sun - - light glows: O Bright-ness of Thy FA-THER'S Glo - ry,— Thou

*f* E - ter - nal LIGHT of LIGHT, be with us now : Where Thou art pre-sent darkness  
*p* *mf*

*cres.*  
can - not be: Mid - night is glo - rious Noon, O LORD, with Thee.

II.

*p* Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,  
*pp* Onward to darkness and to death we tend :  
*cres.* O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,  
*f* Be Thou our Light (*dim.*) in death's dark eventide ;  
*mf* Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,  
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

III.

*mf* Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear  
Upon the waves, and Thy Disciples cheer,  
Come, LORD, in lonesome days (*cres.*), when storms assail,  
*dim.* And earthly hopes, and human succours fail :  
*p* When all is dark (*cres.*), may we behold Thee  
nigh,  
And hear Thy Voice—(*f*) "Fear not, for it is I."

IV.

*p* The weary world is mouldering to decay,  
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away ;  
*cres.* In that last Sunset (*f*), when the stars shall fall,  
May we arise (*f*), awakened by Thy call,  
*dim.* With Thee, O LORD, for ever to abide  
*cres.* In that blest Day (*dim.*) which has no eventide.

A - - men.



# Safely through another Week.

Hymn 350.

7s.

Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way ;

Let us now a bless - ing seek, On th'ap - proach - ing ho - ly day :

Day of all the week the best, Em - ble of e - ter - nal rest ! A - men.

II.

*mf* Mercies multiplied each hour  
Through the week our praise demand ;  
Guarded by Almighty power,  
Fed and guided by His hand :  
Though ungrateful we have been,  
And repaying love with sin

III.

While we pray for pardoning grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's Name,  
Show Thy reconciled face,  
Drive away our sin and shame ;  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this night with Thee.

IV.

When the morn shall bid us rise,  
May we feel Thy presence near ;  
May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
When we in Thy House appear :  
There afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

V.

May Thy gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief for all complaints :  
Such the days of rest we love,  
Till we join the Church above. Amen.

# THE SEVEN HOURS.

*Sung after each Hymn.*

*L.*



O Fa-ther, that we ask be done, Through Je-sus Christ, Thine on - ly Son ;



Who, with the Ho - ly Ghost and Thee, Shall live and reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

## Hymn 353.

BEFORE DAWN.

I.

The wingèd herald of the day  
Proclaims the morn's approaching ray :  
So Christ the Lord renews His call,  
To endless life awakening all.

II.

"Take up thy bed," to each He cries,  
Who sick, or wrapp'd in slumber, lies :  
"Be chaste, and, living soberly,  
Watch ye, for I the Lord am nigh."

III.

With earnest cry, with tearful care,  
Call we the Lord to hear our prayer ;  
While supplication, pure and deep,  
Forbids each chastened heart to sleep.

AMEN.

## Hymn 354.

FIRST HOUR.

I.

Dawn purples all the east with light ;  
Day o'er the earth is gliding bright ;  
Morn's sparkling rays their course begin ;  
Farewell to darkness and to sin !

II.

Each evil dream of night, depart,  
Each thought of guilt, forsake the heart !  
Let every ill that darkness brought  
Beneath its shade, now come to naught !

III.

So that last Morning, dread and great,  
Which we with trembling hope await,  
With blessed light for us shall glow,  
(*rall.*) Who chant the song we learnt below.

N

THE HOURS.—(continued.)

*Sung after each Hymn.*



O Fa - ther, that we ask be done, Through Je - sus Christ, Thine on - ly Son ;

*Sung after each Hymn.*



Who, with the Ho - ly Ghost and Thee, Shall live and reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

Hymn 355.

THE THIRD HOUR.

*p* <sup>I.</sup>  
COME, Holy Ghost, with God the Son,  
And God the Father, ever One ;  
Shed forth Thy grace within our breast.  
And dwell with us, a ready guest.

<sup>II.</sup>  
By every power, by heart and tongue,  
By act and deed, Thy praise be sung ;  
Inflame with perfect love each sense,  
That others' souls may kindle thence.  
*in unison.*  
*f* O Father, that we ask (*see above.*) &c.

Hymn 356.

THE SIXTH HOUR.

<sup>I.</sup>  
O GOD of truth, O Lord of might,  
Who, ordering time and change aright,  
Sendest the early morning ray,  
Kindling the glow of perfect day,

<sup>II.</sup>  
Extinguish Thou each sinful fire,  
And banish every ill desire :  
And, keeping all the body whole,  
Shed forth Thy peace upon the soul.  
*in unison.*  
*f* O Father, that we ask, (*see above*) &c.

Hymn 357.

THE NINTH HOUR.

<sup>I.</sup>  
O GOD ! creation's secret Force,  
Thyself unmoved, all motion's Source  
Who, from the morn till evening's ray,  
Through all its changes guidest the day

<sup>II.</sup>  
Grant us, when this short life is past,  
The glorious evening that shall last ;  
That, by a holy death attained,  
Eternal glory may be gained.  
*in unison.*  
*f* O Father, that we ask, (*see above*) &c.



# As now the sun's.

Hymn 358.

(SUNSET.)

C.



As now the sun's de - clin - ing rays To - wards the eve de - scend ;



E'en so our years are sink - ing down To their ap - point - ed end. A - men.

II.  
Lord, on the cross Thine arms were stretch'd,  
To draw Thy people nigh ;  
O grant us then that cross to love,  
And in those arms to die.

III.  
*f* To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
All glory be from saints on earth,  
And from the angel host. AMEN.

# Before the ending.

Hymn 359.

(NIGHT-WATCH.)

L.



Be - fore the end - ing of the day, Cre - a - tor of the world, we pray, That



with Thy wont - ed fa - vour Thou would'st be our guard and keep - er now. A - men.

II  
From all ill dreams defend our sight,  
From fears and terrors of the night ;  
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,  
That spot of sin we may not know.

In unison. III.  
O Father, that we ask be done,  
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son ;  
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,  
Doth live and reign eternally. AMEN.

# O Word of God incarnate.

Hymn 362.

7.6.



O Word of God in - car - nate, O wis - dom from on high, O truth unchang'd, unchanging, O



Light of our dark sky! We praise Thee for the ra - di - ance, That from the hallow'd page,



A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - men.

ii.  
*mf* The Church from her dear Master  
Received the gift divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.  
It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored,  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of Christ the living Word.

iii.  
It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurl'd;  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world;  
It is the chart and compass  
That o'er life's surging sea,  
Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,  
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

iv.  
O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of burnish'd gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy True Light as of old;  
*p* O teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace,  
*f* Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see Thee face to face. AMEN.

# Salvation! O the joyful sound.

Hymn 369.

C.

*f* Sal - va - tion! Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! What plea - sure to our  
Bur - ed in sor - row, in sor - row and in sin,

*mf* ears! A sov'-reign balm for ev'-ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.  
*mf*

*f* Glo - ry, honour, praise and pow - er, Be un - to the Lamb for e - ver: Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.  
*f*

*cres.* Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise . . the Lord.  
*cres.* Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise . . the Lord.

ii.  
*mf* Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise, by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.  
*f* Glory, honour, &c.

iii.  
Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.  
Glory, honour, &c.



# Saviour, source of every blessing.

Hymn 370.

8.7.8.7.

*mf*

*mf*

Sa-viour, source of ev - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to grate - ful lays:

Streams of mer - cy, ne - ver ceas - ing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise. A - men.

II.  
*p* Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by raptured saints above;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I sing redeeming love.

III.  
Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
Thou to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

IV.  
*f* By Thy hand restored, defended,  
Safe through life thus far I've come;  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

## To our Redeemer.

Hymn 372.

C.

*f*

To our Re-deem-er's glo - rious Name A - wake the sa - cred song;

O may His love (im - mor - tal flame!) Tune ev - 'ry heart and tongue. A - men.

II.  
*mf* His love, what mortal thought can reach,  
What mortal tongue display!  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.

III.  
He left His radiant throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die:  
Was ever love like this?

IV.  
*p* Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to Thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
"The Saviour died for me."

V.  
*f* O may the sweet, the blissful theme,  
Fill every heart and tongue;  
Till strangers love Thy charming Name,  
And join the sacred Song. Amen.

# Hymn 373.

## Sing, my soul.

*f*

Sing, my soul, His wondrous love, Who, from yon bright throne a - bove,

*f*

Ev - er watch - ful o'er our race, Still to man ex - tends His grace.

*mf* II.  
Heaven and earth by Him were made,  
All is by His sceptre sway'd;  
What are we that He should show  
So much love to us below?

III.  
God, the merciful and good,  
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;  
And, to make our safety sure,  
Guides us by His Spirit pure.

IV.  
*f* Sing, my soul, adore His Name,  
Let His glory be thy theme:  
Praise Him till He calls thee home,  
*rall.* Trust His love for all to come.

# Hymn 375.

## Peace, troubled soul.

8s.

I. Peace, troubled soul, whose plain-tive moan Hath taught each scene the note of woe;  
II. Come, free-ly come, by sin op-prest, On Je-sus cast thy weigh-ty load;

Cease thy com-plaint, sup-press thy groan, And let thy tears for-get to flow:  
In Him thy re-fuge find thy rest, Safe in the mer-cy of thy God:

Be-hold the pro-cious balm is found, To lull thy pain and heal thy wound.  
Thy God's thy Sa-viour, glo-rious word; O hear, be-lieve, and bless the Lord.  
(*rall.*)

# The voice of free grace.

Hymn 384.

P.



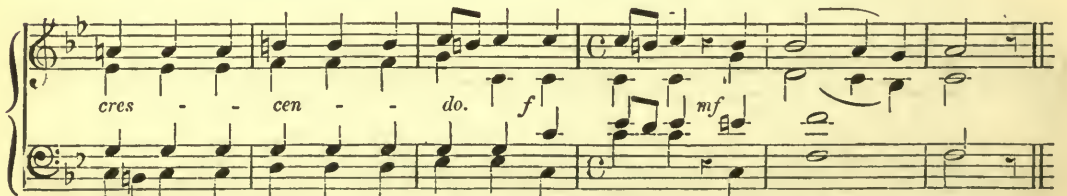
I. The voice of free grace . . . Cries, Es - cape to the moun - tain; For . .  
II. Ye souls that are wound - ed, To . . Je - sus re - pair; . . He . .



A - dam's lost race Christ hath o - pen'd a foun - tain: For . .  
calls you in mer - cy, And can you for - bear? . . Tho' your



sin and un - clean - ness, And ev' - ry trans - gres - sion, His  
sins be as scar - let, Still flee to the moun - tain, That



blood flows most free - ly, In streams of sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion.  
blood can re - move them, Which streams from this foun - tain, this foun - tain.

*Go on to next page without pausing.*

III.

*f* O Jesus! ride onward,  
Triumphantly glorious;  
O'er sin death and hell  
Thou'rt more than victorious;  
Thy Name is the theme  
Of the great congregation,  
While angels and saints  
Raise the shout of | : salvation : |  
Hallelujah, etc.

IV.

With joy shall we stand  
When escaped to that Shore;  
With our harps in our hand  
We will praise Him the more;  
*p* We'll range the sweet fields  
*cres.* On the banks of the River,  
And sing of salvation  
*f* For ever | : and ever : |  
*ff* Hallelujah, etc.



THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE.—(continued.)

*f* In unison.

Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb Who hath bought us our

*Harp-like.*

GREAT DIAPASON.

FULL SWELL coup. to Great (closed).

PED. (16 feet) with Swell coupled.

ACCOMPANIMENT WITHOUT PEDAL PART.

*Harp-like.*

GREAT DIAP. with Swell coupled.

FULL SWELL.

Small notes to be omitted unless there are two manuals.

par - don, We'll praise Him a - gain, When we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

# Rock of Ages.

Hymn 391.

7a.

*mf* Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the Wa - ter and the Blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

II.

Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

III.

Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

*in unison.*

IV.

*mf* While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
*f* When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

*p* A - men.

# Just as I am.

Hymn 392. FIRST SETTING.

8.8.8.4. D.

ALTO. *p*

TENOR. *p* *cres.*

TREBLE. *p*

BASS. *p* *cres.*

Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy Blood was shed for me, And

*p* 2nd verse.

that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee; O Lamb of God, I come! Just as I

*p* 2nd verse.

*f*

*f* *dim.*

am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, Whose Blood can

*f* *dim.*



JUST AS I AM—continued.

First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the organ. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first vocal staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second vocal staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The organ part begins with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! O . . . Lamb of God, I come! O' are written below the vocal staves. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The organ part is labeled 'ORGAN.' at the end.

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the organ. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first vocal staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second vocal staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The organ part begins with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'Lamb of God, I come! O . . . Lamb of God, I come! . . .' are written below the vocal staves. Dynamic markings include *dim.* (diminuendo) and *pp* (pianissimo).

III.  
Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

IV  
Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

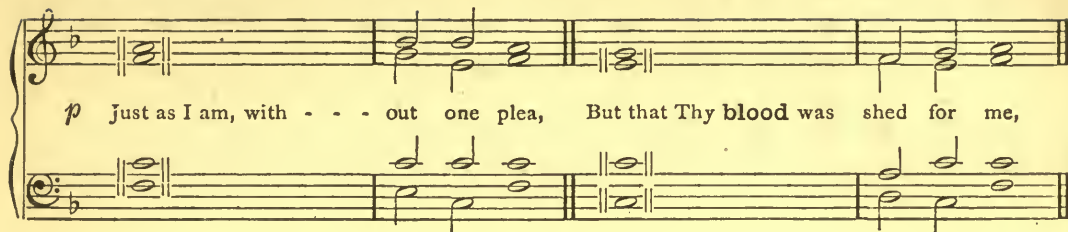
V.  
Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

VI.  
Just as I am, of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth and height to prove,  
Here for a season, then above,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

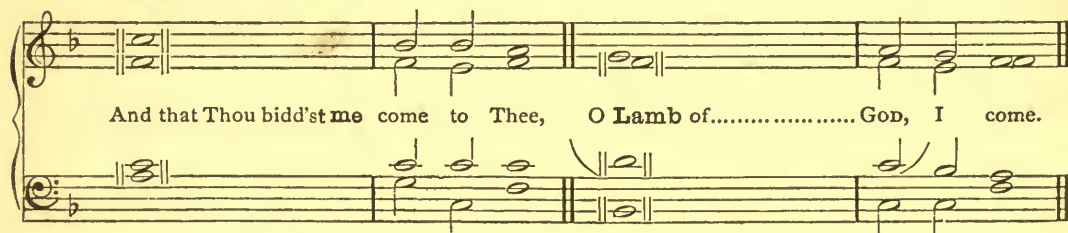
# Just as I am.

Hymn 392. SECOND TUNE.

L.



*p* Just as I am, with - - - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of..... God, I come.

II.

Just as I am, and | waiting not  
To rid my soul of | one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can | cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of | God, I come.

III.

Just as I am, though | tossed about  
With many a conflict, | many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears with | in without,  
O Lamb of | God, I come.

IV.

Just as I am—poor, | wretched, blind—  
Sight, riches, healing | of the mind,  
*mf* Yea, all I need, in | Thee to find,  
O Lamb of | God, I come.

V.

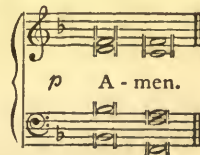
*mf* Just as I am, Thou | wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, | cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise | I believe,  
O Lamb of | God, I come.

VI.

*f* Just as I am, Thy | love unknown  
Has broken every | barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, | Thine alone,  
O Lamb of | God, I come.

VII.

Just as I am—of | that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and | height to  
prove,  
Here for a season | then above—  
O Lamb of | God, I come.



*p* A - men.

\*In chanting this hymn, good recitation will be obtained by pausing at those words printed in dark type, and at the commas.

Je - su, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide; Till the storm of life be past;

Safe in - to the Ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A - men.

## II.

*p* Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me:  
*mf* All my trust on Thee is stay'd;  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

## III.

*f* Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within:  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee:  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity. AMEN.



# Jesus, my Saviour.

## Hymn 394. FIRST SETTING.

8 8.8.4.



i. Je - sus, my Sa - vour, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op - prest;  
ii. Look down on me, for I am weak, I feel the toil - some jour - ney's length;



Verses 3 & 6.



I come to cast my - self on Thee: Thou art my Rest.  
Thine aid om - ni - po - tent I seek: Thou art my Strength.

iii.

I am bewilder'd on my way,  
Dark and tempestuous is the night;  
O send Thou forth some cheering ray:  
Thou art my Light.

iv.

When Satan flings his fiery darts,  
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;  
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:  
Thou art my Peace.

v.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
In that tremendous latest strife,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:  
Thou art my Life.

vi.

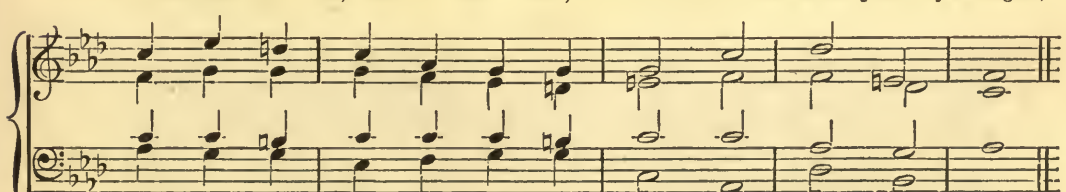
Thou wilt my every want supply,  
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;  
Through life, in death, eternally,  
Thou art my All.

## Hymn 394. SECOND SETTING.

8.8.8.4.



i. Je - sus, my Sa - vour, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op - prest;  
ii. Look down on me, for I am weak, I feel the toil - some jour - ney's length;



I come to cast my - self on Thee: Thou art my Rest.  
Thine aid om - ni - po - tent I seek: Thou art my Strength.

# JESUS, MY SAVIOUR—continued.

*Last verse in unison.*

Thou wilt my ev' - ry want sup - ply, E'en to the end, whate'er be -

rall - - en - tan - do.

fall; Through life, in death, e - ter - nal - ly, Thou art my All.

rall - - en - tan - do.

## Hymn 395.

## How sweet the name.

C.

- I. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear;  
 II. It makes the wound - ed spi - rit whole, And calms the trou - bled breast;

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. A - men.  
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.

III.

*mf* Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,  
 My shield and hiding-place,  
 My never-failing treasury, filled  
 With boundless stores of grace.

IV.

*f* Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—  
 Accept the praise I bring,

V.

*p* Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought:  
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

VI.

*f* Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
 With every fleeting breath;  
 And may the music of Thy Name,  
 Refresh my soul in death. Amen

*f*  
A moun - tain fast - ness is our God, On which our souls are plant - ed:

*f*  
And though the fierce foe rage a - broad, Our hearts are no - thing daunt - ed.

*mf*  
What though he be set, With wea - pon and net, Ar - rayed in death -

*mf*  
- strife? In God are help and life: He is our sword and Ar - mour. A - - men.

ii.

*mf* By our own might we naught can do ;  
To trust it were sure losing ;  
For us must fight the Right and True,  
The Man of God's own choosing.  
Dost ask for His Name ?  
Christ Jesus we claim ;  
The Lord God of hosts ;  
The only God : vain boasts  
Of others fall before Him.

iii.

What though the troops of Satan fill'd  
The world with hostile forces ?  
E'en then our fears should all be still'd :  
In God are our resources.  
The world and its King  
No terrors can bring :  
Their threats are no worth :  
Their doom is now gone forth :  
A single word can quell them.

iv.

God's word through all shall have free sway,  
And ask no man's permission :  
The Spirit and His gifts convey  
Strength to defy perdition.  
The body to kill,  
Wife, children, at will,  
The wicked have power :  
Yet lasts it but an hour !  
The Kingdom's our for ever !

In unison.

v.

*ff* To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
For ever be outpouring  
One chorus from the Heavenly Host  
And saints on earth adoring !  
That chorus resound  
To earth's utmost bound.  
And spread from shore to shore,  
Like stormy ocean's roar,  
Through endless ages rolling. AMEN.



## For Thee, O God.

Hymn 407.

L.

*f* For thee, O God, our con-stant praise In Si-on waits, Thy cho-sen seat;

Our pro-mis'd al-tars there we'll raise, And all our zea-lous vows com-plete.

*p* <sup>ii.</sup> Thou, Who to every humble prayer  
Dost always bend Thy listening ear,  
To Thee shall all mankind repair,  
And at Thy gracious Throne appear.

<sup>iii.</sup> Our sins, though numberless, in vain  
To stop Thy flowing mercy try;  
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,  
And washest out the crimson dye.

*f* <sup>iv.</sup> Bless'd is the man who, near Thee placed,  
Within Thy sacred Dwelling lives!  
'Tis there abundantly we taste  
(*rall.*) The vast delights Thy Temple gives.

## Before Jehovah's awful Throne.

Hymn 409.

L.

*f* <sup>i.</sup> BEFORE Jehovah's awful Throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and He destroy.

*mf* <sup>ii.</sup> His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;  
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to His Fold again.

*p* <sup>iii.</sup> We are His people, we His care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

*mf* <sup>iv.</sup> We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heaven our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy Courts with sounding praise.

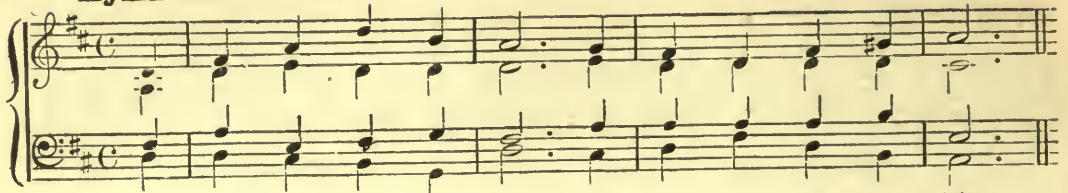
*f* <sup>v.</sup> Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love;  
Firm as a rock Thy Truth must stand,  
(*rall.*) When rolling years shall cease to move.



# O bless the Lord.

Hymn 413.

S.



I. O bless the Lord, my soul, His grace to thee pro-claim;  
II. O bless the Lord, my soul, His mer-cies bear in mind;



And all that is with-in me, join To bless His Ho-ly Name. A-men.  
For-get not all His be-ne-fits, Who is to thee so kind.

III.  
He pardons all thy sins,  
Prolongs thy feeble breath;  
He healeth thine infirmities,  
And ransoms thee from death.

IV.  
He feeds thee with His love,  
Upholds thee with His truth;  
And, like the eagle's, He renews  
The vigour of thy youth.

V.  
Then bless the Lord, my soul,  
His grace, His love proclaim;  
Let all that is within me, join  
(*rall.*) To bless His Holy Name

# O God, my heart.

Hymn 414

L.



I. O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent, Its thank-ful tri-bute to pre-sent;



And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise To Thee, my God, in songs of praise. A-men.

II.  
Awake, my glory; harp and lute,  
No longer let your strings be mute:  
And I, my tuneful part to take,  
Will with the early dawn awake.

III.  
Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the listening nations round:  
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

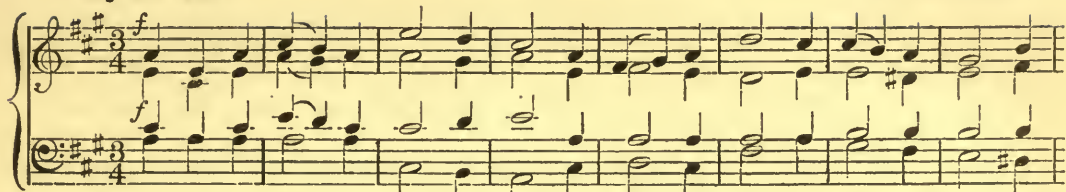
IV.  
Be Thou, O God, exalted high;  
And as Thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth displayed,  
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.  
AMEN.



# I'll Praise my Maker.

Hymn 420.

8.8.8. D.



i. I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise  
ii. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God: He made the sky, And



shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While  
earth and seas with all their train; He saves th'oppress'd, He feeds the poor, His



life and thought and be - ing last, Or im - mor - ta - li - ty en - dures.  
truth for ev - er stands se - cure, And none shall find His pro - mise vain.  
(rall.)

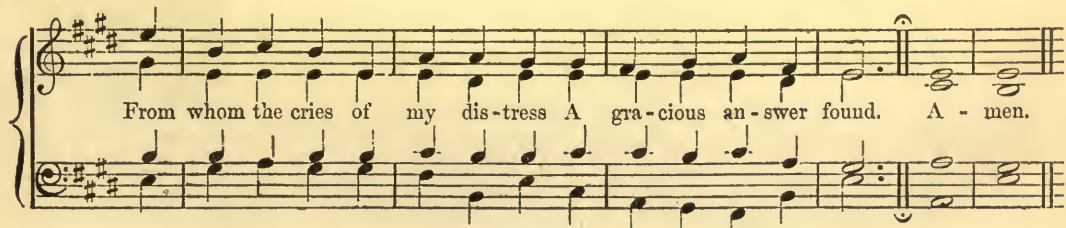
## Adored for ever.

Hymn 421.

C.



A - dor'd for e - ver be the Lord! His praise I will re - sound,



From whom the cries of my dis - tress A gra - cious an - swer found. A - men.

ii.  
He is my strength and shield; my heart  
Has trusted in His Name;  
And now relieved, my heart with joy  
His praises shall proclaim.

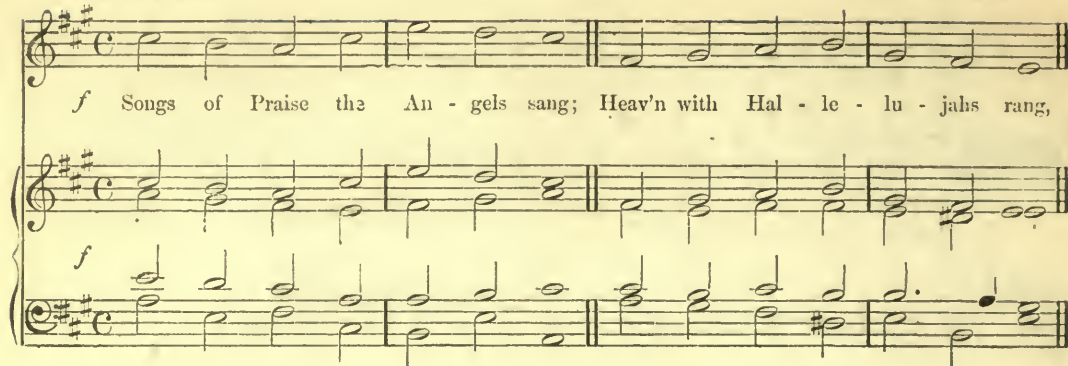
iii.  
The Lord, the everlasting God,  
Is my defence and rock,  
The saving health, the saving strength,  
Of His anointed flock.

iv.  
*mf*  
O save and bless Thy people, Lord,  
Thy heritage preserve:  
Feed, strengthen, and support their hearts,  
That they may never swerve. Amen.

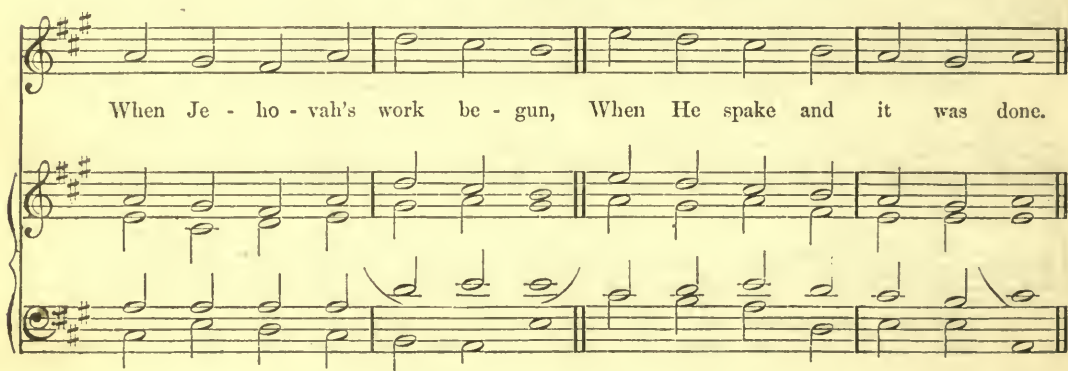
# Songs of Praise.

## Hymn 422.

78.



*f* Songs of Praise the An - gels sang; Heav'n with Hal - le - lu - jahs rang,



When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done.

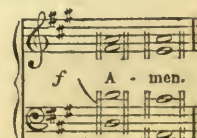
II.  
*mf* Songs of Praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of Praise arose when He  
Captive led captivity.

III.  
Heaven and earth must pass away:  
Songs of Praise shall crown that day:  
God will make new Heavens and earth,  
Songs of Praise shall hail their birth.

IV.  
And shall man alone be dumb  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No; the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

V.  
Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of Praise rejoice;  
Learning here by faith and love,  
Songs of Praise to sing above.

VI.  
Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of Praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of Praise their powers employ.

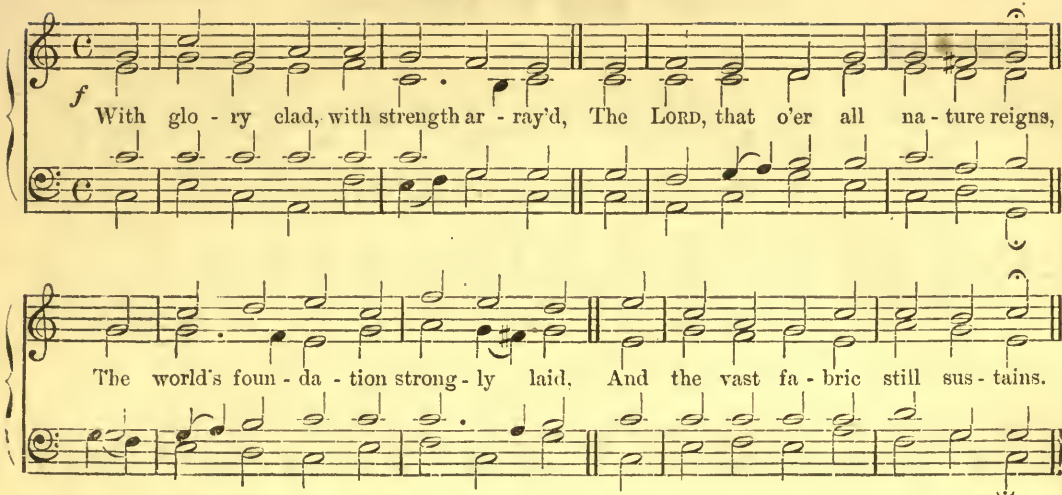


*f* A - men.

## Hymn 427.

## With glory clad.

L.



*f* With glo - ry clad, with strength ar - ray'd, The LORD, that o'er all na - ture reigns,  
The world's foun - da - tion strong - ly laid, And the vast fa - bric still sus - tains.

ii.  
How surely stablsh'd is Thy throne!

Which shall no change or period see;

For Thou, O LORD, and Thou alone,

Art God from all eternity.

iii.  
*mf* The floods, O LORD, lift up their voice,

And toss the troubled waves on high;

But God above can still their noise,

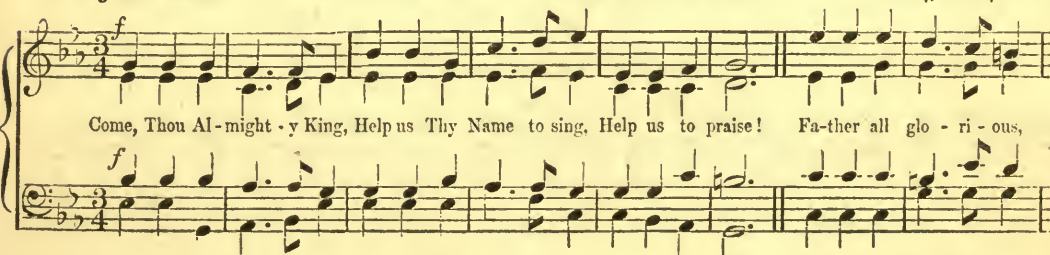
And make the angry sea comply.

iv.  
Thy promise, LORD, is ever sure,  
And they that in Thy House would dwell,  
That happy station to secure,  
Must still in holiness excel.

## Hymn 428.

## Come, Thou Almighty King.

664, 6664.



*f* Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy Name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous,  
O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days. A - - - men.

ii.  
Come, Thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and Thy people bless;  
Come, give Thy Word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend!

iii.  
Come Holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour:  
Thou, Who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

iv.  
To Thee great One in Three,  
The Highest praises be,  
Hence evermore;  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore. Amen.



# Alleluia! song of sweetness.

Hymn 430.

8.7.

Al - le - lu - ia, song of sweet - ness, Voice of joy that can - not die; Al - le -

- lu - ia is the an - them Ev - er dear to choirs on high; In the

house of God a - bi - ding, Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

II.

Alleluia thou resoundest,  
True Jerusalem and free;  
Alleluia joyful mother,  
All thy children sing with thee;  
But by Babylon's sad waters  
Mourning exiles now are we.

III.

Alleluia cannot always  
Be our song while here below;  
Alleluia our transgressions  
Make us for a while forego:  
For the solemn time is coming  
When our tears for sin must flow.

IV.

Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,  
Grant us, blessèd Trinity,  
At the last to keep Thine Easter  
In our Home beyond the sky;  
There to Thee for ever singing  
Alleluia joyfully. AMEN.

# Round the Lord.

Hymn 431.

8.7.

Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed, Che - ru - bim and se - ra -

phim, Fill'd his Tem - ple and re - peat - ed Each to each th'al - ter - nate hymn,

"Lord, Thy glo - ry, fills the hea - ven, Earth is with Thy ful - ness

stor'd; Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord."

II.

*mf* Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,  
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High."  
With His seraph train before Him,  
With His Holy Church below,  
Thus conspire we to adore Him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow :

III.

*f* "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord."  
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,  
We adopt Thy angels' cry,  
"Holy, holy, holy," blessing  
Thee, the Lord (*rall.*) of hosts most High.

# Sing Alleluia forth.

Hymn 432.

P.

Sing Al - le - lu - ia forth in du - teous praise, O

ci - ti - zens of heav'n, and sweet-ly raise An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.

ii.

Ye next, who stand before the Eternal Light,  
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height  
An endless Alleluia.

iii.

The holy city shall take up your strain,  
And with glad songs resounding wake again  
An endless Alleluia.

iv.

In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice  
To render to the Lord with thankful voice  
An endless Alleluia.

v.

Ye who have gained at length your palms in  
bliss,  
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,  
An endless Alleluia.

vi.

There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring  
The strains which tell the honour of your  
King,  
An endless Alleluia.

vii.

This is the rest for weary ones brought back,  
This is the food and drink which none shall  
lack,  
An endless Alleluia.

viii.

While Thee, by Whom were all things made,  
we praise  
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays  
An endless Alleluia.

ix.

Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing  
Glory for evermore ; to Thee we bring  
An endless Alleluia, AMEN,



# Jesus, my Strength.

Hymn 434.

D.S.

Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care, With hum - ble con - fi -

- dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my pray'r; Give me on Thee to wait, Till

I can all things do— On Thee, al-mighty to cre-ate, Al - mighty to re - new. A - men.

II.

*P* Give me a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill :  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss ;  
Ready to take up and sustain  
The consecrated cross.

III.

Give me a godly fear,  
A quick discerning eye,  
That looks to Thee when sin is near  
And sees the tempter fly ;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And arm'd with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

IV.

*mf* Give me a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To Thee and Thy great Name ;  
Give me a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at Thy stay,  
Or wish my-sufferings less.

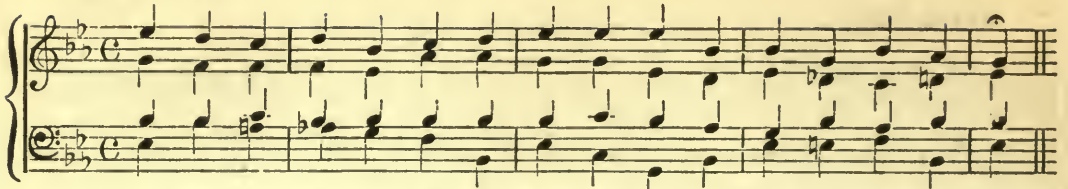
V.

*f* I rest upon Thy word,  
The promise is for me ;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee ;  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my patient spirit-guide  
Into Thy perfect love. Amen.

# No change of time.

Hymn 437.

L.



i. No change of time shall ev - er shock My firm af - fec - tion, Lord, to Thee;  
 ii. Thou my De - liv - rer art, my God, My trust is in Thy migh - ty power;  
 iii. To Thee I will ad - dress my prayer, To Whom all praise we just - ly owe;



For Thou hast al - ways been my rock, A fort - ress and de - fence to me.  
 Thou art my shield from foes a - broad, At home my safe-guard and my tower.  
 So shall I by thy watch - ful care, Be guard - ed safe from ev' - ry foe.  
 (rall.)

# The Lord Himself.

Hymn 438.

C.



The Lord Him - self, the migh - ty Lord, Vouch-safes to be my guide;



The Shep - herd by Whose con - stant care My wants are all sup - plied.

ii.  
 In tender grass He makes me feed,  
 And gently there repose;  
 Then leads me to cool shades, and where  
 Refreshing water flows.

iii.  
 He does my wandering soul reclaim,  
 And, to His endless praise,  
 Instruct with humble zeal to walk  
 In His most righteous ways.

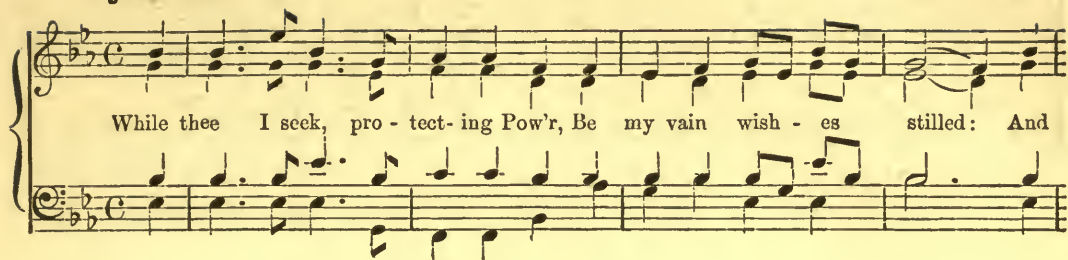
iv.  
 I pass the gloomy vale of death,  
 From fear and danger free;  
 For there His aiding rod and staff  
 Defend and comfort me.

v.  
 Since God doth thus His wondrous love  
 Through all my life extend,  
 That life to Him I will devote,  
 (rall.) And in His Temple spend.

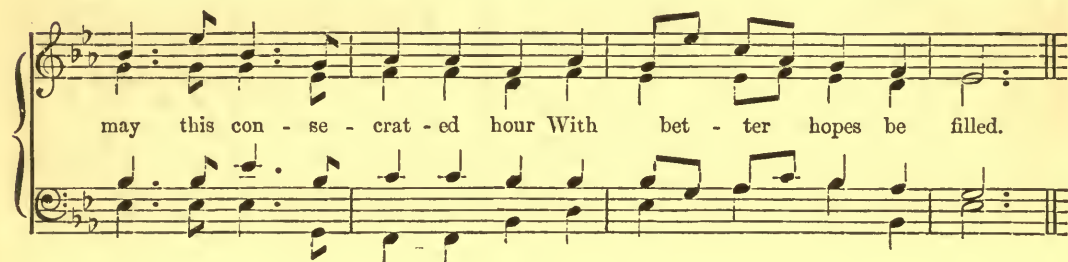
# While Thee I seek.

Hymn 441.

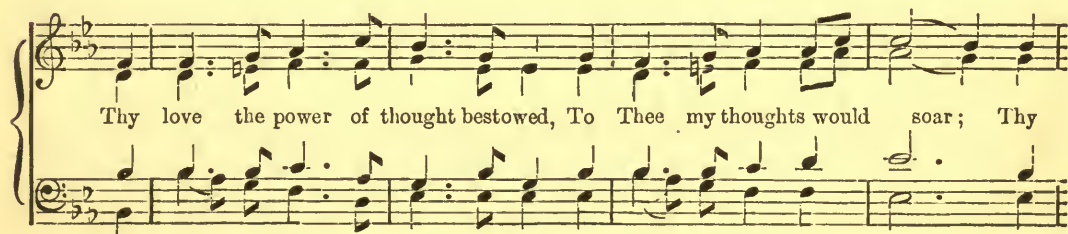
C.



While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Pow'r, Be my vain wish - es stilled: And



may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.



Thy love the power of thought bestowed, To Thee my thoughts would soar; Thy



mer - cy o'er my life has flow'd That mer - cy I a - dore. A - men.

II.

In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see:  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by thee.  
In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

III.

*f* When gladness wings my favoured hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.  
My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storms shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,  
That heart will rest on thee. *p*



Hymn 442.

Although the vine.

8.8.6. D.



Al-though the vine its fruit do - ny, The bud - ding fig - tree droop and die, No



oil the o - live yield ; Yet will I trust me in my God, Yea



bend re - joic - ing to His rod, And by His grace be heal'd.

ii

*p* Through fields, in verdure once array'd,  
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,  
Or parch'd by scorching beam;  
*f* Still in the Lord shall be my trust,  
My joy ; for, though His frown is just,  
His mercy is supreme.

iii.

*p* Though from the folds the flock decay,  
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,  
And round the empty stall ;  
*f* My soul above the wreck shall rise,  
Its better joys are in the skies ;  
There God is all in all.

iv.

*f* In God my strength, howe'er distrest,  
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,  
Nay, triumph in His love :  
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,  
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,  
(*rall.*) To speed my course above.

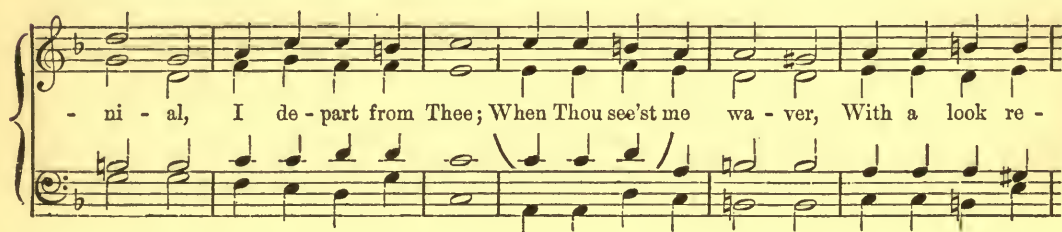
# In the hour of trial.

Hymn 443.

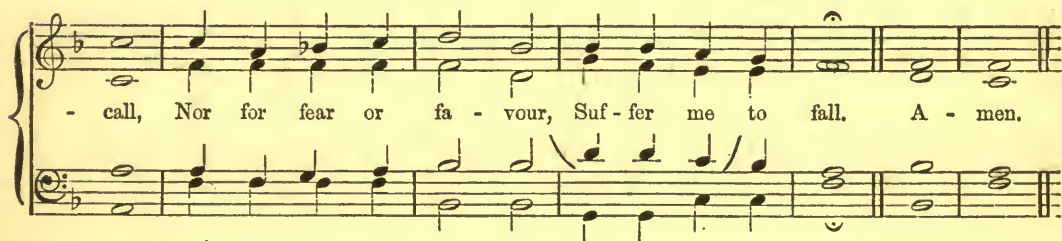
6.5.6.5. D.



*p*  
In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de -



- ni - al, I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a look re -



- call, Nor for fear or fa - vour, Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.

II.

With forbidden pleasures  
Would this vain world charm;  
Or its sordid treasures  
Spread to work me harm;  
Bring to my remembrance  
Sad Gethsemane,  
Or, in darker semblance,  
Cross-crown'd Calvary.

III.

Should Thy mercy send me  
Sorrow, toil, and woe;  
Or should pain attend me  
On my path below;  
Grant that I may never  
Fail Thy hand to see;  
Grant that I may ever  
Cast my care on Thee,

IV.

When my last hour cometh,  
Fraught with strife and pain,  
When my dust returneth  
To the dust again;  
On Thy truth relying,  
Through that mortal strife,  
Jesus, take me, dying,  
To eternal life. Amen.

# Rise, my soul.

Hymn 447.

7.6.



Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace ;



Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Tow'rd's heav'n, thy na - tive place :



Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move ;



Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - par'd a - bove. A - men.

II.

Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,  
 Press onward to the prize ;  
 Soon thy Saviour will return,  
 To take thee to the skies :  
 There is everlasting peace,  
 Rest, enduring rest, in heaven ;  
 There will sorrow ever cease,  
 (rall.) And crowns of joy be given.



# Thy presence, Lord.

Hymn 448.

L.



Thy presence, Lord, hath me sup-plied, Thou my right hand sup - port dost give ;



Thou first shalt with Thy coun - sel guide, And then to glo - ry me re - ceive.

ii.

Whom then in heaven, but Thee alone,  
Have I, whose favour I require ?  
Throughout the spacious earth there's none,  
Compared with Thee, that I desire.

iii.

My trembling flesh and aching heart  
May often fail to succour me ;  
But God shall inward strength impart,  
(rall.) And my eternal portion be.

## Children of the Heavenly King.

Hymn 449.

7s.



Chil-dren of the Heav'n-ly King, As we jour - ney sweet - ly sing ;



Sing 'our Sa - viour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.

ii.

*mf* We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod ;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

iii.

Banish'd once, by sin betrayed,  
Christ our advocate was made ;  
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,  
Christ conducts us to our home.

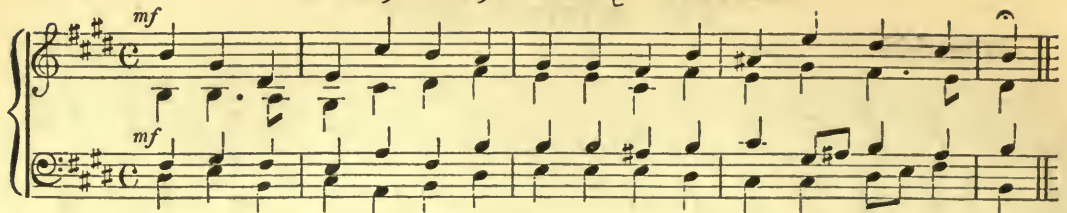
iv.

Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only Thou our leader be,  
(rall.) And we still will follow Thee.

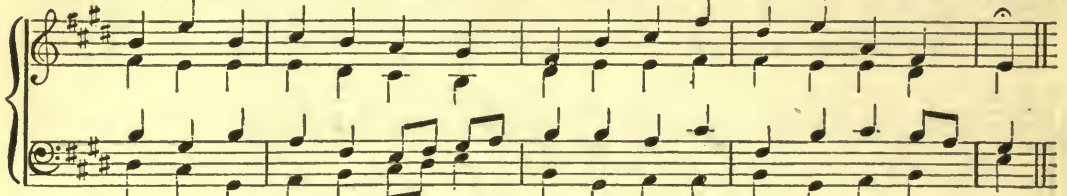
## Hymn 450

## As when the weary traveller.

L.



As when the wea - ry trav' - ller gains The height of some com - mand - ing hill,



His heart re - vives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, though dis - tant still.

II.  
*f* Thus, when the Christian pilgrim  
views  
By faith his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the  
prize.

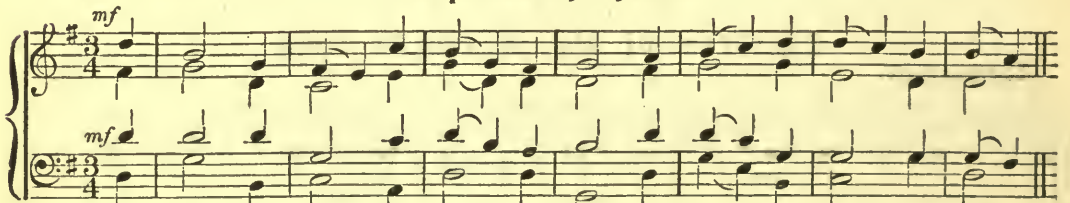
III.  
The thought of home his spirit cheers ;  
No more he grieves for troubles past ;  
Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.

IV.  
*mf* Jesus on Thee our hope we stay,  
To lead us on to Thine abode ;  
Assured our home will make amends  
(*rall.*) For all our toil while on the  
road.

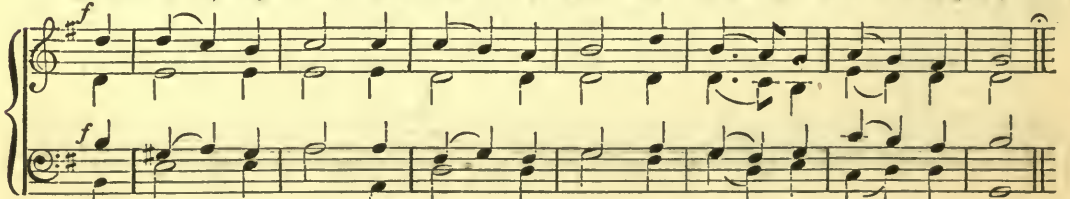
## Hymn 451.

## As pants the hart.

C.



I. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the chase ;  
II. For Thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirs - ty soul doth pine ;



So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace.  
O when shall I be - hold Thy face, Thou Ma - jes - ty di - vine.

III.  
*f* Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
Trust God ; who will employ  
His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.

IV.  
*p* God of my strength, how long shall I  
Like one forgotten, mourn,  
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed  
To my oppressor's scorn ?

V.  
My heart is pierced, as with a sword,  
While thus my foes upbraid :  
" Vain boaster, where is now thy God ?  
And where his promised aid ? "

IV.  
*f* Why restless, why cast down my soul ?  
Hope still ; and thou shalt sing  
The Praise of Him who is thy God,  
(*rall.*) Thy health's eternal spring.

# Lord, with glowing heart.

Hymn 454.

8.7.



Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows,



For the pard'-ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows :



Help, O God, my weak en - dea-vour ; This dull soul to rap - ture raise ;



Thou must light the flame, or ne - ver Can my love be warm'd to praise. A - men.

II.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretched wanderer, far astray ;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away ;  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

III.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express :  
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless :  
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise ;  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth Thy praise. AMEN.



# Jesu! the very thought.

Hymn 455.

C.

Je - su! the ve - ry thought of Thee,  
O hope of ev - ry con - trite heart,  
Je - su! our on - ly joy be Thou,

I. Je - su! the ve - - ry thought of Thee, With sweet - ness fills the  
III. O hope of ev' - - ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the  
V. Je - su! our on - - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt

breast; But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pre - sence rest.  
meek, To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!  
be; In Thee be all our glo - ry now, And through e - ter - ni - ty.\*

II. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem' - ry find . . . A  
IV. But what to those who find? ah this Nor tongue nor pen can show; . . . The  
*ff* To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom we a - - dore, . . . Be

sound than Jes - - us'  
Jes - us what  
as it was it  
is

sweet - er sound than Jes - us' Name, The Sav - iour of man - kind.  
love of Je - sus what it is None but His lov'd ones know. A - men.  
glo - ry as it was, is now, And shall be e - ver - more.

\* The Gloria Patri to be sung a little slower.

# Love divine, all love excelling.

Hymn 456.

8.7.



Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven to earth come



down! Fix in us, Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.



Je - su, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un - boun - ded love thou art; Vi - sit



us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ry trem - bling heart. A - men.

ii.

*p* Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast!  
Let us all in Thee inherit,  
Let us find Thy promised rest;  
Take away the love of sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be,—  
End of faith, as its beginning,  
Set our hearts at liberty.

iii.

Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy grace receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy Temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing;  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;  
Glory in Thy perfect love.

iv.

*f* Finish then Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be:  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in Thee.  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place:  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. AMEN.

# I love my God.

Hymn 457.

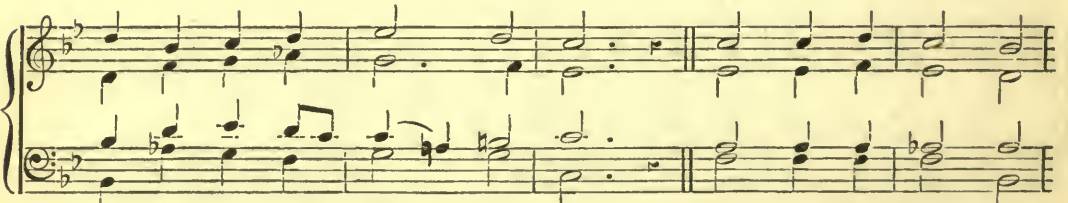
P.



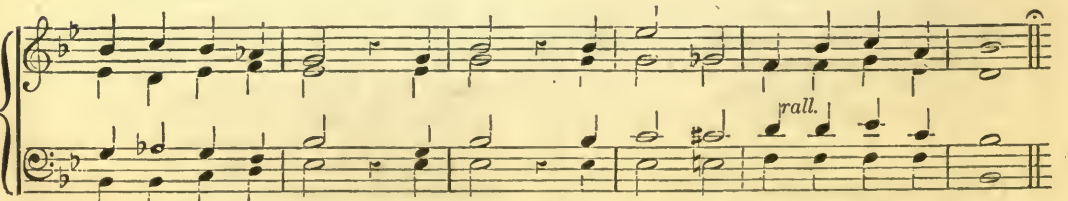
I. I love my God, but with no love of mine, For I have  
II. Thou, Lord, a - lone, art all Thy chil - dren need, And there is



none to give; I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is  
none be - side; From Thee the streams of bless - ed - ness pro -



Thine, For by Thy life I live: I am as no - thing,  
- ceed, In Thee the blest a - bide: Foun - tain of life and



and re-joyce to be Emp - tied, and lost, and swallow'd up in Thee.  
all a - bound - ing grace, Our source, our cen - tre, and our dwell - ing place.



# Thee will I Love.

Hymn 461.

8s.

*f* Thee will I love, my strength, my tower, Thee will I love, my joy, my crown; Thee

will I love with all my power, In all my works, and Thee a - lone:

Thee will I love, till sa - cred fire Fill my whole soul with pure de - sire.

11.

*mf* I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,  
That Thy bright beams on me have shined:  
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown  
My foes, and healed my wounded mind:  
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice  
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

111.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,  
Nor suffer me again to stray;  
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace  
Still to press forward in Thy way;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

1V.

*f* Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!  
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown  
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;  
What though my flesh and heart decay?  
(*rall.*) Thee shall I love in endless day.

# The King of Love.

Hymn 464.

8.7.8.7. P.

*f*

The King of Love my Shep - herd is, Whose good - ness

fail - eth ne - ver; I no - thing lack if I am

His, And He is mine for ev - er. A - men.

II.

Where streams of living water flow  
My ransom'd soul He leadeth,  
And where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

III.

Perverse and foolish, oft I stray'd,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

IV.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.

V.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,  
Thy unction grace bestoweth,  
And O the transport of delight  
With which my cup o'erfloweth!

VI.

And so through all the length of days,  
Thy goodness faileth never;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy House for ever! Amen.

# Lord, for ever at Thy side.

Hymn 466.

78.

*mf* Lord, for ev - er at Thy side, Let my place and por - tion be.

*mf* Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mi - li - ty. A - men.

ii.  
*p* Meekly may my soul receive  
All Thy Spirit hath reveal'd ;  
Thou hast spoken—I believe,  
Though the oracle be seal'd.

iii.  
Humble as a little child,  
Weaned from the mother's  
breast,  
But no subtleties beguiled,  
On Thy faithful Word I rest.

iv,  
*f* Israel ! now and evermore  
In the Lord Jehovah trust ;  
Him, in all His ways, adore,  
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

# God shall charge His angels.

Hymn 469.

8.7.8.7.

*f* God shall charge His an - gel le-gions, Watch and ward o'er thee to keep ;

Though thou walk through hos-tile re-gions, Though in de - sert wilds thou sleep.

ii.  
*mf* On the lion vainly roaring,  
On his young, thy foot shall  
tread ;  
And, the dragon's den exploring,  
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's  
head.

iii.  
Since, with pure and firm affection  
Thou on God hast set thy love,  
With the wings of His protection  
He will shield thee from above.

iv.  
*f* Thou shalt call on Him in  
trouble,  
He will hearken, He will save ;  
He for grief reward thee donble,  
(*rall.*) Crown with life beyond  
the grave.



# Breast the wave.

Hymn 472.

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

**SOPRANO.**  
**ALTO.**  
**TENOR.**  
**BASS.**

- I. Breast the wave, Chris - tian, When it is strong - est ; Watch for day, Chris - tian,  
 II. Fight the fight Chris - tian, Je - sus is o'er thee ; Run the race, Chris - tian,  
 III. Lift thine eye Chris - tian, Just when it clos - eth ; Raise thy heart, Chris - tian,

**ORGAN.** *f* *Staccato for eight bars.*

When the night's long - est ; On - ward and on - ward still Be thine en - dea - vour ; The rest that re -  
 Heav'n is be - fore thee ; He Who hath pro - mis - ed Fal - ter - eth nev - er ; He who hath  
 Ere it re - pos - eth ; Thee from the love of Christ No - thing shall sev - er ; And when thy

BREAST THE WAVE.—*continued.*

FINALE.

for ev - - er. Praise Him for ev - er, for

for ev - - - - er. Praise Him for ev - er, for

for ev - er and ev - - - er. Praise Him for ev - er, for

- - main - eth, Will be for ev - - er.  
 lov'd so well, Lov - eth for ev - - er.  
 work is done, Praise Him for ev - - er.

Praise Him for ev - - -

Ped.

ev - er and ev - er, Praise Him for ev - - - - er.

ev - er and ev - er, Praise Him for ev - - - - er.

ev - er and ev - er, Praise Him for ev - - - - er.

ev - er and ev : er, Praise Him for ev - - - - er.

*tema.*

\* The Finale, if sung, commences here in the third measure.

# Awake, my soul.

Hymn 476.

C.

A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vi - gour on:

A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.

11.

A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

111.

'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high,  
'Tis His own Hand presents the Prize  
To thine aspiring eye.

1V.

Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
*rall.* And an immortal crown.

# Oft in danger.

Hymn 477.

7s.

*f* Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Chris - tians, on - ward, go;

Fight the fight, main - tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life.

11.

Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Join the war, and face the foe:  
Will ye flee in danger's hour?  
Know ye not your Captain's power?

111.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;  
March in heavenly armour clad;  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Victory soon shall tune your song.

1V.

*mf* Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;  
Let not fears your course impede,  
Great your strength, if great your need.

V.

*f* Onward, then, in battle move,  
More than conquerors ye shall prove  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
*rall.* Christian soldiers, onward go!



# Since I've known a Saviour's Name.

Hymn 478.

P.

Since I've known a Sa - viour's Name, And Sin's strong fet - ters broke,

Care - ful, with - out care I am, Nor feel my ea - sy yoke:

Joy - ful now my faith to show, I find His ser - vice my re - ward,

All the work I do be - low Is light for such a Lord. A - men.

II.

*mf* To the desert or the cell  
Let others blindly fly,  
In this evil world I dwell,  
Nor fear its enmity;  
Here I find a house of prayer,  
To which I inwardly retire;  
Walking unconcern'd in care,  
And unconsumed in fire.

III.

*f* O that all the world might know  
Of living, Lord, to Thee,  
Find their heaven begun below,  
And here Thy goodness see;  
*p* Walk in all the works prepared  
By Thee to exercise their grace,  
*f* Till they gain their full reward,  
And see Thee face to face! Amen.

q

Hymn 479.

Heirs of unending life.

S.

Heirs of un - end - ing life, While yet we so - journ here,

*mf*

O let us our sal - va - tion work With trembling and with fear.

II.

God will support our hearts  
With might before unknown :  
The work to be perform'd is ours,  
The strength is all His own.

III.

'Tis He that works to will,  
'Tis He that works to do ;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too.

*f* All glory, LORD, to Thee,  
Whom earth and Heaven adore ;  
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
One God for evermore.

*p* A - men.

# Day of Judgment.

Hymn 481.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

Day of judg-ment, day of won-ders! Hark! the trum-pet's aw - ful sound,

Loud - er than a thou-sand thun-ders, Shakes the vast cre - a - tion round!

How the sum - mons Will the sin - ner's heart con - found.

II.

See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine!  
You who long for His appearing,  
Then shall say, This God is mine:  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that Day for Thine!

III.

At His call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea:  
All the powers of nature, shaken  
By His looks, prepare to flee:  
Careless sinner!  
What will then become of thee?

IV.

But to those who have confessèd,  
Loved, and served the Lord below,  
He will say, Come near, ye blessèd,  
Take the kingdom I bestow:  
You, for ever,  
Shall My love, and glory know.

(*rall.*)



# Day of wrath!

Hymn 483.

8.8.8.

*mf*

ALTO.

Day of wrath, O day of mourn-ing! See ful-fill'd the prophets' warn-ing:

TENOR.

Day of wrath, O day of mourning! See ful-fill'd the prophets' warn-ing:

SOPRANO.

BASS.

Day of wrath, O day of mourning! See ful-fill'd the prophets' warn-ing:

Heav'n and earth in ash-es burn-ing! O what fear man's bo-som rend-eth,

Heav'n and earth in ash-es burn-ing! O what fear man's bo-som rend-eth,

Heav'n and earth in ash-es burn-ing! O what fear man's bo-som rend-eth,

*p* When from heav'n the Judge de-scend-eth, On whose sen-tence all de-pend-eth.

*p* When from Heav'n the Judge de-scend-eth, On whose sen-tence all de-pend-eth.

*p* When from heav'n the Judge de-scend-eth, On whose sen-tence all de-pend-eth.

DAY OF WRATH—*continued.*

III.  
Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth ;  
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth ;  
All before the throne it bringeth.

IV.  
Death is struck, and nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making.

V.  
Lo! the book exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded :  
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

VI.  
When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

VII.  
What shall I, frail man, be pleading?  
Who for me be interceding,  
When the just are mercy needing?

VIII.  
King of Majesty tremendous,  
Who dost free salvation send us,  
Fount of pity! then befriend us!

IX.  
Think, good Jesu, my salvation  
Cost thy wondrous incarnation;  
Leave me not to reprobation!

X.  
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,  
On the cross of suffering bought me;  
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

XI.  
Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution  
Grant thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that day of retribution.

XII.  
Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning;  
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

XIII.  
Thou the sinful woman saved'st;  
Thou the dying thief forgavest;  
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

XIV.  
Worthless are my prayers and sighing,  
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying!

The musical score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'rall.' (rallentando). The score consists of two systems of music. The first system contains the verses 'With Thy fa-vour'd sheep O place me, Nor a-mong the goats a-base me,' and the second system contains the verses 'But to Thy Right Hand up-raise me. While the wick-ed are con-found-ed,'. The music features various dynamics including 'cres.' (crescendo), 'ten.' (tension), and 'f' (forte). The lyrics are printed below the corresponding musical staves.

With Thy fa-vour'd sheep O place me, Nor a-mong the goats a-base me,  
With Thy fa-vour'd sheep O place me, Nor a-mong the goats a-base me,  
With Thy fa-vour'd sheep O place me, Nor a-mong the goats a-base me,  
But to Thy Right Hand up-raise me. While the wick-ed are con-found-ed,  
But to Thy Right Hand up-raise me. While the wick-ed are con-found-ed,  
But to Thy Right Hand up-raise me. While the wick-ed are con-found-ed,

DAY OF WRATH—continued.

*f* Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded, *p* Call me, with Thy saints sur-round - ed.  
*f* Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded, *p* *ritard.* Call me, with Thy saints sur-round - ed.  
*f* Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded, *p* *ritard.* Call me, with Thy saints sur-round - ed.  
*f* Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded, *p* Call me, with Thy saints sur-round - ed.

*p* Low I kneel, with heart sub-mis-sion, See, like ash-es, my con-tri-tion;  
*p* Low I kneel, with heart sub-mis-sion, See, like ash-es, my con-tri-tion;  
*p* Low I kneel, with heart sub-mis-sion, See, like ash-es, my con-tri-tion;  
*p* Low I kneel, with heart sub-mis-sion, See, like ash-es, my con-tri-tion;

*p* Help me in my last con-di-tion. Ah! that day of tears and mourn-ing!  
*f* Help me in my last con-di-tion. Ah! that day of tears and mourn-ing!  
*p* Help me in my last con-di-tion. Ah! that day of tears and mourn-ing!  
*f* Help me in my last con-di-tion. Ah! that day of tears and mourn-ing!



DAY OF WRATH—continued.

From the dust of earth re - turn - ing, Man for judg - ment must pre - pare him,  
*cres. - - - cen - - - do. f.*

From the dust of earth re - turn - ing, Man for judg - ment must pre - pare Him,  
*cres. - - - cen - - - do. f.*

From the dust of earth re - turn - ing, Man for judg - ment must pre - pare him,

*dim.* Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him! Lord, all - pity - ing,  
*pp*

Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him! Lord, all - pity - ing,  
*pp*

*dim.* Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him! Lord, all - pity - ing,  
*pp*

Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him! Lord, all - pity - ing,

Je - su blest, Grant us Thine e - ter - nal rest. A - men.  
*cres. dim. pp*

Je - su blest, Grant us Thine e - ter - nal rest. A - men.  
*pp*

Je - su blest, Grant us Thine e - ter - nal rest. A - men.  
*cres. dim. pp*

Je - su blest, Grant us Thine e - ter - nal rest. A - men.

# Great God ! what do I see ?

Hymn 484.

8.7.8 7.8.8.7.

Great God ! what do I see and hear ? The end of things cre - at - ed !

The Judge of man - kind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed !

The Trum - pet sounds ; the graves re - store The dead which they con -

- - tain'd be - fore ; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet . . . Him !

II.

*ff* The dead in Christ shall first arise  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding :  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
His presence sheds eternal Day  
On those prepared to meet Him.

III.

*p* But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,  
Behold His wrath prevailing ;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing :  
The day of grace is past and gone ;  
Trembling, they stand before the throne,  
All unprepared to meet Him.

IV.

*f* Great God ! what do I see and hear ?  
The end of things created !  
The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
On clouds of glory seated !  
Low at His cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Him.

# The Pilgrims of the Night.

Hymn 485. FIRST SETTING

P.

First system of Hymn 485, First Setting. Treble and bass staves with piano accompaniment. Dynamics: *f*.

Second system of Hymn 485, First Setting. Treble and bass staves with piano accompaniment. Dynamics: *p*.

Third system of Hymn 485, First Setting. Treble and bass staves with piano accompaniment. Dynamics: *pp*, *p*.

Hymn 485. SECOND SETTING.

First system of Hymn 485, Second Setting. Treble and bass staves with piano accompaniment. Dynamics: *mf*.

Second system of Hymn 485, Second Setting. Treble and bass staves with piano accompaniment.

Third system of Hymn 485, Second Setting. Treble and bass staves with piano accompaniment. Dynamics: *p*, *cresc.*, *pp*, *Sing - the pilgrims of the night*, *cresc.*, *pp*.



# THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT—*continued.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is on two staves, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The key signature is one flat. The score begins with a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking and a 'pp' (pianissimo) marking. The lyrics are: 'Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night. A - men, A - men.' The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The piano part provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines.

**H**ARK ! HARK ! my soul : Angelic songs are swelling  
 . O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore :  
 How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling  
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more !  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

*The last line is repeated in the Second Setting, as will be seen above.*

ii.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 " Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;"  
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

iii

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

iv.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;  
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

v.

Angels, sing on ! your faithful watches keeping ;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ; .  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Hymn 490.

The World is very evil.

7.6.

*mf*

*mf*

The world is ve - ry e - vil, The trials are wax - ing late, Be  
so - ber, and keep vi - gil, The Judge is at the gate;  
The Judge who comes in mer - cy, The Judge who comes in might, Who  
comes to end the e - vil, Who comes to crown the right. A - men.

II.

*f* Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead,  
To light that has no evening,  
That knows nor moon nor sun,  
The light so new and golden,  
The light that is but one.

III.

*mf* O Home of fadeless splendour,  
Of flowers that fear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children  
Who here as exiles mourn;  
'Midst power that knows no limit,  
Where wisdom has no bound,  
The beatific vision  
Shall glad the saints around.

IV.

*p* O happy, holy portion,  
Reflection for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty,  
True cure of the distrest;  
Strive, man, to win that glory;  
Toil, man, to gain that light;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight.

V.

*f* O sweet and blessèd country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessèd country  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesu, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

# Brief life is here our portion.

Hymn 491.

7.6.7.6. D.

*f* Brief life is here our por - tion; Brief sor - row, short - liv'd care;  
 The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life is there.  
 O hap - py re - tri - bu - tion! Short toil e - ter - nal rest;  
 For mor - tals and for sin - ners A man - sion with the blest.

II.

And now we fight the battle,  
 But then shall wear the crown  
 Of full and everlasting  
 And passionless renown;  
 But He whom now we trust in  
 Shall then be seen and known;  
 And they that know and see Him  
 Shall have him for their own.

III.

The morning shall awaken,  
 The shadows shall decay,  
 And each true-hearted servant  
 Shall shine as doth the day.  
 There God our King and Portion,  
 In fulness of His grace,  
 Shall we behold for ever,  
 And worship face to face.

IV.

O sweet and blessèd country,  
 The home of God's elect!  
 O sweet and blessèd country,  
 That eager hearts expect!  
*p* Jesu, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest;  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest.

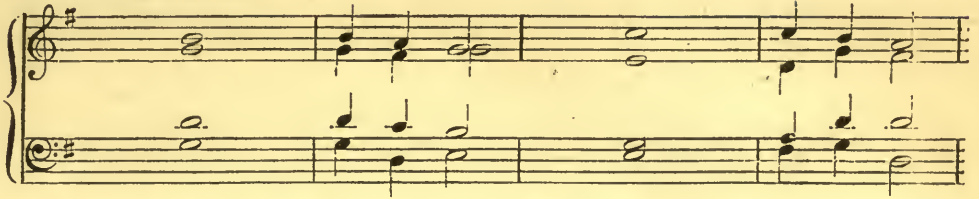


# The Strain upraise.

Hymn 425.

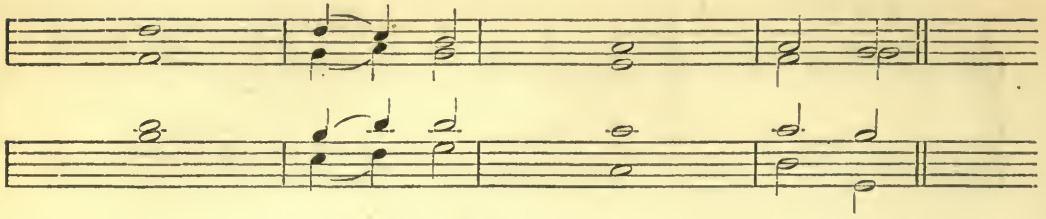
*Sung in unison.*

IRREGULAR.



MEN.	The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle-	lu - - - ia.	To the glory of their King Shall the ran-	
BOYS, or WOMEN.	And the choirs that .....	dwel on high	Shall re-echo.....	peo - ple sing through the sky
MEN.	They in the rest of Pa-ra-	dise who dwell,	The blessed ones, with joy the	cho - rus swell,
BOYS, or WOMEN.	The planets beaming on their	heav'n - ly way,	The shining constella-	tions join, and say
MEN.	Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on	pin - ions light,	Ye thunders echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings,	wild - ly bright,
BOYS, or WOMEN.	Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and	win - ter snow,	Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar frost and	sum - mer glow
MEN.	First let the birds, with paint-	ed plum - age gay,	Exalt their great Cre-	ator's praise and say
BOYS, or WOMEN.	Then let the beasts of earth, with	vary - ing strain,	Join in creation's hymn,	and cry a - gain
MEN.	Here let the mountains thun-	der forth so-	no - - - rous	Al - - - le - lu - - - ia.
BOYS, or WOMEN.	Thou iubilant abyss of.....	o - cean, cry	Al - - - le -	lu - - - ia.
MEN.	To GOD, Who all cre -	-a - tion made,	The frequent	be du - ly paid :
BOYS, or WOMEN.	This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Al-	-migh- ty loves :	Al - - - le -	lu - - - ia
MEN	Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a-	-wak - - ing,	Al - - - le -	lu - - - ia.
FULL.	Now from all men.....	be out - poured	Alleluia ... ..	to the LORD,
IN PARTS.	Praise be done to the.....	THREE in ONE,	Al - - - le -	lu - - - ia.

# THE STRAIN UPRAISE.—(continued.)



Al - - - - le-	-lu - - - ia.	Al - - - - le-	-lu - - ia.
Al - - - - le-	-lu - - - ia.	Al - - - - le-	-lu - - ia.
Al - - - - le-	-lu - - - ia.	Al - - - - le-	-lu - - ia.
Al - - - - le-	-lu - - - ia.	Al - - - - le-	-lu - - ia.
In sweet con - - -	-sent u - nite	your Al - - - - le-	-lu - - ia.
Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious	for - ests sing	Al - - - - le-	-lu - - ia.
Al - - - - le,	-lu - - - ia.	Al - - - - le-	-lu - - ia.
Al - - - - le,	-lu - - - ia.	Al - - - - le-	-lu - - ia.
There let the valleys sing in gentler	cho - - rus	Al - - - - le-	-lu - - ia.
Ye tracts of earth and cont-	-nents, re - ply	Al - - - - le-	-lu - - ia.
Al - - - - le-	-lu - - - ia.	Al - - - - le-	-lu - - ia.
This is the song, the hea- venly song that Christ the	King ap-proves :	Al - - - - le-	-lu - - ia.
And children's voices echo, answer	mak - - ing,	Al - - - - le-	-lu - - ia.
With Alleluia . . .	e - ver more	The Son and Spirit.....	we a - dore.
Al - - - - le-	-lu - - - ia.	Al - - - - le-	-lu - - ia.

(rall.)



# For thee, O dear, dear Country.

Hymn 492.

7.6.7.6. D

*mf*

For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vi - gils

*mf*

keep; For ve - ry love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name they weep. The

*dim.*

men - tion of Thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast, And

me - di - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A - men.

II.

O one, O only Mansion !  
O Paradise of Joy !  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy ;  
The Lamb is all Thy splendour,  
The Crucified thy praise ;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise ;

III.

With jasper glow Thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays ;  
Thine ageless walls are bounded  
With amethyst unpriced ;  
The saints build up its fabric,  
The corner-stone is CHRIST.

IV.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !  
Thou hast no time, bright day !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away ;  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise Thy Holy tower ;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And Thine the golden dower.

V.

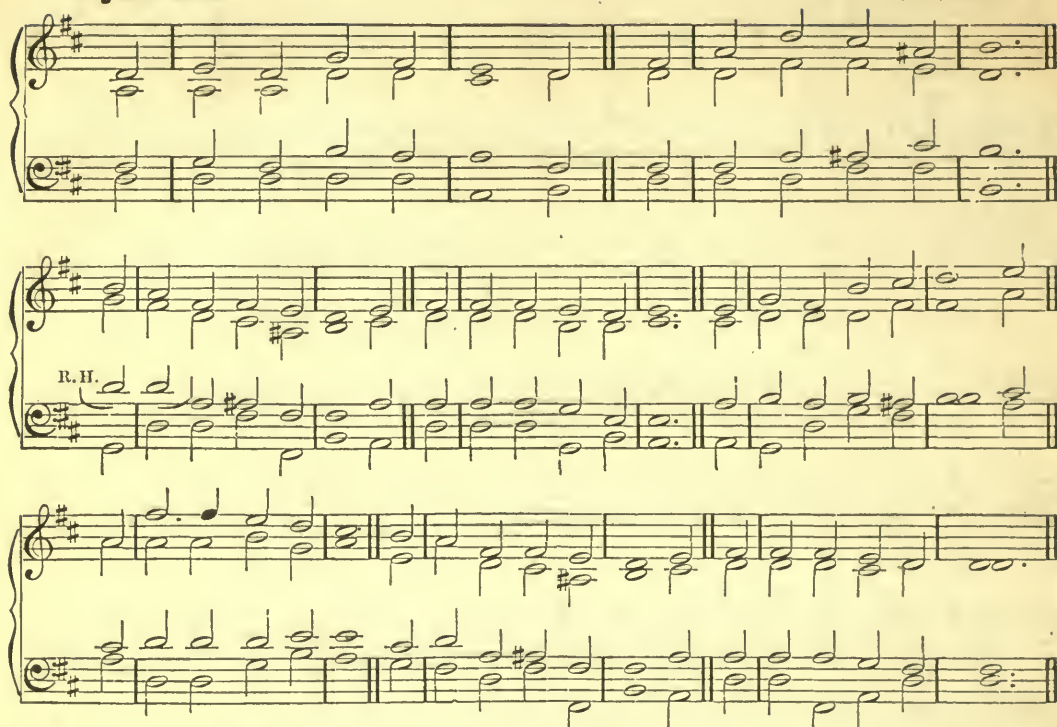
O sweet and blessed country,  
The Home of God's elect !  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect !  
*p* JESU, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest ;  
Who art with GOD the FATHER,  
And SPIRIT, ever blest.



# Jerusalem, the golden.

Hymn 493.

7.6.7.6.D.



II.

*f* Jerusalem the golden!  
 With milk and honey blest;  
 Beneath thy contemplation  
 Sink heart and voice opprest.  
 I know not, oh! I know not,  
 What joys await us there;  
 What radiancy of glory,  
 What bliss beyond compare.

III.

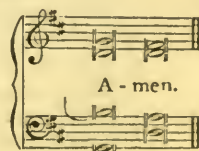
They stand, those halls of Sion,  
 All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng.  
 The Prince is ever in them,  
 The daylight is serene,  
 The pastures of the blessed  
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

IV.

There is the Throne of David,  
 And there, from care released  
 The shout of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast;  
 And they who, with their Leader,  
 Have conquered in the fight,  
 For ever and for ever  
 Are clad in robes of white.

V.

O sweet and blessèd country,  
 The Home of God's elect!  
 O sweet and blessèd country,  
 That eager hearts expect!  
 JESU, in mercy bring us,  
 To that dear land of rest;  
 Who art, with GOD, the FATHER,  
 And SPIRIT, ever blest.



# Jerusalem, the golden.

Hymn 493. (RE-HARMONIZED.)

7.6.7.6 D.

*f* Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and ho - ney blest; Be-neath thy con-tem -

- pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. . . I know not, oh! I know not, What voice . . . op-prest.

joys a - wait us there; What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss be-yond com-pare.

II.

They stand, those halls of Sion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng.  
The Prince is ever in them,  
'The daylight is serene,  
'The pastures of the blessèd  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

III.

There is the Throne of David,  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast;  
And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

IV.

O sweet and blessèd country,  
The Home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessèd country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesu, in mercy bring us,  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God, the FATHER,  
And SPIRIT, ever blest.

A - - men.

# What are these.

Hymn 494.

7s.

What are these in bright ar - ray, This in - nu - me - ra - ble

throng, Round the al - tar night and day, Hymn - ing one tri - um - phant song?

“Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless - ing, hon - our, glo - ry,

pow'r, Wis - dom, rich - es, to ob - tain, New do - min - ion ev' - ry hour.

II.

These through fiery trials trod ;  
 These from great affliction came ;  
 Now before the throne of God,  
 Seal'd with His Almighty Name :  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor-palms in ev'ry hand,  
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
 More than conquerors they stand.

III.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
 On immortal fruits they feed ;  
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne,  
 Shall to living fountains lead .  
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
 Perfect love dispels all fears ;  
 And for ever from their eyes,  
*rall.* God shall wipe away the tears.



# O Mother dear, Jerusalem!

Hymn 495.

C.

*f* O Mo - - ther dear, Je - ru - - sa - lem! When

shall I come to thee? . . . When shall my sor - rows

have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

II.

O happy harbour of God's saints!  
O sweet and pleasant soil!  
In thee no sorrow can be found,  
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

III.

No murky cloud o'er shadows thee,  
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;  
But every soul shines as the sun;  
For God himself gives light.

IV.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,  
Thy gates are all of orient pearl:  
O God! if I were there!

V.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!  
Thy joys when shall I see?  
The King that sitteth on thy throne  
In his felicity?

VI.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
Continually are green,  
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.

VII.

Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound  
The living waters flow,  
And on the banks, on either side,  
The trees of life do grow.

VIII.

Those trees each month yield ripen'd fruit;  
For evermore they spring,  
And all the nations of the earth  
To thee their honours bring.

IX.

O Mother dear, Jerusalem!  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

A - men.

# Jerusalem! high tower.

**Hymn 497.**  
To be sung quickly.\*

10.6. and 7.6.

Je - ru - sa - lem! high tower thy glo - rious walls, Would God I were in thee! De - sire of thee my long - ing heart enthral, De - sire at Home to be: Wide from the world out - leap - ing, O'er hill and vale, and plain, My soul's strong wing is sweeping, Thy por - tals to at - tain. A - - - - - men.

*f* **II.**  
O gladsome day, and yet more gladsome hour  
When shall that hour have come,  
When my rejoicing soul its own free power  
May use in going Home?  
Itself to Jesus giving,  
In trust to His own Hand,  
To dwell among the living,  
In that blest Fatherland.

*mf* **III.**  
A moment's time, the twinkling of an eye,  
Shall be enough to soar,  
In buoyant exultation, through the sky,  
And reach the heavenly shore.  
Elijah's chariot bringing  
The homeward traveller there;  
Glad troops of angels winging  
Onward through the air.

**IV.**  
Great fastness thou of honour! thee I greet!  
Throw wide thy gracious gate,  
An entrance free to give these longing feet;  
At last released, though late,  
From wretchedness and sinning,  
And life's long, weary way;  
And now, of God's gift, winning  
Eternity's bright day.

**V.**  
What throng is this, what noble troop, that pours,  
Arrayed in beauteous guise,  
Out through the glorious city's open doors,  
To greet my wondering eyes?

The hosts of Christ's elected,  
The jewels that He bears  
In His own Crown, selected  
To wipe away my tears.

**VI.**  
Of prophets great, and patriarchs high, a band  
That once has borne the cross,  
With all the company that won that land,  
By counting gain for loss,  
Now float in freedom's lightness,  
From tyrants' chains set free;  
And shine like suns in brightness,  
Array'd to welcome me.

**VII.**  
One more at last arrived they welcome there,  
To beauteous Paradise,  
Where sense can scarce its full fruition bear,  
Or tongue for praise suffice;  
Glad hallelujah's ringing  
With rapturous rebound,  
And rich hosannas singing  
Eternity's long round.

*f* **VIII.**  
Unnumber'd choirs before the Lamb's high Throne  
There shout the jubilee,  
With loud resounding peal and sweetest tone,  
In blissful ecstasy:  
A hundred thousand voices  
Take up the wondrous song;  
Eternity rejoices  
God's praises to prolong. AMEN.

\* If marched to, take this tune fast enough for two steps in a bar.

# Thou art the way.

Hymn 501.

G.

*mf* Thou art the Way, to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee; And

*mf*

he who would the FA - THER seek, Must seek Him, LORD, by Thee.

II.

Thou art the Truth, Thy Word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind  
And purify the heart.

III.

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering Arm:  
And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

IV.

*p* Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*p* A - men.



# The Lord my Pasture.

Hymn 504.

8s.

*f* The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a

shep - herd's care ; His pre - sence shall my wants sup - ply, And

guard me with a watch - ful eye ; My noon - day walks He

shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

II.

*mf* When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

*f* Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
(*rall.*) And guide me through the dreadful shade.

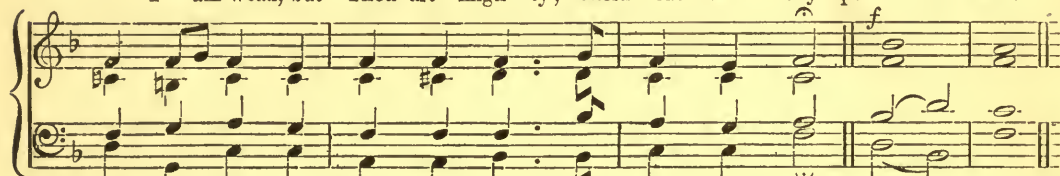
# Guide me, O Thou.

Hymn 505.

8.7.8.7.4.7.



Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art migh - ty; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand:



Bread of hea - ven, Feed me now and e - ver - more. A - men.

II.  
*mf* Open now the crystal fountains  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through.  
Strong deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

III.  
*f* When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

# Lead us, heavenly Father.

Hymn 506.

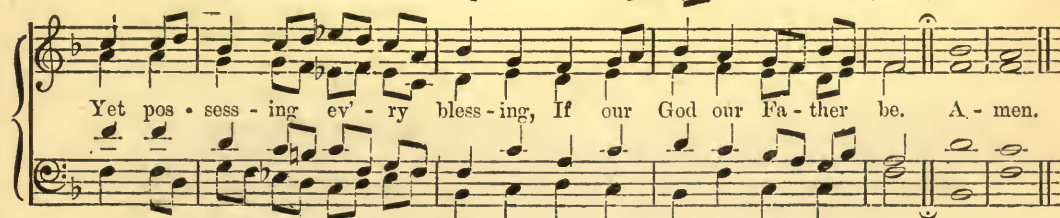
8.7.8.7.4.7.



Lead us, heav'n - ly Fa - ther, lead us, O'er the world's ten - pes - tuous



sea; Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee:



Yet pos - sess - ing ev' - ry bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be. A - men.

II.  
Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
All our weakness Thou dost know;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.

III.  
Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy:  
Thus provided,  
Pardon'd, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

# Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Hymn 507. FIRST TUNE.

6.4.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee: E'en though it

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

II.

Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer my God to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

III.

There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee;

IV.

Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Altars I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

V.

Or, if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky!  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

*rall.*



# Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Hymn 507. SECOND TUNE.

6.4.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee:

E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me; . . .

*cres.* *dim.*  
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

II.

Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

III.

There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee;

IV.

Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Altars I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

V.

Or, if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky!  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee?

*rall.*

# O Paradise!

Hymn 509. FIRST TUNE.

P.

O Pa - ra-dise! O Pa - ra-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the

Where loy - al hearts, and true,

Hap-py Land, Where they that lov'd are blest? Where loy - al hearts, and true, Stand

ev - er in the Light, All rap-ture, through and through, In God's most Ho - ly sight.

II.  
O Paradise! O Paradise!  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free,  
Where love is never cold?  
Where loyal hearts, &c.

III.  
O Paradise! O Paradise!  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
I long to be where JESU is,  
To feel, to see Him near.  
Where loyal hearts, &c.

IV.  
O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I want to sin no more;  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on Thy spotless shore.  
Where loyal hearts, &c.

V.  
O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I greatly long to see,  
The special place my dearest LORD  
In love prepares for me.  
Where loyal hearts, &c.

VI.  
LORD JESU, King of Paradise,  
O keep me in Thy love;  
And guide me to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above.  
Where loyal hearts, &c.

# O Paradise!

Hymn 509. SECOND TUNE.

P.

*p* *cres.*

*mf* O Pa - ra - dise! O Pa - ra - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?

*p*

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that lov'd are blest?

*f*

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,  
Where loy - al hearts . . . and true

*cres.* *dim.* *rall.*

All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - - ly sight.

ii.  
O Paradise! O Paradise!  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold;  
Where loyal hearts, &c.

iii.  
O Paradise! O Paradise!  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see Him near;  
Where loyal hearts, &c.

iv.  
O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I want to sin no more,  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on Thy spotless shore;  
Where loyal hearts, &c.

v.  
O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest LORD  
In love prepares for me;  
Where loyal hearts, &c.

vi.  
LORD JESU, King of Paradise,  
O keep me in Thy love,  
And guide me to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above;  
Where loyal hearts, &c.

*p*

A - - - men!



# Almighty God I call.

Hymn 511.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

Al - might - y God! I call to thee, By sore temp - ta - tion  
shak - en; In - cline thy gra - cious ear to me, And leave me not for -  
sak - en; For who that feels the power with - in Of past re - morse and  
pre - sent sin, Can stand, O Lord, be - fore thee? A - men.

II.

On Thee alone my stay I place,  
All human help rejecting;  
Relying on thy sovereign grace,  
Thy sovereign aid expecting,  
I rest upon thy sacred Word,  
That thou'lt repel him not, O Lord,  
Who to thy mercy fleeth.

III.

And though I travail all the night,  
And travail all the morrow,  
My trust is in Jehovah's might,  
My triumph in my sorrow;  
Forgetting not that Thou of old  
Didst Israel, though weak, uphold;  
When weakest then most loving!

IV.

What though my sinfulness be great,  
Redeeming love is greater;  
What though all hell should lie in wait,  
Supreme is my Creator;  
And He my rock and fortress is,  
And when most helpless, most I'm His,  
(rall.) My strength and my Redeemer.

**SOPRANO.**  
**ALTO.**  
**TENOR.**  
**BASS.**

I. *mf* Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - - - eling gloom, Lead  
 II. *f* was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Should'st  
 III. (*f*) So long thy pow'r hath blest me sure it still Will

I. *mf* Lead, kind - ly Light, a - - - mid th'en - cir - eling gloom, Lead  
 II. *f* was not ev - - - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Should'st  
 III. (*f*) So long thy pow'r hath blest me sure it still Will

I. *mf* Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - - - cir - - - - eling gloom, Lead  
 II. *f* was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Should'st  
 III. (*f*) So long thy pow'r hath blest me sure it still Will

I. *mf* Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - eling gloom, Lead  
 II. *f* was not ev - - - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Should'st  
 III. (*f*) So long thy pow'r hath blest me sure it still Will

thou me on, } lead . . . me on; The night is dark, and I am  
 lead me on, } I lov'd to choose and see my  
 lead me on, } Ver. 3. marcato. O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and

thou me on, } lead . . . me on; The night is dark, and I am  
 lead me on, } I lov'd to choose and see my  
 lead me on, } Ver. 3. marcato. O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and

thou me on, } lead me on; The night . . . is dark, and  
 lead me on, } I lov'd . . . to choose and  
 lead me on, } Ver. 3. marcato. O'er moor . . . and fen, o'er

thou me on, } lead me on; The night is dark, and  
 lead me on, } I lov'd to choose and  
 lead me on, } Ver. 3. marcato. O'er moor and fen, o'er

far . . . from home, } Lead thou me on, lead . . . me on.  
 path; . . . but now } The night is gone, the night is gone.  
 tor - - - rent till

far from home } Lead thou . . . me on, lead . . . me on.  
 path; but now } The night . . . is gone, the night is gone.  
 tor - rent till

I am far from home, } Lead thou me on, lead me on. . . .  
 see my path, but now } The night is gone, night is gone. . . .  
 crag and tor - rent till

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT—continued.

*p* *rall.*

1. Keep thou my feet : I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene ; one step ' e - nough for me.
2. I lov'd the gar - ish day and spite of fears Pride rul'd my will : re - mem - ber not past years.
3. And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have known long since and lost a - while.

*p* *dim.*  
Keep thou, &c. *rall.*

ORGAN, if accompanied.

*mf*

*p* *rall.*



# Lead, kindly light.

Hymn 512. SECOND TUNE.

10. 4.  
cres.

*p*

Lead, Kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead

*p*

Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from

*cres.* *mf*

home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I

*dim.*

do not ask to see The dis - - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.

II.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on.  
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

III.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

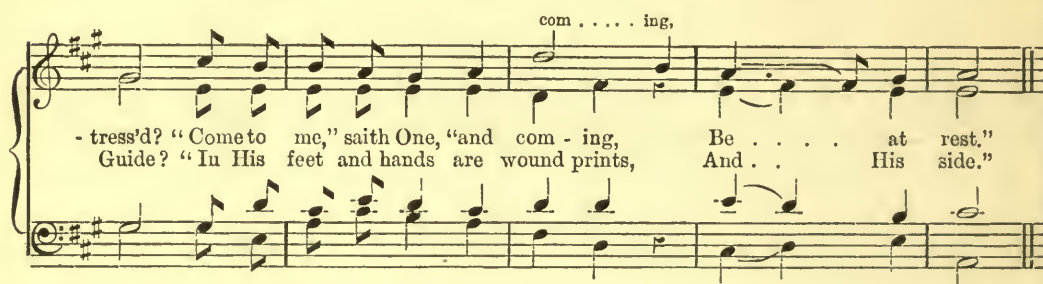
# Art thou weary, art thou languid ?

Hymn 514.

8.5.8.3.



1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis -  
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my



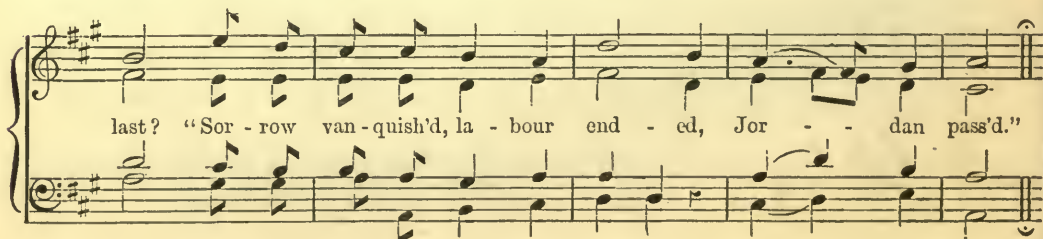
- tress'd? "Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be . . . at rest,"  
Guide? "In His feet and hands are wound prints, And . . . His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
That his brow adorns?  
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,  
What his guerdon here?  
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear"



5. If I still hold close . . ly to Him, What hath He at  
to Him,



last? "Sor - row van - quish'd, la - bour end - ed, Jor - - dan pass'd."


6 If I ask him to receive me,  
Will he say me nay?  
"Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away."

7 Finding following, keeping, struggling,  
Is he sure to bless?  
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
(rall.) Answer, Yes."

# Thou hidden love of God.

Hymn 515.

8s.



*f* Thou hid - den love of God, whose height, Whose depth, unfathom'd, no man knows, I



see from far Thy beau-teous light, In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose; My



heart is pain'd, nor can it be At rest till it find rest in Thee. A - men.

II.

*mf* Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there.  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in Thee.

III.

*p* O hide this self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me, may live;  
My vile affections crucify,  
Nor let one darling lust survive;  
In all things nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

IV.

*f* Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call:  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
I am thy love, thy God, thy all:  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice. Amen.



# O Thou, to whom.

Hymn 517.

C.

*f* O Thou, to Whom all crea-tures bow With - in this earth - ly frame,  
Through all the world how great art Thou! How glo - rious is Thy Name. A - men.

II.

In Heaven, Thy wondrous acts are sung,  
Nor fully reckon'd there;  
And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue  
Thy boundless praise declare.

III.

When Heaven, Thy beauteous work on high,  
Employs my wond'ring sight;  
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,  
With stars of feeble light;—

IV.

O, what is man that, LORD, Thou lov'st  
To keep him in Thy mind?  
Or what his offspring that Thou prov'st  
To them so wondrous kind?

V.

O Thou, to Whom all creatures bow  
Within this earthly frame,  
Through all the world how great art Thou!  
How glorious is Thy Name!

# Far from my heavenly.

Hymn 520.

S.

*mf* Far from my heav'n-ly home, Far from my FA-THER'S breast; Faint-ing, I cry, blest  
SPI - RIT, come, And speed me to my rest. A - men.

II.

My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee;  
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,  
When I remember thee.

III.

To thee, to thee I press,  
A dark and toilsome road;  
When shall I pass the wilderness,  
And reach the saints' abode?

IV.

God of my life be near,  
On Thee my hopes I cast;  
O guide me through the desert here  
And bring me home at last.

# Gloria Patri.

*Hesperus*

*f* Praise God from Whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove ye heav'n-ly Host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

L.  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,  
Be glory, as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore. AMEN.

C.  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. AMEN.

D C.  
To praise the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit all-divine,—  
The One in Three, and Three in One,  
Let saints and angels join;—  
Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in One,  
The God Whom we adore,  
As was, and is, and shall be done,  
When time shall be no more. AMEN.

S.  
To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, glory be,  
As was, and is, and shall be  
To all eternity. AMEN.

A - men.

D.S.  
PRAISE as in ages past,  
Praise as in glory now,  
Praise while eternity shall last,  
To Thee, O God we vow :  
Whom all the heavenly host  
And saints on earth adore ;  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
Be glory evermore. AMEN.

8.8.6 D.  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host  
And saints on earth adore,  
Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When time shall be no more. AMEN.

# GLORIA PATRI—(continued.)

3.8: 8.8: 8.8.  
To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be glory in the highest given,  
By all in earth and all in heaven,  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now and shall be evermore. AMEN.

8.8.8.D.  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host  
And suffering saints on earth adore,  
Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When time itself shall be no more. AMEN.

8.7: 8.7: 8.8.7.  
To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,  
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,  
Eternal Three in One confess'd,  
Be highest glory given.  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore,  
By all in earth and heaven. AMEN.

4 sevens.  
HOLY Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One!  
Glory, as of old, to Thee,  
Now, and evermore shall be! AMEN.

6 sevens.  
PRAISE the Name of God most high,  
Praise Him, all below the sky,  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
As through countless ages past,  
Evermore His praise shall last. AMEN.

8 sevens.  
HOLY Father, fount of light,  
God of wisdom, goodness, might:  
Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell,  
God with us, Emmanuel;  
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
God of comfort, peace, and love;  
Evermore be Thou adored,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord. AMEN.

N.B.—For metre Ten 7s. begin this doxology by prefixing the last two lines, thus:—

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,  
Evermore be Thou adored,  
Holy Father, etc.

8.7.8.7.  
PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,  
As it was, and is, be given  
Glory through eternal days. AMEN.

8.7: 8.7.D.  
LET the voice of all creation,  
Earth and heaven's triumphant host,  
Praise the God of our salvation,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
See the heavenly elders casting  
Golden crowns before His throne:  
Hallelujahs everlasting  
Be to Him and Him alone. AMEN.

8.7.8.7: 4.7.  
GREAT Jehovah I we adore Thee,  
God the Father, God the Son,  
God the Spirit, join'd in glory  
On the same eternal throne;  
Endless praises  
To Jehovah, Three in One. AMEN.

8.7.8.7: 7.7.  
To the Father, throned in heaven,  
To the Saviour, Christ His Son,  
To the Spirit, praise be given,  
Everlasting Three in One;  
As of old, the Trinity  
Still is worshipped, still shall be. AMEN.

4 tens  
To God the Father, and to God the Son,  
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,  
And was, and is, and ever shall be given. AMEN.

5.5.6.5.  
By angels in heaven  
Of every degree,  
And saints upon earth,  
All praise be address'd,  
To God in Three Persons,  
One God ever bless'd;  
As it has been, now is,  
And always shall be. AMEN.

4 sixes.  
To Father, and to Son,  
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
Eternal Three in One.  
Eternal glory be. AMEN.

8 sixes.  
To Father, and to Son,  
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
Eternal three in One,  
Eternal glory be;  
And hath been, and is now,  
And shall be evermore:  
Before Thy throne we bow,  
And Thee our God adore. AMEN

7.6.7.6.D.  
O FATHER ever glorious,  
O everlasting Son,  
O Spirit all victorious,  
Thrice Holy Three in One,—  
Great God of our salvation,  
Whom earth and heaven adore,  
Praise, glory, adoration,  
Be Thine for evermore. AMEN.

6.6.4: 6.6.6.4.  
To Father and to Son  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
All praise be given,  
As hath been heretofore  
And shall be evermore:  
Let all His Name adore  
In earth and heaven. AMEN.

8.6.8.4.  
To Father, Son, and Spirit, praise  
From earth and heaven ascend:  
The loftiest notes that saints can raise,  
World without end. AMEN.

7.7.7.5.  
HOLY Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Hallelujahs round Thy throne  
Rise eternally. AMEN.

6.6.6.6: 8.8.  
To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, ever bless'd,  
Eternal Three in One,  
All worship be address'd,  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so  
For evermore. AMEN.

6.5.6.5.  
GLORY to the Father,  
Glory to the Son,  
And to Thee, blest Spirit,  
Whilst all ages run. AMEN.

8.4.8.4: 8.8.8.4.  
FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Thou One in Three,  
Praise to Thine eternal merit,  
All praise to Thee:  
From the morning of creation,  
From the tribes of every nation,  
Glory, power, and adoration,  
Thine ever be. AMEN.

8.8.8.6.  
O HOLY Father, Holy Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
As was, and is, and shall be done,  
Glory to Thee, O Lord. AMEN.

4 eights.  
ALL praise to the Father, the Son,  
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,  
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,  
Was, is, and still shall be address'd. AMEN.

4 elevens.  
O FATHER, Almighty, to Thee be addressed,  
With Christ and the Spirit, One God ever bless'd,  
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,  
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given. AMEN.



# At the Cross her station.

8.8.7.D.

A

*in unis.*  
*mf* At the cross her sta-tion keep-ing, Stood the mourn-ful Mo-ther weep-ing,  
 PED.

*in parts.*  
 Where He hung, the dy-ing Lord, . . For her soul of joy be-rea-ved,  
 Bow'd with an-guish, deep-ly griev-ed, Felt the sharp and pierc-ing sword.

Bow'd with an-guish, deep-ly griev-ed, Felt the sharp and pierc-ing sword.

II.

*p* Oh, how sad and sore distressèd  
 Now was she, that Mother blessèd  
 Of the sole-begotten One ;  
 Deep the woe of her affliction  
 When she saw the Crucifixion  
 Of her ever-glorious Son.

III.

*mf* Who, on CHRIST's dear Mother gazing  
 Pierced by anguish so amazing,  
 Born of woman, would not weep ?  
 Who, on CHRIST's dear Mother thinking  
 Such a cup of sorrow drinking,  
 Would not share her sorrows deep ?

IV.

For His people's sins chastisèd  
 She beheld her Son despisèd,  
 Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined,  
 Saw Him then from judgment taken,  
 And in death by all forsaken,  
 Till His SPIRIT He resigned.

V.

*mf* JESU, may such deep devotion  
 Stir in me the same emotion,  
 Fount of love, Redeemer kind,  
*f* That my heart fresh ardour gaining  
 And a purer love attaining,  
 May with Thee acceptance find.

*p* A - men.

# Brightly gleams our banner.

65.

B  $\text{♩} = 92.$

*f*

Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their

*mf*

home on high. Journeying o'er a de - sert, Glad - ly thus we pray,

*dim.* *p*

And, with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'n - ward way. . . . Brightly gleams our ban - ner,

*cres.* *f*

Point - ing to the sky, Wav - ing wand'ers on - ward To their home on high.

II.  
 JESU, LORD and Master,  
 At Thy sacred feet,  
 Here with hearts rejoicing  
 See Thy children meet ;  
 Often have we left Thee,  
 Often gone astray,  
 Keep us, mighty SAVIOUR,  
 In the narrow way.  
 Brightly gleams, &c.

III.  
 All our days direct us  
 In the way we go,  
 Lead us on victorious  
 Over every foe :  
 Bid Thine angels shield us  
 When the storm-clouds lour,  
 Pardon Thou and save us  
 In the last dread hour.  
 Brightly gleams, &c.

IV.  
 Then with Saints and Angels  
 May we join above,  
 Offering prayers and praises  
 At Thy Throne of love ;  
 When the toil is over,  
 Then comes rest and peace,  
 Jesus in his beauty,  
 Songs that never cease.  
 Brightly gleams, &c.

# Eternity! how long art thou.

C

P.

*f* E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! How long art thou, E - ter - ni - ty?

2nd verse. Eve'n as on, etc.

*mf* And yet to thee time hastes a - way, Like as the war-horse to the fray, Or

swift as cour-iers home-ward go, Or ship to port, or shaft from

Pon - - - der  
bow. Pon - der, O man, *dim.* E - - ter - - ni - - ty!

II.  
Eternity! Eternity!  
How long art thou, Eternity?  
Even as on a perfect sphere,  
Nor end nor outset can appear,  
E'en so, Eternity, in thee,  
Entrance nor exit can there be.  
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

III.  
Eternity! Eternity!  
How long art thou, Eternity?  
A little bird with fretting beak,  
Might wear to nought the loftiest peak,  
Though but each thousand years it came,  
Yet leave thee then, as now, the same.  
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

IV.  
Eternity! Eternity!  
How long art thou, Eternity?  
How terrible art thou in woe,  
How blest where joys for ever flow!  
God's mercy shedding gladness bright,  
His judgment—bitterness and night,  
Ponder, O man, Eternity!



# Father of Life.

D.

7.6.7.6.D.

*p* Fa-ther of Life, con-fess-ing Thy ma-jes-ty and power, We

*cres.*

*f*

The Church, Thy Bride, (4th verse.)

*p* seek Thy gracious blessing, To greet the bridal hour. Thy troth in E-den plight-ed, The

*cres.*

*f*

*f* wedded here renew; May they, in Thee u-ni-ted, Till death be pure and true. A-men.

*p*

*f*

*p* II,  
 Jesu Redeemer, hear us!  
 Still be the Wedding Guest;  
 Thy gentle Presence near us  
 Makes common things more blest;  
 E'en Care shall be a learning  
 Of blessedness divine,  
 If Thou wilt still be turning  
 The water into wine.

*mf* III.  
 Spirit of Love descending  
 Impart Thy joy and peace,  
 These hopes together blending,  
 Bless with Thine own increase—  
 Athwart the roughen'd ocean,  
 Or on the peaceful tide,  
 Thy Breath through each emotion  
 Their heavenward course shall guide.

IV.  
*f* The Church, Thy Bride, hath given  
 Her blessing on the vow,  
 Oh! ratify from Heaven  
 Her benison below;  
 Bless Father, Son, and Spirit,  
 The union here begun,  
 That in the Life eternal,  
 It may be ever one. AMEN

# Jesus, Lord, we kneel.

E

8.7.4.

*mf* JE - SUS, LORD, we kneel be - fore Thee: Bend from Heav'n Thy gra - cious ear,

While our wait - ing souls a - dore Thee, Friend of help - less sin - ners, hear!

*p* By Thy mer - cy, O de - li - - ver us, good LORD!

*mf* From the depths of nature's blindness,  
From the hardening power of sin,  
From all malice and unkindness,  
From the pride that lurks within  
*p* By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good LORD!

*mf* When temptation sorely presses,  
In the day of Satan's power,  
In our times of deep distresses,  
In each dark and trying hour,  
*p* By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good LORD!

*in unison.* *f* IV. Jesus, may Thy promis'd blessing,  
Comfort to our souls afford;  
May we now, Thy love possessing,  
Find at last the great reward;  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good LORD!

*p* A - - men.

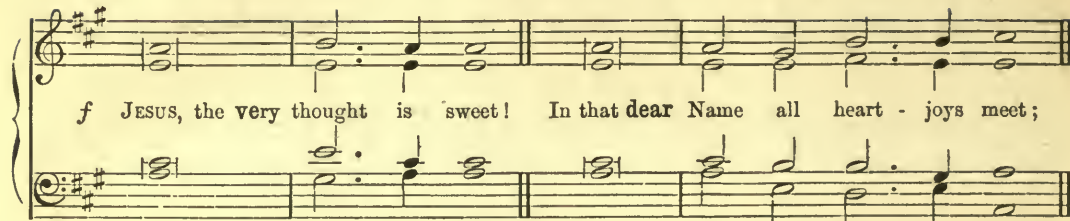
# Jesus the very thought.

AND

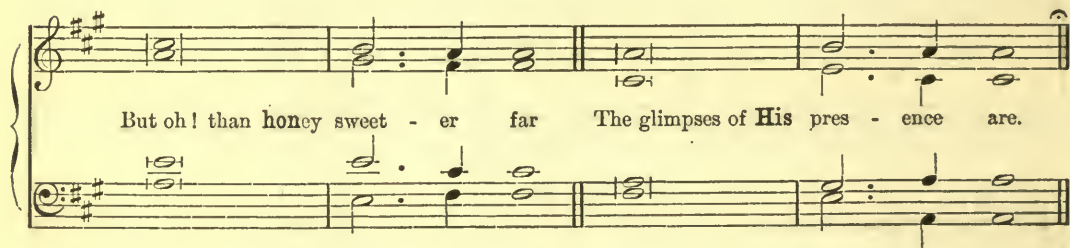
## O Love, how deep.

F

L.



*f* JESUS, the very thought is sweet! In that dear Name all heart - joys meet;



But oh! than honey sweet - er far The glimpses of His pres - ence are.

II.

No word is sung more | sweet than this,  
No sound is | heard more full of bliss,  
No thought brings sweeter | comfort nigh  
Than JESUS, Son of | God most high.

III.

JESUS the hope of | souls forlorn,  
How good to | them for sin that mourn!  
To them that seek Thee, | O how kind!  
But what art Thou to | them that find?

IV.

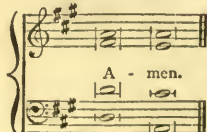
No tongue of mortal | can express,  
No pen can | write the blessedness.  
He only who hath | prov'd it knows  
What bliss from love of | JESUS flows.

V.

O JESUS, King of | wondrous might!  
O Victor, | glorious from the fight!  
Sweetness that may not | be expressed,  
And altogether | loveliest!

VI.

Abide with us, O | LORD, to-day,  
Fulfil us | with Thy grace, we pray;  
And with Thine own true | sweetness feed  
Our souls from sin and | darkness freed.



A - men.

*f* O Love, how deep! how | broad! how high!  
It fills the | heart with ecstasy,  
That God, the SON, of | God should take  
Our mortal form, for | mortals' sake.

II.

*mf* He sent no angel | to our race  
Of higher | or of lower place,  
But wore the robe of | human frame  
Himself, and to this | lost world came.

III.

For us He was bap- | tized, and bore  
His holy | fast, and hungered sore;  
For us temptation | sharp He knew;  
For us the tempter | overthrew.

IV.

For us He prayed, for | us He taught,  
For us His | daily works he wrought,  
By words, and signs, and | actions, thus  
Still seeking not Him- | self, but us.

V.

For us to wicked | men betrayed,  
Scourged, mocked, in | purple robe arrayed,  
He bore the shameful | Cross and death;  
For us at length gave | up His breath.

VI.

For us He rose from | death again,  
For us He | went on high to reign,  
For us He sent His | Spirit here  
To guide, to strengthen | and to cheer.

VII.

*f* To Him Whose boundless | love has won  
Salvation | for us through His SON,  
To God the Father | glory be,  
Both now, and through e- | ternity. Amen.



# Light's abode, Celestial Salem.

8.7.

G

Light's a - - bode, Ce - les - tial Sa - lem, Vi - sion whence true peace doth spring;

Bright - er than the heart can fan - cy, Man - sion of the High - est King:

O how glo - rious are the prais - es, Which of Thee the prophets sing.

II.

There for ever and for ever  
Alleluia is out-poured;  
For unending, for unbroken  
Is the feast-day of the LORD;  
All is pure, and all is holy  
That within thy walls is stored.

III.

There no cloud nor passing vapour  
Dims the brightness of the air;  
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,  
From the Sun of suns is there;  
There no night brings rest from labour,  
For unknown are toil and care.

IV.

O how glorious and resplendent,  
Fragile body, shalt thou be,  
When endued with so much beauty,  
Full of health, and strong and free,  
Full of vigour, full of pleasure  
That shall last eternally!

V.

Now with gladness, now with courage,  
Bear the burden on thee laid,  
That hereafter these thy labours  
May with endless gifts be paid,  
And in everlasting glory  
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

*in unison.*

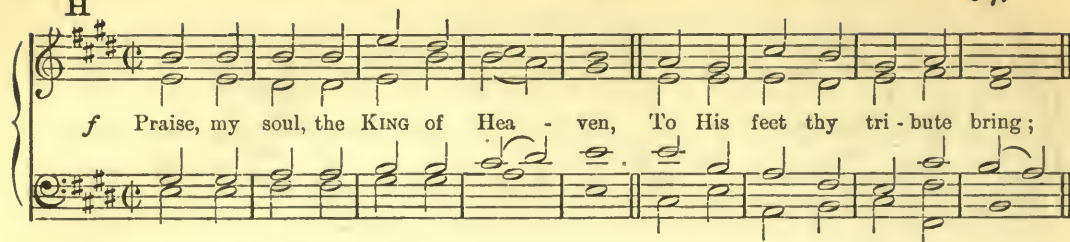
Laud and honour to the FATHER,  
Laud and honour to the SON,  
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,  
Ever THREE and ever ONE,  
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
While unending ages run.

A - men.

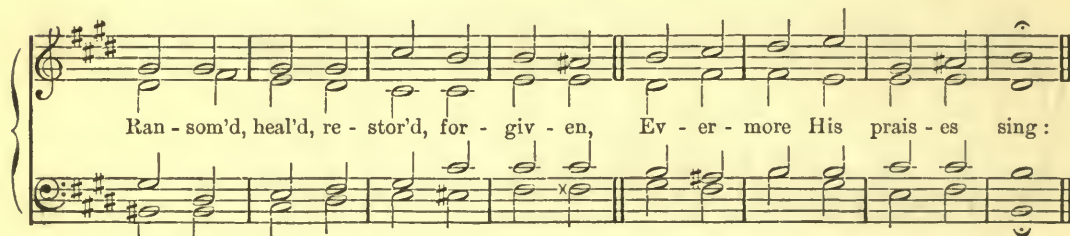
# Praise, my soul, the King.

87.

H



*f* Praise, my soul, the KING of Hea - ven, To His feet thy tri - bute bring;



Ran - som'd, heal'd, re - stor'd, for - giv - en, Ev - er - more His prais - es sing :



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing KING.

II.

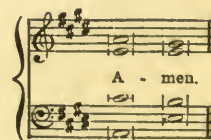
Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

III.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,  
Well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Widely yet His mercy flows.

IV.

Angels in the height adore Him!  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Saints triumphant bow before Him!  
Gathered in from every race:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise with us the God of grace.



A - men.

# The roseate hues of early dawn.

I

D.C.

*p*

The ros - eate hues of ear - ly dawn, The bright - ness of the day,

The crim - son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way.

*mf*

Oh, for the pear - ly gates of Heav'n, Oh, for the gold - en floor,

Oh, for the Sun of Right - eous - ness, That set - teth ne - ver - more.

ii.

*p* The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint ;  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint !  
*mf* Oh, for a heart that never sins,  
Oh, for a soul washed white,  
Oh, for a voice to praise our KING,  
Nor weary day nor night.

iii.

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher ;  
*f* But there are perfectness, and peace,  
Beyond our best desire.  
Oh, by Thy love, and anguish, LORD,  
And by Thy life laid down,  
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.



J

## The march to victory.

P.

 $\text{♩} = 66$  *Tempo di marcia.*

We march, we march to vic - to - ry With the Cross of the LORD be - fore us,

With His lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And his Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us.

V. 1. We come in the might of the LORD of Light In sur - pli - ced train to meet Him.

V. 2. The bands of the A - lien flee a - way When our chant goes up like thun - der.

And we put to fight the ar - mies of night, That the sons of the Day may greet Him.

And the van of the LORD in serried ar - ray, Cleaves Sa - tan's ranks a - sun - der.

III.

We tread to the roll of the organ swell,  
With the watchword duly given;  
And We challenge the Prince of the Hosts of Hell  
To fight for the gates of Heaven:

We march, we march, &amp;c.

Boys only.

IV.

Our sword is the Spirit of God on High,  
Our helmet His salvation:  
Our bannér the Cross of Calvary.

*Slow and soft.*

Our watchword THE IN - CAR - NA - TION

All. We march, we march, &amp;c.

V.

We tread in the might of the Lord of Hosts,  
And we fear not man nor devil:  
For our Captain Himself guards well our coasts,  
To defend His Church from evil:

We march, we march, &amp;c.

Boys only.

VI.

He marches in front of His bannér unfurled,

Which He raised that His own might find Him;

Men only.

And the Holy Church throughout all the world  
Falls into rank behind Him.

All. We march, we march, &amp;c.

Boys only.

VII.

And the choir of Angels with song awaits

Our march to the gol - den Si - on:

Men only.

For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,

All (Full organ and ritardo).

And burst the bars of iron.

We march, we march, &amp;c.

VIII.

Then onward we march, ours arms to prove,  
With the bannér of Christ before us,  
*Soft.* With His eye of love looking down from above,  
*Slow and Soft.*

And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.

*A tempo forte.* We march, we march, &c.

\* N.B.—The Refrain is repeated at the end of each verse. Pause at the conclusion of it, and then proceed with the next verse to the music at \*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

## SERVICE.

CONSISTING OF CHANTS, &c.

---

## POINTED PSALTER.

WITH DAILY PRAYERS.

(See Specimen.)

---

## THE CANTICLES WITH MUSIC.

FROM THE BOOK "SERVICE."

FIFTY CENTS.

---

## WORDS OF ANTHEMS.

---

## CHANTS AND RESPONSES.

---

## ORGAN ARRANGEMENTS.

EACH NO. 60 CENTS.

FIRST PART: ONE DOL. FIFTY CENTS.

(NORTH & Co., PHILADELPHIA.)

---

## CECILIA MUSIC.

A NEW ORGAN WORK.

EACH NO. SIXTY CENTS.

(NORTH & Co., PHILADELPHIA.)

---

MAILED FREE BY

R. McCAULEY, 1314, CHESTNUT STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.

EVENING PRAYER.

25

2. Praise the Lord, | O my | soul : and for - | get not | all His | benefits :

*mf* 3. Who forgiveth | all thy | sins : and healeth | all | thine in - | firmities ;

4. Who saveth thy life | from de - | struction : and crowneth thee with | mer-cy and | loving - | kindness ;

5. O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, ye that ex - | cel in | strength : ye that fulfil His commandment, and hearken unto the | voice of | His | word.

6. O praise the Lord, all | ye His | hosts : ye servants of | His that | do His | pleasure.

7. O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all places of | His do - | minion : Praise thou the | Lord, | O my | soul.

† The Apostles' Creed.

**I** BELIEVE in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth :

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord ; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried ; He descended into hell ; The third day He rose from the dead ; He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty ; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost ; The Holy Catholic Church ; The communion of saints ; The forgiveness of sins ; The resurrection of the body, And the life everlasting. Amen.

*Ans.* And with Thy spirit.

*Mm.* Let us pray.

O Lord, show thy mercy upon us.

*Ans.* And grant us Thy salvation.

*Mm.* O God, make clean our hearts within us.

*Ans.* And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us.

DAY II.

THE PSALMS.

117

11. Yea, in God have I | put my | trust : I will not be afraid what | man can | do un - | to me.

12. Unto Thee, O God, will I | pay my | vows : unto | Thee will | I give | thanks.

13. For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, and my | feet from | falling : that I may walk before God | in the | light • of the | living.

PSALM 57.\*—*Miserere mei, Deus.*

28

*Minor.*

*mf* **B**E merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me, for my soul | trust - eth in | Thee : and under the shadow of Thy wings shall be my refuge, until this tyrant - | ny be | over - | past.

2. I will call unto the | most high | God : even unto the God that shall perform the cause | which I | have in | hand.

3. He shall | send from | heaven : and save me from the reproof of him | that would | eat me | up.

4. God shall send forth His | mer - cy and | truth my | soul is a - | mong | lions.

*p* 5. And I lie even among the children of men, that are | set on | fire : whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their | tongue a | sharp | sword. (*Major.*)

*f* 6. Set up Thyself, O God, a - | bove the | heavens : and Thy glory a - | bove | all the | earth.

*p* 7. They have laid a net for my feet, and pressed | down my | soul : they have digged a pit before me, and are fallen into the | midst of | it them - | selves.

\* Proper for Easter Day. The next is Psalm 111. Chant Major.















